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ISLAND OF FAYAL.

FROM PICO

CHAS. Z. GILLETTE
SAYVILLE
SUFFOLK Co., N.Y.

A

WINTER IN THE AZORES;

AND A

SUMMER AT THE BATHS OF THE FURNAS.

BY

JOSEPH BULLAR, M.D.

AND

HENRY BULLAR, OF LINCOLN'S INN.

VOL. I.

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TO

JOHN BULLAR,

OF SOUTHAMPTON,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHORS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pages contain a transcript from the Journals of an Invalid and his companion, who, in search of a warm and equable climate, spent the Winter of 1838-39 in the Island of St. Michael's, the Summer at the Baths of the Furnas, and visited in the Spring the neighbouring Islands of Fayal, Pico, St. George's, Flores, and Corvo.

The main object which the Authors have kept before them has been to convey to others, as clearly and faithfully as they were able, their own impressions of what they saw during an eight months' residence among these almost unknown islands; and they have been content to allow these impressions to stand in the somewhat unfinished form of extracts from their

Journals, in the hope that notes made on the spot might have a greater truth about them than more finished recollections composed at home.

No apology, however, is needed for the excellent wood-cuts with which these volumes are illustrated. The merit of converting coarse and hasty sketches into engravings of great delicacy and spirit is wholly due to Mr. Fussell, who first reduced and drew them in pencil on the wood, and to Mr. Thompson, and his clever daughters, who afterwards engraved them. In thus transforming their rough materials, these artists have sacrificed no single characteristic truth to effect or picturesqueness.

CHAS. Z. GILLETTE
SAYVILLE
SUFFOLK Co., N.Y.

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A

WINTER IN THE AZORES.

CHAPTER I.

Now ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into a hogshead,— to see how the sea flap-dragoned it.

WINTER'S TALE.

I have great comfort in this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him. TEMPEST.

Qui mare fluctisonum sulcat, curvisque carinis
Admovet externas vaga per commercia gentes,
Non ignota illi divina potentia. BUCHANAN.

Voyage.—Meals.—Gales.—Captain.—Sailors.—Land.

NOVEMBER 16.—WE were towed out of Cowes' harbour in the teeth of a sharp north-easterly breeze, lay to in the roads for our captain and pilot, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of last Monday, the 12th, were foaming and frothing along towards the Needles at the exhilarating

rate of ten knots an hour. We threaded the Needles at nightfall,—saw the flickering light on the white cliffs,—just heard the hum of waves among the rocks,—despatched our pilot, felt cold and damp with the salt spray, and turned into bed.

We are now four hundred miles from the Lizard in dark indigo water, of so massive a look that one can readily believe it to be unfathomable; our north-easter has forsaken us, the sun is hazy and "looks sick," and a gale which was foretold is now coming on.

Our vessel is a fast-sailing schooner of 130 tons, built expressly for the orange trade by White of Cowes; has excellent accommodations for two passengers; is quite new, and on her first voyage to St. Michael's. Not so her captain, who is now traversing for the fiftieth time the same

> "long unvarying course, the track
> Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind."

November 17.—The processes of eating on board a St. Michael's fruiterer in stormy weather, would sadly discompose disciples of the silver-fork school.

The one phrase for breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper is "getting your victuals;" a periphrasis accurately descriptive of the ceremonies.

The cabin in which this duty is performed is large enough for four to dine in, and has, by way of table, a square chest of drawers, furnished with flaps. Owing to the squally weather which has set in, it is necessary before laying this table to "poultice" it (as the captain terms it), that is, to twist into a long roll any stray garment that may be found in the cabin; a Mackintosh, or camlet cloak, for instance; then to curl it over the table in a zig-zag course, covering the roll with the fragment of a sail by way of table-cloth, and leaving a large lump to leeward, to save the dishes in case of heavy lurches; and last of all, to secure the "poultice" in its right place by a piece of rope-yarn laced over the table from the knobs of the drawers.

The steward (for thus is ambitiously termed a greasy, sooty, good-humoured lad), then prepares the breakfast, by thrusting cups, saucers, and basins into the irregularities of the "poultice," so as to secure them from a fall; he fills the bread-basket with biscuit, sets it down in the middle of the table, supports it by a tea-pot and stale loaf; and then wedges into their appointed places a pot of Cork butter, a lump of salt junk, a basin of brown sugar, crested with

a few lumps of white, dashes down a bunch of pewter spoons, and a bundle of new and blunt knives and forks, and then makes his exit to prepare the kettle.

Supposing the tea to be made, and the tea-pot stowed with its spout to windward; just as the sooty lad again appears with a saucepan of eggs, there comes a heavy sea on board;—away goes the vessel to leeward,—and as we balance our cups in our saucers and "hold on;" an indescribable chaos among all the elements of breakfast follows; the tea-pot has poured its weak stream into the pot of butter; the milk is overturned; the loaf is sopped; and the "companion" having been left open, two or three buckets-full of water from the tremendous sea wash over us. The captain swears; the steward sets down his eggs and retreats for a bucket and mop; we hold up our feet to keep clear of the sea water that has soaked the stools, the boots, and the ends of our cloaks, and still slushes and gurgles backwards and forwards on the cabin floor; and the steersman growls out a surly "Yes, sir," to the captain's still surlier "Keep her steady!"

At dinner, the arrangements were about the same as at breakfast. Our captain was no Aris-

tologist. The salt junk was brought to the cabin door in a wooden tub; there it was cut in halves, and while one part was handed up the companion in the original tub for the crew, the other was laid in a deep pie-dish for the cabin table. The never-failing sea dish of greasy cabbages, bright carrots, and brown-coated potatoes followed; and everything eatable having been laid on the table, search was made for the captain. When he came, which he did as the hot steam from every dish began to disappear, it was found that there were no knives and forks, and that the mustard was not made. Then the corkscrew was in the table-drawer, and the "poultice" must be unlaced, and the table discomposed and rearranged.

When the cork was drawn the tumblers were in the cupboard, with the brown ends of the day before dried on their bottoms. "Steward! Steward!" and the glasses were handed up the companion with the admonition "not in fresh water now," a charge which the strong salt taste on the edge proved to have been most faithfully attended to. The supper was a breakfast repeated by candle-light.

November 18.—A gale of wind has been blow-

ing from the south-west, compelling us to lay to for the last forty-eight hours, and to do little else but listen to the struggle which is going on between the wind and waves on the one side, and our insignificant tenement on the other.

Imagine a huge wicker basket of the driest materials, filled with heavy weights, suspended by each end, and put into rapid motion by being violently jerked backwards, forwards, and sidewards; and its creaking and screaming will very nearly resemble the grating of the new mahogany pannelling in the cabin, which screeches so loudly and so incessantly as to drown all conversation. But this one unvarying noise is accompanied at regular intervals by the constant dull bumps of the heavy seas which continually strike the vessel in all parts. Now a stunning blow hits her on the bow, and a shower of spray sharply rattles against the cabin windows and drenches the decks; again and again the same dead blow, as from a stupendous wooden mallet, falling heavily on her, followed by the same drenching shower, seems to stun her and make her motionless in the water. For a moment hardly a sound is heard, and she seems to have given up the contest in despair. Then the rolling and the pitch-

ing, the tossing and the creaking begin again, with the same vexatious violence. This ceaseless struggle between the vessel and the waves, with the shrill whistle of the gale through the strained rigging,—a wild melancholy sound, as of a strange Æolian harp played by the tempest; the heavy fall of breaking waves and showers of spray; the splashing of the seas as they wash backwards and forwards on the deck; the muffled cry of the sailors in the storm; the sharp rap of blocks, and the incessant creaking of the new wood-work, make the weathering of gales of wind in a small schooner a rough piece of experience.

The master is most indefatigable during this bad weather; never sparing himself, and hardly giving himself any rest, sleeping (as he expresses it) "with one leg out of bed," so as to be on deck in an instant. He must be as hard as a piece of his ship, for he is soaked daily, from the waves breaking over the vessel, and he finds that the wet clothes dry most effectually on his body, and therefore never changes them.

He is a man of so much determination that it is impossible not to feel entire confidence in his seamanship, and safety under his care; al-

though a heavier wave breaking rather sooner or later than was expected, and in a direction unavoidable, might render all his skill ineffectual, and send us where so many more are now "suffering a sea-change."

We had been wishing a day or two before, that we might see a gale on the Atlantic, and by a ludicrous confusion of cause and effect, of "post" and "propter," in minds prone to superstition, the sailors believed that our wish had brought the storm! It was the sublimest scene I ever witnessed; yet it did not equal my expectation. "Waves mountain high" is an exaggeration. The horizon was circumscribed to very narrow bounds, and the ocean was like a rough country, divided into deep irregular valleys and lofty hills, without any level ground.

Our captain has tastes that would hardly have been expected under so rugged a crust. He has been a student of Shakspeare and Milton. He sat up day and night for a fortnight at sea, until he had read the Waverly novels. He has considerable knowledge of the Bible, and appreciates the sterling beauties of the Liturgy. The master of a vessel in which he sailed as mate when a youth, often made him recite parts of Shak-

speare's plays, to pass the time. Thus he acquired his taste for the tragedies of this poet, with which his memory was well stored. His criticism on the "Tempest" was as high and as unintended a compliment, as Partridge's on the actor of Hamlet. "He did not think there was much in Miranda's meeting with Ferdinand, for she only did what every young woman would do, on first meeting a fine young man."

But although he may overlook some of the less obvious beauties of Shakspeare, he has a strong relish for the more stirring passages, and recites some with considerable effect. There are few greater proofs of the universality of true genius, than this power of giving equal delight to all kinds of men, enabling the rough sailor to beguile his lonely nights upon the ocean, and affording pastime and happiness to refined and cultivated minds. This is true fame, as distinguished from the bubble reputation.

November 20.—The "great western" is still blowing furiously. Our gaff-foresail, made of the very best and strongest canvass, and quite a new sail, was torn away by the wind like a muslin handkerchief, and our jib-boom (the bowsprit of a schooner) snapped short off. The whole visible

ocean is whitened with foam. The highest waves are breaking in all directions; their snowy crests spread as they break in large white sheets, which are again dispersed in smaller ones, and every ridge or inequality of every wave is thus whitened by the wind. Some of the seas that broke over us flew through the cross-trees which are at the top of the main-mast.

There has been a moon for the last two or three nights. Landsmen seldom think of the happiness the moon gives to sailors; their weary night watches are divested of half their dulness by her calm light; the Italian mate says "We love the moon."

November 28.—The men on watch last night could scarcely show their faces over the bulwarks, such was the force of the wind. The captain says he never was out in so terrific a gale. The ocean was lashed into a lather as white as milk; and some enormous waves broke over us mast high.

We have had stormy tempers too, as well as stormy seas; the futile blasphemies of angry sailors, swearing, stamping, and raving at a gale. Anger is indeed at all times "a kind of baseness," but when fiercely pointed against "stormy winds

fulfilling *His* word," it is something more — it is Satanic.

November 29.—Another gale, which has now lasted two days and nights without intermission. Above, the sky is a clear watery blue; below, all the ocean is of a sparkling cobalt colour. Each wave is as brisk as soda water. Opposite to the sun, every sea as it curls up and falls over with a roar, like a cataract on a crystal pavement, is crested with a long white plume of spray, and spanned by a rainbow.

At breakfast this morning a long lurch brought down a black mangy hair-brush into the little boy's tea. The boy looked meek, and held up his basin for a fresh supply. "What now! I suppose your stomach, then 's, too delicate to drink that after *my* hair-brush has been in it, eh?" The boy's contrite silence said "Yes."

November 30.—This evening, as the gale had somewhat abated, I went on deck to enjoy the moonlight and the open air after twenty-four hours' confinement in a dismal den. It was blowing so hard that it was absolutely painful to face the wind; the sea was running very high; and the waves, which were breaking in all directions, and the sheets of foam upon them were rendered

even whiter by the moonlight. The moon, "who never gazes but to beautify," threw her gentle quiet light over the discordant sea and winds, whitening the clouds that drifted rapidly about the sky, and looked down on our little vessel as she toiled laboriously over her rough and difficult path, kept in the direction in which she was least exposed by one small sail. Three sailors were on deck: one, a lad, crouched behind the bulwarks to defend himself from the fatiguing wind; the other two were "looking out," well guarded with "sou-westers" and rough coats. The motion of the vessel floating over these great waves, now riding on the top of one, then rapidly sinking with it as it fell and gave way to others, and at the same time rolling from side to side, was most exhilarating. The cabin in such scenes is intolerable; a noisy, creaking, confined closet, set in all sorts of disagreeable motions, lighted above by a skylight, which, when the weather is bad (that is, when the cabin is wanted) is wholly closed. The one step from the sublime to the ridiculous is down the ladder of this schooner. The waves which you see upon the deck swinging the ship to and fro and dashing over it, producing the feeling of sublimity by

their vast size, uncontrollable power, and unlimited motion, only rattle the crockery in the cabin beneath, or spill your soup in your lap, or toss your own resistless body, like your trunk, from one side to the other.

December 4.—The weather is still bad. The heavy rain as well as the sea breaking over us, prevents us from being much on deck. Everything becomes damp and remains so, "water, water every where." The sheets of the beds feel clammy and adhesive, hence the wisdom of sailors who eschew bed-linen; but with all this, no one takes cold.

There is much to admire in the character of sailors, though with their good qualities are mingled some very disagreeable to those who may be thrown into close contact with them. How very few people have such frequent demands on the exercise of the active powers of the mind as sailors. Their judgment and skill are often hourly wanted, in circumstances requiring the utmost determination as well as prudence and foresight. The life and death of themselves and their crew, and the safety of their property, constantly depend upon their own immediate decision.

The majority of mankind have not often in the course of their lives to determine upon any one point so important to their safety as these men do many times in a single voyage. The consequence is a firmness, decision, and straightforwardness of character on the one side; but, on the other, like most to whom despotic power is entrusted, from the emperor to the turnkey, their control does not extend to their own tempers, which often become overbearing and tyrannical.

Sea voyages do not seem to be sufficiently appreciated and employed as a means of restoring health.

The great desideratum in a large proportion of complaints of long-standing, attended with debility, is to strengthen the body by free exposure to the open air, and by as much exercise as can be taken without fatigue. But in the English climate this cannot often be accomplished except in a few of the summer months: our changeable weather, so agreeable to those in health, and so essential to activity of mind and body, is resisted with difficulty by the invalid, who is tempted too strongly by the in-door comforts of our houses, to neglect exercise in the open air altogether. On board-ship there is every inducement to be

upon the deck and in the air, and the slight but constant motion of the vessel, and consequent exertion of the body to accommodate itself to that motion, afford to the weakened frame as agreeable an exercise, without fatigue, as could be devised. The inconveniences an invalid can undergo on board-ship without injury, are astonishing. He takes no cold, although drenched with salt water, and sleeps in damp sheets, and uses unaired linen, without any ill effects, and, in many cases, the great nuisance of the sea-sickness is eminently beneficial in checking the progress of internal disease.

December 5.—"Land on the lee-bow, sir," was the first sound that came to my ears in this morning's watch; and scarcely could the words of reprieve to a criminal in his condemned cell sound more sweetly than this short sentence in mine. In the distance, the land looked like a clearly defined cloud of dense grey mist resting on the horizon. On coming nearer, the prevailing colour was a reddish brown, spotted with mouldy green by the faint colours of distant green fields and fallow grounds. When about twenty or thirty miles from the north-eastern end of the Island of St. Michael's, the view was by contrast

grand and stupendous. We had left the tame scenery of the south of England, with its "pale and white-faced shores," only three weeks ago; when this morning a wall of lofty mountains, rising abruptly from the ocean, seamed with ravines, glens, and gullies, variegated with bright lights, and the shadows of heavy clouds brooding on their tops, enlivened by scattered white houses, by "a silent waterfall," tumbling into the sea from a ledge of rocks, and mingling its small white thread with the surf that rolled upon the shore, impressed me with an idea of grandeur far above any I had formed of the Island of St. Michael's. The word St. Michael's, too, is so strongly associated in one's mind with sweet juicy oranges, that one is apt to think of the place more in reference to the palate than to any wild beauties of scenery, just as good-natured dogs and salt cod are associated with Newfoundland, bloaters with Yarmouth, mutton with the South Downs, wine and consumption with Madeira; and those who have kept the dogs, eaten the cod, or bloaters, or mutton, think very little of the scenery or places they come from.

CHAPTER II.

The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle.

WINTER'S TALE.

St. Michael's.—Boatmen.—Landing.—Surf.—Ball.

PONTA DELGADA, St. Michael's, December 8.—After a stormy passage of twenty-three days, we landed here on the 6th, through what proved to be a dangerous surf. We stood in for the roadstead early in the morning, and, with a fresh breeze and a heavy sea, lay to in expectation of the health-boat. Three small English vessels were lying at anchor, all showing signs of the bad weather they had encountered; the boom of one had been carried away, and there were great gaps through the sides of all, the bulwarks having been demolished in places by the heavy waves breaking upon them. A yawl from Plymouth looked so small and crazy, that, re-

membering what seas we had encountered, it was matter of surprise that she could have crossed the Atlantic. These small vessels, however, ride over the waves like sea-birds; and, when struck, do not offer the same resistance as larger ones, but yield and suffer less: and when a gale of wind drives a large fleet of vessels from this anchorage, and keeps them at sea for many days, the small sloops are generally the last to leave and the first to return.

Ponta Delgada is the principal town in St. Michael's, and, we are told, contains as many as twenty thousand inhabitants. It is built close to the sea in a formal white line, and is backed by numberless small conical hills of bright green, which are scattered behind it with no more regularity than a heap of green molehills on a common. The stiff white houses of the town are edged with black, and, when seen from the roadstead, somewhat resemble long rows of buildings modelled from mourning cards; here and there a slender oblong church-tower, variegated black and white, rises above the dwelling-houses. New orange gardens enclosed within broad white lines of walls, and laid out as formally as fortifications, are seen

in one direction; in another, the older plantations clothe the hills with a deep myrtle green, while the western point of the roadstead, and the coast bordering the town, bristle with black rocks. Against these the surf was dashing with a long groaning sound; while at intervals along the coast, wherever the sea broke on the rocks with greater force, jets of foam were thrown high into the air, and blown abroad by the wind or scattered on the black lava. We waited in vain for a visit from the health-boat, and at last ran up a whiff (a rolled flag so called) to tempt off some boatmen. At length, when we were fearing we might have to spend a twenty-fourth night on board, a boat appeared through the waves, and as she bobbed up and down over them made her way slowly towards us. When she came alongside, drenched with spray, dipping into the waves, or riding over them as if she was alive, now almost bumping our bulwarks, and a moment afterwards twenty feet away,—instead of four quiet English sailors, each soberly pulling his oar, and attending only to the steersman's short commands, we found the boat filled with nine jabbering boatmen, who were all talking and hallooing at one time, beckoning and giving

their orders, stumbling against one another, laughing, pointing, and gesturing, pushing or pulling their oars with no regard to discipline or to the ravings of the steersman, who stood at the stern balancing himself with admirable certainty, yet alive all the while to the movements of his boat and the long lurches of the schooner. The boat was like a rough unpainted wherry of coarse timbers, which, from their size, gave it the appearance of a larger vessel cut down to the size of a boat; and was furnished with two small decks or cuddies fore and aft, and four cross benches. It had four oars,—long unhewn branches of trees, like irregular hop-poles,—working on a slab with a hole in it, over a peg in the gunwale. One man stood, and another sat at each oar, pulling and pushing without reference to stroke. They were healthy, handsome, muscular fellows, with tawny feet and legs that never wore shoe or stocking. They wore loose linen trowsers, and all sorts of upper garments, — such as the left-off jacket of an English sailor, a speckled Guernsey frock, a rough monkey-coat, or a sea-captain's faded silk waistcoat, buttoned tightly over a scarlet woollen shirt.

Their head-dresses were equally piebald,—scarlet caps, hats of black glazed canvass and sunburned straw, and the conical caps of party-coloured worsted, knit by the natives.

Notwithstanding all their apparent confusion they manage their boats skilfully, and are admitted to be excellent boatmen: they swim, too, like fish. "If de wave fill de boat, sare," (was Peter the Italian mate's parting advice,) "you catch hold of a Portugee, and stick to him; you no be drowned."

Now the landing-place at Ponta Delgada, which in smooth weather is commodious enough, has this difficulty when a surf, such as I have described, was bursting over the rocks.

The steps are within a small basin, and the entrance to this basin being at the side, when the surf is high, you are either in the dilemma of being forced too far on shore, or you may be sucked back into the deep water before you can turn the corner; in either of which events it is probable that your boat would be swamped, and hence the useful caution of our friend, Peter Becco.

As we approached the landing-place, a crowd of persons had collected to watch our proceed-

ings; who, as we afterwards learned, were anticipating the amusement of seeing us swamped. Among them, on the parapet-wall of the quay, a bare-legged fellow stood ready to fling a coil of rope to us, in case of accident. We sat on the stern deck, which was on a level with the water; and on which, also, immediately behind us, the young man who steered the boat squatted on his heels. He was a handsome lad, with a clear dark skin, black eyes, and a youthful moustache. His commands were incessant: as the waves carried us towards the shore or receded, he gave his different orders, and accompanied his rapid words with corresponding expressions of face and most energetic actions.

A heavy wave, which had followed us for some distance, and finally broke astern, sweeping clean over our stern sheets, and swilling the bottom of the boat, was a signal to our men to turn her head to the waves, and wait for smoother water,—their long oars being lightly dipped to keep her in proper trim. Every seventh wave, as is well known to those who have landed through surf, is said to be the critical one, after which the water becomes smoother. This our boatmen obviously disregarded, and trusted rather

to their well-practised eyes than to a rule of uncertain application. Having waited a due time, our coxswain gave his orders, and we turned about to make a pounce for the entrance. Another sweeping wave came after us, and bore us along like a swing; the men lay on their oars, and as the back-water sucked the boat backwards pulled with all their vigour: another wave followed; again they lay still, till, the back-water returning, a cheer from the steersman urged them to a final effort; with all their heart and strength they once more struggled against and slowly overcame the force of the recoiling sea and round we came into the basin in gallant style. The thunder of the enormous waves that rolled before us on the rocks—the roar of breakers behind—the gurgling of the back-water—the bubbling of the sea—the hissing of the froth—the vociferous cheers of the steersman, stamping out his orders to his men—the breathless hurry of the boat's crew pulling for their lives—their struggle for victory over the power of the mighty waters, and their exhilarating triumph of success as we turned from the noisy crash outside to the muffled stillness within the basin, was a delicious piece of excitement, such as

seemed at the time worth undergoing all the petty annoyances of a stormy passage, for the sake of once enjoying.

The first question we were asked on going into the custom-house of St. Michael's, was, "Has Mr. Thomson" (or some such remarkably named individual) "arrived in England?"

The propounder of this simple yet difficult problem was a grave stolid little man, of some forty years of age, who looked up for a reply to his question with all the confiding simplicity of a child; and who, on hearing the unexpected answer, that we really could not say, seemed surprised and almost annoyed at so humiliating a confession of ignorance in the affairs of our own nation. But "Humanæ etiam sapientiæ pars est, quædam æquo animo nescire velle."

After going through one of those minor miseries of human life,—a custom-house examination; standing by, and seeing a clumsy-handed official, slowly and unconcernedly dive through unrumpled layers of white linen and smooth cloth, in search of soap and tobacco, pulling a thick octavo from the lowest depth through shirts, waistcoats, coats and trowsers, and still worse, returning it to its place at the silent nod of

his superior; after undergoing this, and returning the bows of some theatrical-looking persons, who sat at the end of an empty room in an enclosure of sky-blue railings, — who, with pens in their hands, listlessly turned over the leaves of large ledgers, leaned back in arm-chairs, took snuff, and talked loudly, we moved off to our inn, which was a boarding-house kept by an Englishman. We threw our bed-room windows open, and enjoyed the warm sun and the mild breeze; it was like a June day in England. But still better at that moment was the luxury of abundant water and towels, — common blessings,—and like all such, not duly estimated until their loss has been usefully experienced at sea.

December 7. — Accompanied the American Consul to a ball. It was given on the occasion of a young lady, the daughter of a "morgada," coming of age; that is, attaining her twelfth year, when by law, as her father is dead, she may marry, and take possession of her entailed estates. We went at seven, and found the rooms quite full; dancing had commenced. The house, which was one of the largest in the place, resembled externally the hotels in the Faubourg

St. Germain, It was built on two sides of a quadrangular court-yard, one end of which was occupied by stables, and the other by a high wall and gateway. In the hall a heap of bare-footed servants and link boys, mixed up with liveried men, women, lanterns, and jack-booted postilions, sat and lounged and laughed.

Two servants waited at the door, and with tapers in their hands ushered each visitor to the gallery outside the ball-rooms. The suite of rooms was spacious, and the furniture, which was all in good taste, was Parisian. So far as the dress and the dancing went, I might have fancied myself in an English or French ball-room, and was a little disappointed to see no peculiarity of national costume ; and instead of fandangos or boleros, or Spanish or Moorish dances of any kind, to find about forty couples figuring away at the first set of quadrilles, and finishing with a promenade, just as they would have done on English ground. There was excellent music, pianos, fiddles, flutes, and fifes ; there were glittering chandeliers, bright candelabra, vases of flowers, shining mirrors ; there were gay uniforms, bullion epaulettes, long moustachios, of black, sandy, or red ; young dandies with long

locks, and old gentlemen with stars and orders; there were judges, priests, and barons. What more could be wanted to make a ball all that a ball should be?

The hair of the younger ladies was turned up behind, and fell in front in large and luxuriant ringlets. So far they resembled my countrywomen; but their complexions and cast of features were very different. "Pretty girls," light-haired, fair, airy beings, such as England is so abundantly blessed with, there were none; but the proportion of really handsome women was great.

Some would have made pictures: their hair black, glossy, and luxuriant; their eyes full, dark, and "unfathomable," (altogether different from the black sparkling eye, which seems to reflect at once the light which falls upon it). They had fine teeth, which their full lips easily disclosed, and were generally of middle height, well-proportioned, and rather tending to embonpoint. I saw none of those very small waists which so many English women attain to, by great endurance and much patient suffering.

The ladies were lively, talkative, and good-tempered, with intelligent foreheads. They kissed acquaintances of their own sex, on recognising

them, and used the fan like the Spaniards; keeping it in incessant motion, opening and shutting it, and turning it in a thousand different ways, so easily, and, as it seemed, unconsciously, with such a concealment of their art, as was most graceful. Many of the younger ones had learned English, and spoke it fluently. Their pronunciation was remarkably good; and there are few pleasanter things among strangers in a strange country, than to hear one's own tongue spoken by women without hesitation, and with only that slight difference in accent and in idiom, which gives a freshness even to gossip and tittle-tattle.

There were the usual proportion of ladies past their prime, with turbans, birds of Paradise, and shining silks, and a due sprinkling of conspicuous looking young men, who had happily not attained that age when "man suspects himself a fool." One custom differed from ours, and showed much kindness of feeling. A group of women servants with their heads covered with white kerchiefs were lying upon a part of the staircase, from which they could look at the dancers over the heads of those who stood at the door, and thus they shared in the pleasures of the family.

CHAPTER III.

I stole all courtesy from heaven.
HENRY IV. Pt. 1. Act. iii. Sc. 2.

Ponta Delgada.—Elections.—Streets.—Shops.—Carriages.—Fountains.—Politics.—Carapuças.—General Politeness.

DECEMBER 9, SUNDAY.—A pleasant June day, with a mild breeze from the S. W., and a cloudy but not a thick sky. Went to the Protestant Episcopal chapel, a neat, plain building, standing in a garden-like burying-place, planted with evergreens. The Reverend Mr. Brandt read the service, and preached a sermon to "two or three who were gathered together." There are said to be as many as from one to two hundred English in Ponta Delgada;—there were twelve people in the church.

This is the market-day here, and more business seems to be going on among the tradespeople than

on any other day of the week ; in short, there is as little appearance of religion, as in a Protestant country on week days, or as in Hyde Park or the Zoological gardens on fine Sunday afternoons. All the market-people, however, attend mass either before or after they sell their goods.

Went into one of the Catholic churches, where was a crowd of men, with no particular look of devotion in their faces. We soon perceived that the elections were going on, of "select men," who are to choose members for the Cortes. The scriveners and vote-takers were sitting in the middle of the church, round a table covered with scarlet cloth. There were priests quietly and narrowly watching all that went forward, and a small crowd of bystanders looking over the shoulders of those who sat at the table. The priests sit here officially. They are supposed to know every individual in their parish, and therefore to be able to detect personations — a deception very likely to be practised, where the suffrage is, what is called, universal.

In the corner of the church an aged man was burning the old ballot-papers, by applying a candle to a heap that lay on the stone floor, and when they were burned he quenched the sparks

with a few handfuls of holy water from the marble basin.

December 10.—The streets of Ponta Delgada are narrow, and the houses lofty. They are lighted with oil-lamps, pitched with a rough honey-combed stone, and here and there, before the better sort of houses, there is a narrow pavement. In other respects they much resemble some of the narrow streets in Paris, having a scanty stone pavement in the centre of the street, which, in wet weather, acts as a gutter, and in dry is chosen by a single ass, and his barefooted driver, who runs and vociferates behind him.

The basement of the houses is used for shops, storehouses, or stables. The shops are lighted from the door, and have no windows. There is consequently none of the gay variety of shop-fronts seen in England, but open doors display counters and shelves of wares inside. The signs for the different trades are hung out of these doorways. At one door, for instance, you see a dozen strips of printed cottons tied to a small stick, and fluttering like the ribbons on a recruiting sergeant's hat. This tells you that a linen-draper stands ready inside with tape and cottons.

Farther on, a small bundle of faggots, a bunch of onions, a few roots of garlick, and two or three candles dangle from another stick, and denote a grocer. A shoemaker's sign is a bunch of leather shreds; and a hatter's is a painted hat. A butcher ties up a bundle of empty sausage skins, or a rude drawing of an ox having his horn sawed off, the saw as large as the man who uses it. Over a milkman's door hangs a crooked red cow, such as may be seen in alleys in London. A green bough of faya,* which resembles a branch of arbutus, indicates a wine shop, and, by the addition of a sprig of box, you learn that spirits are sold there. Such was the custom in England, when the proverb was made that "good wine requires no bush." In other shops you see a small board suspended from a like stick, with Portuguese words signifying "good wine and spirits," coarsely painted on it. The names of the shopkeepers are not over their doors, as with us.

The first floor windows, immediately above the shops and stores, are very generally furnished with small wooden balconies of trellis-work, like that in our dairy windows, which is painted dull red, green, or white. Neat iron balconies are fixed

* Myrica Faya.

before some of the windows of the larger houses. The eaves project considerably, and the corner tile is frequently shaped like a bird with outspread wings, or is made to turn up into a long point. The plaster of the building is of glaring whiteness, the corners of the door-posts, edges of the windows, and cornice, being generally left the original colour of the stone, which is dark grey or black. Shoemakers sit at work in their doorways: in others, tailors squat, while the goose is seen in the street on a smouldering pan of charcoal. Those whom I saw sitting on a bench inside, seemed to have shaken off that constitutional melancholy which has been attributed to them, and to be indulging in obstreperous mirth. A few vehicles, resembling somewhat the old race of hack cabs in London, hung on a long carriage with upright springs, and drawn by two small, spirited horses, with postilions in jack-boots, and men in dull liveries, swinging on behind, clattered through the streets with the rattle and jingle of empty post-chaises. Two ladies sat in some of these, dressed in by-gone European fashions; others had a single occupant. Some were closed in by heavy

leather flaps and aprons, having two glazed holes, on a level with the rider's eyes.

Pigs and donkeys there were in abundance; the swine unusually large and fat, and the donkeys varying from those wizened and wasted forms that ruddle-men, small green-grocers, and "weary" itinerant knife-grinders, belabour and overload in England, to sleek and spirited animals of a size and strength they never attain in our colder climate.

There are fountains in the streets, with tanks by their sides, where asses stop to drink; and these, like marketplaces, are spots where foreigners generally find amusement. The water is carried in barrels, and in pitchers of red pottery; the barrels, which are long and narrow, are frequently slung in pairs over the back of an ass; and the pitchers, which are made in the island, and, being porous, like the Indian gurglets, act in summer-time as water-coolers, possess as much beauty of form as some of those in the British Museum from the ruins of Herculaneum.

The water of St. Michael's is peculiarly delicate and pure. It is conducted to Ponta Delgada by pipes from a reservoir in the mountains, and flows day and night from fountains, which

the peculiar taste of the islanders for gaudy colouring has led them to paint in patterns of red and black. As time and the weather act upon them, and moss accumulates and lichens grow, the gaudiness, however, wears away, and they become rather picturesque objects; and when blackened, as they sometimes are by constant damp and splashing, there could hardly be a better background for the gay figures of the thirsty men and graceful girls who drink and lean about them.

We strolled into the principal church of the town, full of gaudy gilding and green boughs. It possesses small interest in an architectural point of view. The altar-pieces were dressed up with tapers and artificial flowers, reminding you of faded exhibitions of wax-work.

An old man was decking the side aisles with fresh branches of the faya, a large heap of which had just been deposited from the back of an ass which wandered out of the church.

December 10.—Called with our friend Mr. Hickling on the civil governor, the Baron de Laranjeiros, a handsome, well-bred man, who accepts the office without its emoluments, and was made a baron by Don Pedro. The title is not

hereditary, but it is the highest with which an Azorean has ever been invested.

Two newspapers are published in this town; and the islanders it is said are divided into two parties, which have respectively dubbed one another, "the cats" and "the pigs;" the pigs being the conservatives, attached to the constitution of Don Pedro, and the cats the radicals, who want "something more." The etymology of these words is said to be, but with what truth I know not, as follows:—The name of the leader of the conservatives is or was Carvalho; which, being at the same time the Portuguese for oak, which bears acorns, whereon swine feed, the Carvalhos were called pigs. The radicals, on the other hand, adopt for their banner the bearings of the island, on some part of which are a hawk's talons, and thus they have been designated cats; not from their resemblance to this animal in pulling things to pieces, but from the supposed similarity of the cat's claw to the hawk's talon.

One of the most singular objects that meets a stranger's eye in the streets of Ponta Delgada, is the island cap or carapuça, worn by the peasants of the place. It is probably unlike any other head-dress in the world. It is only worn

in the island of St. Michael; and travellers who have seen all kinds of head-gear, say that in no other country is there such a hat to be found. It is usually made of indigo blue cloth, lined with serge of the same colour. But the colour, lining, and dimensions of each carapuça vary with the taste or locality of the different wearers just as widely as the shape of black beavers with the whims of a Bond Street hatter. And as in a London crowd all varieties may be seen, from the crushed and mangy silk of an Irish labourer to the most superfine beaver of the most superfine gentleman, so in the marketplace of Ponta Delgada the newest fashion may be detected as well as the last melancholy remnant. In shape, the carapuça is somewhat like a jockey cap with an overgrown snout. Thus, the part which fits the head is low and coved like the velvet cap of a huntsman, but is at the same time larger and more solid; the front projects in a long broad crescent, the horns of which are turned up at the sides to a height which in some instances reaches far above the crown; and a cape of the same blue cloth with which the crown is covered, overspreading the shoulders and ending in a long ornamented point halfway down

the back, is fastened round the lower rim of the cap from one side of the front to the other. It seems as if the peasants might have originally contented themselves with a simple huntsman's cap of blue cloth; that they had then sewed on the shoulder cape to protect them from the rain; that they gradually widened and lengthened the snout or projecting front, until it became eighteen inches broad and nine inches deep; that a fashion among the exquisites, not unlike the pointed-shoe dandyism of Edward the Fourth's time,* had strained out the ends to their present extravagant length, and for convenience' sake had turned

* It will be remembered that the fashion of wearing pointed beaks or pikes to the shoes, which seems to have been introduced into England, or to have originated there, as early as the reign of Richard II., grew to so extravagant a pitch in the beginning of the reign of Edward IV. as to call for the interference of the legislature. The pointed toes or beaks were so tall and lanky as to interfere with the walking and gestures of the wearer, just as some centuries later the clouded cane, which Lord Chesterfield describes, hitched and twisted among the hands and legs of the awkward man of fashion of his own time. To remedy this inconvenience, the wearers tied up their beaks to their knees. The wealthy used for this purpose chains of silver or silver gilt; the poorer, or less extravagant, silk laces. At length an act of parliament was passed, which, after reciting that divers persons had worn "excessive and inordinate arrays to the displeasure of God, impoverishing of

them up into horns, until at length the extravagance ended in the present fantastic head-dress. It is in most instances a picturesque object; becoming some young and well-made men in no ordinary degree, and contrasting well, and sometimes harmonising with the light frail handkerchief with which the weaker vessel covers up or foils her expressive beauty. But it varies in form and appearance and worth, in all kinds of ways. Two friends, for instance, from different quarters of the island, meet in the marketplace of Ponta Delgada; one removes with grave politeness an ample and ponderous carapuça of the finest dark blue broad-cloth, clasped with a shining silver

this your said realm, and enriching strange realms and countries, and finally destroying of the husbandry of the realm," enacted, that no person under the estate of a lord should wear any shoes or boteaux having pikes passing the length of two inches under a penalty of forty pence, with a like penalty on any shoemaker who should make shoes with like intolerable projections. And a subsequent statute enacted, that no cordwainer within, or within three miles of, London, should make any shoes, galoges, or botes with any pike longer than two inches, or sell any on a Sunday, or on that day, "putt, sette, or doo uppon any mannes fete or legges any shoes, botes, or galoges," upon pain of forfeiture of twenty shillings, whereof seven and eightpence was to be paid to the informer. (Rot. Parl. vol. v. p. 504; vol. iii. p. 23.)

buckle; and the humbler man bows to his wealthier friend with a lighter one of sky blue linsey-wolsey, so patched and wasted and wo-begone, that the crumpled front can — like the present Portuguese nation — with difficulty support the crown.

Of a dark night, when there has been only a faint new moon,—the crescent boat whence a guitar-playing and "entusymusical" Azorean fop might have derived the fair original of his carapuça front, — I have seen the dusky head and horns of a countryman coming down a narrow pumice lane, which, for the instant, might well have been mistaken for those of a St. Michael's ox; and on a bright Sunday morning, when the whole church-going Villa Franca population have sunned themselves after morning mass in the irregular grass-grown praça or square of the town, you may see a gay stripling leaning against the fountain, with the scarlet-lined cape of his fanciful hat thrown carelessly over the dark blue crown, in strong Windsor-uniform contrast with the rest of his attire; while another lines the wide projecting front with so angry a red, as to make his sallow face blush and even blossom; or a little boy, or perhaps an old man, appears in a diminutive cara-

puça of watery-blue velvet with neither horns nor affectation, having a scanty cape and a flat snout, like the blade of a cheesemonger's knife. An old fellow from the country has a coarse homespun cap of ruddle-coloured linsey-wolsey; his son, a miller, sits upon his white sacks and powdered jackass, wearing, for like reasons with the millers of England, a white linen carapuça lined with green. A tall shepherd, balancing himself against his long mountain pole, puts on dull russet; Aranha, our active ass-driver, inverts the order of things, and wears the horned front down his back, or on a windy or a rainy day pulls the front over his eyes, fastens the cape beneath his chin by means of a long brass pin (or, were he a richer man, with a chain and hook of bronze or silver), shuts out from your view everything but a sharp pair of shaded black eyes, his nose with its hairy basement of broad moustachios, and two sallow segments of cheek. The blind beggar, too, led by a boy whose cap has only the rudiments of horns, and the lean and withered seller of Villa Franca pottery, are likewise to be seen, the one with his staff and wallet, and the other crying a faint "sackaio" behind his wasted donkey, slowly tramping under the shadow of decayed and shattered carapuças, the exalt-

ed horns of which have long been worn away or curled up with wet and weather, or are supported by threads from the greasy crown, or utterly obliterated; the cape gone, and the inside wire with which they have been stiffened shining in one place and rusted in others. At length, like other sublunary things, even the solid St Michael's carapuça comes to its end; and, having passed from the wealthiest to the poorest, until it is even discarded by him, is only to be seen at seed time in lonely roadside fields, strung up with reeds and feathers to scare away the birds.

This substantial head-covering, which is, as one learned divine said of the argument of another,

THE ST. MICHAEL'S CARAPUÇA

"like a tailor's goose, both hot and heavy," would be, one would think, in a climate such as this is, so cumbersome and oppressive as scarcely to be bearable. One of our ass drivers, however, who wore an unusually heavy one with pointed horns, told me, when I questioned him, that he found it "very light;" and, as it affords an excellent protection in winter-time from the heavy mountain showers, and in summer shades the face from the sun's rays,—to which the common people dislike exposing themselves,—it may possibly be from one or both of these reasons that they have adopted, and continue to use them.

December 11.—Wind from the north, and the weather just like a fine bracing morning in England towards the end of June. The ass is the beast of burden of the island, and there are said to be as many as eight thousand of them in St. Michael's alone. A trifling tax to the government is paid for each. They are not used for draught, but the load is piled on their backs, which are protected by a thick pack-saddle or pannel made of straw, and covered with coarse canvass; and when, as is occasionally the case, a burden is found that one cannot master, four are used. Thus a heavy puncheon is taken from

the quay to a store in this fashion. Four jacks are first of all persuaded to stand at equal distances round the pipe of wine. Planks are then brought, to be arranged on the backs of the four in the form of an inverted Π. One plank is laid on the pannels of the two foremost beasts, another on the pannels of the two behind, and the third plank, having been lashed to the puncheon, is raised together with its weight so as to rest in the middle of the other two, and form the cross of the Π. The four ends of the letter are then goaded into motion, and away they slowly walk in excellent time to the noisy music of their driver.

Every road in the neighbourhood of Ponta Delgada is so screened by high stone walls, that it is hardly a paradox to say, that more of the country round may be seen by staying at home than by going out: the best view being from a high hill in the city, at the top of which the church of the "Mother of God" has been built. In our rides we passed many women enveloped in heavy cloth cloaks, of dark indigo; which, with high hoods stiffened over their heads with whalebone and buckram, almost conceal their faces, except when one white hand is put up to

open the mouth of the hood and gratify their curiosity.

When they wear shoes, which is generally the case near the city, they are neat about the feet, which, although not small, are generally well-formed. Their shoes are of various colours, from the neat black and glazed slipper that English-women wear, to scarlet, blue, red, and orange in every shade. Indeed this is almost the only piece of finery, which under such a covering it is possible to display.

A lady told me that women recognised one another by their feet as they walked the streets,

WOMEN IN CLOAKS IN THE STREETS OF PONTA DELGADA.

and would draw up or pass on, according as the passer-by was shod in black or primrose.

The Lisbon costume was worn by some few; a caped cloak with a simple white muslin handkerchief tastefully arranged over their heads, and setting square over their brows. Others wore cotton handkerchiefs of scarlet or bright yellow; while some of the upper classes had adopted the English and French fashions, of bonnets, shawls, and gowns. But as many of these were stale specimens of bygone fashions, they contrasted unfavourably with the simplicity of the island costume.

There is, perhaps, little of the picturesque at any time in a fine silk bonnet. But what so odious as an aged one;—flabby bows of ribbon drooping from the stiff trefoil of better days, over the now worn and crumpled pasteboard poke; the silk of which, though wrinkled by damp and faded by sunshine, shows, from the brighter spot which the bows have protected, how bright and fine it has been; and this too, in contrast with graceful folds of pure white muslin, a head-dress hardly inferior to that round the brows of the Cenci.* We looked at some of these good ladies,

* This simple head-dress must have been in vogue in England among one class of society when Falstaff flattered Mrs.

in carriages and out of them, and found that we erred against etiquette in omitting to take off our hats; for the people of St. Michael's are, as Beatrice says, "as civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion;" and the custom is to bow to every lady you see, whether you know her or not.

Our ass drivers smoked paper cigars, and even a lad of twelve had one in his mouth; but the habit of smoking is not very prevalent among the poor, possibly from their not possessing the means of indulging it. The sale of tobacco is a government monopoly, farmed out to certain licensed dealers, who alone are allowed to sell it. The tobacco is not good. Snuff is taken very generally by all classes of people; whether from the little horn pill-box of the sailor and his wife, or the chased gold and silver one of the squire and baron.

A garden into which we walked had a few flowers in it; a maurandia in bloom, and a fine camellia japonica, covered with snowy blossoms, but nothing more.

Ford. "Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance." To which she answered, "A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither."

December 12.—Strolled through the market before breakfast. There were heaps of light yellow oranges, potatoes, cabbages, apples, capsicums, and a root like the beet.

We find by letters from England that oranges, ticketed as from St. Michael's, are already in shop windows. Not an orange has yet left this island!

Walked three miles into the country through the eternal lanes of stone walls, and at last came to one of the conical hills that abound in the neighbourhood of Ponta Delgada. Here we sat, and though Christmas is approaching and the wind blows from the N. E., the weather was mild enough to make it pleasant to sit with one's hat off. This, perhaps, is a plainer way of stating the warmth than to say that the thermometer is 65° in the shade. Children, too, ran about by the cottage doors in mere cotton shirts.

The hills near us bore the appearance of cultivated downs, except that the sides of them were divided into fields by stone walls, and were in many instances more conical than English downs. The mountains beyond, slightly tinged by a thin blue mist, but so slightly as to show clearly through it, were on a larger scale.

There was a great abundance of ocean clouds,

spread out in an endless variety of shape and colour, and differing most plainly from those we see in England. They were piled up on a far more magnificent scale, as if the ocean from which they had risen could afford more materials than were to be had from English ground. They seemed purer, too, and of a more delicate cleanliness, as if the materials were not only more abundant but of better quality. The ocean lay beneath them in perfect repose, taking its colours from the sky. In some places hardly a ripple disturbed it; flaws of wind broke other parts into streaks; here it was deep blue, and there a rich amber cloud had dyed it brown.

The field path by which we returned, which in England would have been stamped by the hob-nails, tips, and cleats of labouring men, was here moulded into a smooth track by naked feet. It glistened like September grass, with innumerable crystals of felspar; for the soil was of decomposed pumice and volcanic rocks.

In the outskirts of the city we stepped into a cottage, where a sickly man, with sharp pale features and large glistening eyes, was teaching about twenty boys to read. This was one of

the schools established under Don Pedro's scheme of national education.

By this scheme, all the poor of the island may, if they please, be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, free of cost.* It is said, that large numbers of children are now sent to school by their parents; and I was told by an ass-driver, that even some adults, and himself among the number — were very desirous of learning to read and write. The children learned their lessons as they do in our infant-schools, — the whole twenty chanting at one time in a loud and nasal sing-song. Some had books, and others read from sheets of paper and backs of letters, on which, as books were rare, the lesson had apparently been copied. They appeared to learn as cheerfully as children ever do, and looked quite as intelligent as an equal number of English boys, and less awkward. There were no

* Public schools for teaching reading and writing, are established in each municipal district, where the children of the poor are taught gratis. A small tribute on the wine-produce of the country, is levied for payment of these schools, called the Literary Subsidy; and public professors are paid out of it also, who teach Latin, grammar, rhetoric, and philosophy, to all who choose to attend. (Read's Report to the Poor Law Commissioners, 1834, vol. xxxix, Appendix F. p. 643.)

very poor children among them,—none in plain cotton shirts, with neither cap, nor shoe, nor stocking, but all were moderately well-dressed.

The politeness of the people here is very striking to an Englishman. A countryman will hardly ever pass you without taking off his hat, even when his load may make it a real inconvenience to him; and as there is a serious composure about their courtesy, and an apparent absence of servility, these recognitions seem like tokens of sincere good-will. I do not know that there is more downright civility of purpose about them than there is in John Bull,—very possibly there may be much less. There is certainly more varnish; and a good watch looks better in a gold case though it may go as well in one of Britannia metal.

The country about Ponta Delgada is very deficient in timber trees, and no pains have been taken to remedy this by planting any other than orange trees, and the brushwood by which they are screened. A law like that in the Swiss Cantons, by which a new-married couple is compelled to plant a certain number of trees on their marriage, and one on the birth of each child, might well be adopted in St. Michael's; for if there

were only as many fine trees here as there are fine children, it would be one of the best wooded islands on the globe.

December 13.—A wet morning, showery afternoon—and the evening quite chilly, owing to strong N. E. winds. The houses here are fair-weather houses, built without fire-places or stoves. The rooms, also, are large and lofty, seldom carpeted; and, after our crowded English rooms, seem almost destitute of furniture. Moreover, cane-bottomed chairs and sofas, though well enough in hot weather, are chilly-looking things when the rain patters against your windows, and a north-easter rattles them. It is like sitting in a summer-house in the winter. What can be more desolate than a room full of these empty chairs, ranged in stiff rows against the walls, as if they were sitting there "in their bones?" An easy chair—a snug room—a tinkling fire—and the last Quarterly, balance many of the defects of an English climate.

The election of members of the Cortes is just come to a conclusion; the votes are taken by ballot. It is said, that the "pigs," or conservatives, are the successful party, owing, as is supposed, to the influence of the priests. If

so, it would seem that not more effectually here than in America, does the form of ballot-voting neutralise party influence.

A scene very different from these elections has just been exhibited in one of the churches. It is the law of the land, that no corpse shall remain above ground more than twenty-four hours; and it is frequently the custom to carry the body to the church some time previously to burial, where it is laid on tressels in an open bier, and prayers are chanted over it.

The corpse of a child, the son of the military governor of the island, was borne to the church at night not long ago; and having been duly laid on the tressels, covered with the pall, and surrounded by priests and tall tapers, they began their nasal chant over his body. In one of the pauses the pall was observed to move, and presently afterwards the dead arose, rubbed his eyes, and called for his mamma. The poor boy had slept twelve hours in his bier; had he continued sleeping through the priests' chant, (which any one who has once heard them sing must believe to be impossible,) he would in all probability have been buried alive.

We walked into several other churches, in one

of which mass was performing. It was divided into three aisles, by means of heavy stone pillars and arches, the middle being boarded and separated from the side aisles and altar by low wooden railings. This is the case with most of the churches in the islands: within the railings women sit and kneel, while the side aisles and the space before the altar are occupied by men and boys—a relic, probably, of the early discipline of the Christian church, (still retained in cathedrals and the chapels of our universities and inns of court,) which enforced the separation of men and women. Where there are no side aisles the women kneel in front, and the men, most of whom generally wait outside till the prayer-bell rings, fill in behind, and in front of the altar.

We saw no monuments in any of the churches of Ponta Delgada, no eulogies of "faultless monsters, whom the world ne'er saw;" and it is not the custom of the natives to erect tombstones over the graves. I was told that there were only two Azorean gravestones in the island, and we did not meet with a single one, not even the frail wooden crucifix, which is seen in the cemeteries of France. One of the two

of which we were told, showed considerable taste and feeling. There is a word in Portuguese, (for which, I believe, there is no English synonyme,*) signifying that yearning love for absent friends, which we feel when they are far away from us; and there is also a flower which lovers and friends give to one another at parting, called by the same name. The tombstone to which I allude was a simple tablet, with the name of the deceased, the day of her death, and a single blossom of this flower sculptured on it; hearty affection being thus gracefully expressed in the language of flowers.

December 14.—Rode on asses about a dozen miles, which took us three hours to accomplish. The saddles are thick pads, with a wooden frame strapped upon them, consisting of two wooden bars placed cross-wise behind and before, and connected by two other bars running lengthwise. Upon this apparatus a pillow is placed, and a piece of carpet. There are neither stirrups nor bridles; the rider commits himself to the guidance of a man or boy, who walks and runs

* The word is pronounced "souadade;" but as it is not in Vieyra's Portuguese dictionary, I cannot vouch for the spelling.

behind him with a sharp goad, with which, and with his voice, he urges the beast. We passed through a mean suburb and village; the white-washed houses of the poor are built of the same materials, and on the same pattern, as those of their richer neighbours; the window and door-frames and edges being of hewn stone, either black or dark grey. Glass windows are not; so that at first sight the dwellings do not look like habitations but out-houses. Instead of glass there are either wooden shutters or lattices (like those of dairies), opening with hinges which are fixed to the top; and as strangers pass, they may see, here and there, a dark female face, and a hand and arm pushing forward the lower part of the lattice; the dark back-ground of the room, and the heavy black moulding of the window, forming the frame of a living picture,—sometimes of a grave wondering child, with a profusion of black hair, disordered and curly; or it may be of an elderly woman, with a snowy white handkerchief covering her head, and tied beneath her deeply marked sallow face.

The rest of the ride was through lanes, bordered with high walls enclosing orange gardens, protecting them from depredators, and, from what

is worse, high winds. We went into one of them. The orange trees were magnificent, many of them bending under the weight of their fruit. The shape of the tree is like that of a shrub springing from the ground with many stems, or with one short stem immediately dividing, and of a clean grey tint. When loaded with fruit, some of a light green, —others a pale yellow—others a deep orange, and all set off by the dark glossy green foliage, they are superb. As we got among higher ground we caught sight of the blue ocean, with its edging of snowy white foam, and numerous vessels lying at anchor in the roads. The asses picked their way cleverly up the steep rocky paths. The one I rode was an ambitious beast, and kept ahead of the others; he was uneasy and restless when any turn in the road allowed the others to take precedence, as if he had been a human being afflicted with one of the smaller varieties of the "last infirmity of noble minds."

December 15.—The temperature is very pleasant; we have had, hitherto, few days without showers or mist; they have not, however, confined us more than an hour or two at a time to the house. Some of the evenings have been

rather chilly, but generally the thermometer stands in this room (having a northern aspect) at from 60° to 64°.

Went over the hospital: a few years ago it was a convent for friars, but since such establishments have been broken up, it has been used for its present purpose. There were two hundred and thirteen beds, and the women's wards, particularly, are spacious and tolerably clean. An apothecary was electrifying a paralytic woman with an old-fashioned machine, the glass cylinder of which was as big as a bushel-basket, and stood on four glass legs, four or five feet high. Beneath it was a brazier of burning charcoal, which one man was employed to blow; the humidity of the climate renders this necessary. Many of the women were squatting upon their beds in Eastern fashion.*

* In every municipal district there is a public hospital, called the Misericordia, or house of mercy, for the reception of the sick poor. These institutions are supported by endowments of land and bequests of money from pious people long since deceased, and by voluntary contributions. The hospitals usually contain from two to three hundred sick, and are, generally speaking, well conducted by the governors, stewards, medical attendants, and nurses. In cases where the hospital is full, medicines are given to applicants, who are gratuitously attended by the medical men. Foreign seamen are also admitted on

December 16. — The streets of Ponta Delgada are often crowded, and the motley throng is a lively scene to the stranger. The medley is of all sorts and conditions; priests in scanty black petticoats, with pea-green umbrellas, and three-cornered hats; scarlet-capped boatmen, ragged beggars, clamorous fruit-sellers, and noisy water-carriers;—a shabby carriage coeval with the islands, a showy horse and showy rider with moustachios and brass spurs;—English captains in new tailed coats; a British tar buying

their consul's paying one shilling and sixpence a day for each. There are no almshouses or other institutions for the reception of persons impotent through age, nor is any relief afforded them by the state; but if such persons have relatives capable of supporting them, they may be compelled to do so on application to the magistracy of the district. This obligation extends from grandchildren upwards in a direct line, and between brothers and sisters; but does not exist between uncles and aunts, and their nephews and nieces, nor between cousins.

There are no lunatic asylums in the island, nor any public provision or establishment for their reception, but lunatics are entitled to claim support from their relatives in the same way as the decrepid. Neither are there institutions for the deaf, dumb, or blind; but they may claim protection from their relatives. Deafness and dumbness are said to be very uncommon, but ophthalmia appears to be prevalent among the poor; who, as they live far from medical aid, and take no precautions, frequently go blind in consequence. (Read's Report to the Poor Law Commissioners, 1834, vol. 39. Appendix F. p. 643.)

oranges and stumbling over hogs—hogs in great force, larger, longer-legged, and more wiry-haired beasts than with us; asses in abundance, carrying men, and women, and children, and every other kind of burden — hogsheads, deal planks, boxes, panniers filled with stone, manure, and vegetables; countrymen with their horned caps; nondescripts in bad hats and boots, and large cloth cloaks fitted for a cold climate; women in dark blue cloaks, with hoods entirely concealing the face, slowly, stiffly, and sedately moving along; "des manteaux qui marchent, voila tout;" now and then, though rarely, the modern innovation of a lady, shawled and bonneted and parasoled, like our own countrywomen, arm-in arm with her husband: such is often the street miscellany in the frequented parts of "the city."

The boatmen and country-people, who come into the town with loaded asses, are fine men, well made, and of moderate stature. The uniformity in the height of the people is remarkable; few are very short, or very tall, and any personal deformity is uncommon. They have dark complexions, black curling hair, black eyes and beard, and large mouths. They take off their hats to those they meet, whether above them

in station or equal in rank; more scrupulously, indeed, to their equals.

A stranger is likely to be set down as most unmannered until he knows that every man is expected to take off his hat to every lady whose eye he catches, whether in her balcony, or in her carriage, or in the street. This outward mark of politeness is almost universal.

The country-people do this with a deliberate gravity, very different to the graceless but equally civil mode in which country-people in English villages, remote from the defilement of large towns, pinch the brims of their hats to those better dressed than themselves.

This custom is agreeable enough to strangers, as it deprives a strange place of its solitariness. The mutual recognition awakens slight sympathies on each side, and on this account should not be despised, though it is worth no more.

CHAPTER IV.

It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground,
And there a season a'tween June and May,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared ought for play.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

Villa Franca.—Oranges.—Christmas.

DECEMBER 19.—LEFT Ponta Delgada at noon for Villa Franca, which is about fifteen miles distant; or rather, as time is the true measure of distance, four hours and a half journey on asses. The sumpter ass was laden very cleverly,—baskets, and carpet-bags, and portmanteaux,

were piled upon him, and being well balanced, were simply but firmly secured by "figure of eight" slings of cord. We soon reached the top of a cliff, through lanes enclosed by hedges of brambles as in England, and on each side fields divided in the same way. The road in some places was close to the edge of the cliffs, which rose almost perpendicularly from the sea. They were of black rock, much covered with a large species of heath,* growing to the size of a fine shrub, which deprived them of their cold barren look. At their base the sea was breaking into white foam either among masses of rock, or upon a beach of black sand.

As we proceeded, the scenery became more mountainous, the ascents were steeper, and the descents so precipitous as to make us admire the sure-footed sagacity of our asses. Every turn in the road gave us new views, which we relished more from having left the comparatively tame scenery of the neighbourhood of Ponta Delgada. Sometimes we passed deep glens running down to the sea, whose rocky sides were covered with ever-greens, and relieved by the light green leaves of majestic ferns hanging over them, as

* Erica arborea.

light and feathery as if placed there in purposed contrast. They were in full beauty, and the moist warmth of the climate encourages their luxuriant growth.

Narrow lanes cut deep in the soft pumice which forms the bulk of these mountains, are altogether peculiar to volcanic countries. In some places, where these lanes were very deep and narrow, the grey pumice was entirely destitute of vegetation; and as it is soft and yielding, was moulded by the gentle handling of the elements into smooth continuous curves. Above was a strip of sky looking farther off than it commonly does, and on each side a fringe of dark evergreens.

Now and then, figures in perfect harmony with the scenery enlivened it—women lightly clothed in white linen, with a water-jar of red pottery upon their heads, or peasants riding sideways on asses, or these same animals loaded with branches of wood;—the only living things that were unpicturesque were ourselves, clad in hats and Macintoshes as ugly and as useful coverings as were ever devised. Occasionally we passed close to the coast, and looked down on black rocks of the most fantastic shapes, over which

the waves were tumbling and roaring, shedding on them their whitest spray. There was no difficulty in imagining that these rocks had once been a fluid, which ran boiling into the sea and was suddenly cooled. The black sands are these same rocks broken small by the sea; and as we passed on, the Atlantic was spreading over them vast carpets of white foam.

Among the mountains were two towns with conspicuous white churches edged with black; and near Villa Franca was a village built on the sides of a deep rocky ravine, through which a mountain-stream made its noisy way. Many of the white cottages were surrounded by orange trees loaded with fruit.

Before entering this village, in a deep and gloomy lane among the mountains, we passed a small stone building like a prison cell, but open in front, and surmounted by a stone crucifix. This was erected (as the custom is) on the spot where a man was murdered; and the peasants, as they pass it, raise their hats from their heads. This is a far better, and more civilized memorial than our gibbets. The stone cell marks the spot on which the murder was committed, and the cross points out the only

hope for the guilty man or his victim. The gibbet could only produce a beastly fear, which must soon wear away. Custom may also deprive the crucifix of its effect on the imagination, and the peasant may feel no awe or reverence as he uncovers his head in passing; but the purpose is good, and the habit good, and may it last as long as the occasion!

About a mile beyond the village, we came in sight of Villa Franca, a small town, built on the edge of the coast. In front of it a rocky island rises abruptly out of the sea, and seems as if placed there to form a breakwater. Beyond the town there are pleasant fields, and behind them is a line of soft and rounded mountains, green to their tops.

By some mistake, the house at which we were to put up was pre-occupied, and we had to take up our quarters for the night in the upper room of a cottage belonging to Antonio Bicho and his wife Thomazia,— built for him by the English merchants of the island and others, as a reward for his having saved the lives of several Englishmen who were wrecked on the coast. He is a wild-looking fellow, with a gingerbread complexion, a harsh deep voice, and a face almost

concealed by long straggling black hair; but there is great independence of manner about him, and he has the reputation of being an honest man. His wife, under a mild face and soft voice, carries a bit of a temper about as inflammable as gunpowder. She went off this evening in very amusing style. It appeared that a gang of men engaged in picking oranges, who had been accommodated in the lower part of the house, in a kind of stable or store-room, had (wisely) preferred the rooms above, and as there was no one to prevent them, they had taken possession, and had covered the floor with the dried husks of Indian corn upon which they had slept.

Thomazia endeavoured, but in vain, to persuade a phlegmatic, ill-conditioned fellow, who had no idea of being turned adrift at so late an hour, to carry these husks away. After exhausting fair words, she had recourse to violent ones, and in proportion as his self-possession was unmoved, her passion was increased. She ran up to him, shaking her hand in his face to within an inch of his nose, screamed, retreated, struck the ground violently with her flat hand, advanced again, shook her fist, snatched a handful of the husks

from the heap that lay beside him,—shook them in his face, screamed, threw them down, stamped, struck a wooden stool until it echoed in the empty room, and at last forced him to the door, where his face subsided into a look of contemptuous indifference.

During this scene she expressed, in her flexible and tragic features, every modification of angry feeling; her voice increasing in violence, and her utterance becoming more rapid, until she worked herself up to the crisis of her anger, when her vociferations were so loud and her look so furious, that she was approaching the sublime. After explaining to her that we would allow him to remain, we returned to the house, where she arranged a bed. On passing through the street, Thomazia told her tale to two or three female neighbours who were looking out of their upper windows, and re-acted to them all her annoyance. Had an Englishwoman been in one quarter of the apparent passion, she would have exhibited for some hours afterwards, in her red and hot face, short breathing, and nervous agitation, the effects of her anger; but Thomazia was as cool and possessed after it, as if it were an every-day thing.

The house is a good specimen of a St. Michael's cottage. Below, there is one room, open-

ing into the street, with a floor of hard earth, trodden flat and smooth by naked feet, and strewed with green rushes. In one corner is a neat clean bed, having a bolster fringed with muslin; two heavy wooden chests, like corn-bins, stand together against the wall; and there is a square piece of matting, on which the women squat by day, and the children sleep by night. A small iron lamp, ending in a crucifix, the lamp resembling those from Herculaneum, the wick of which protrudes from a small spout at one end, hangs against the wall, and gives a faint light.

In the day-time the room is lighted by the door, the upper part of which opens. A couple of pigeons fly and roost at discretion in the room, — fowls and chickens do the same; and the friend of the family, the pig, comes in and is driven out whenever the lower part of the door chances to be open. The bed and the walls are decked out with green branches of Faya, and the staircase is screened off by a thin partition of platted reeds or canes, the glossy yellow sides of which look bright by the side of the dark stone walls, which in such cottages are left in the rough, without a coating of white-wash or plaster. The room above, in which we are sitting, differs from the one below in having win-

dows at the two ends, closed with rough wooden shutters, in place of glass. Behind the lower room is a kitchen, which, like that in old-fashioned farm-houses in England, has a stone hearth about three feet from the ground, on which the very simple process of cookery in the families of the poor is carried on. Near it is a small oven for baking the bread of Indian corn, and the festival bread for Christmas and Easter. We find no inconvenience from the absence of windows (though the shutters are chinky), so that what in England would be felt as a serious hardship, is not here even a deprivation. The night was long enough, for the fleas seemed to have "smelt the blood of an Englishman," and to like it; so that I was not sorry to hear the comfortable grunt of the old sow, in the room below, announcing the dawning of the day.

December 21.—Buying artificial flowers of a Nun, sounds very prettily; and buying cabbages of a green-grocer, very matter-of-fact; but positively, in point of sentimentality, there is very little difference between them. The Nuns here make artificial flowers from feathers. Some of those which we sent to England we bought at a convent in Ponta Delgada.

We entered by a small court-yard where pigs were grunting, and donkeys waiting for their masters. At the end of it was a little chamber, about twelve feet square, and a stone bench, on which customers and visitors sat while waiting their turn to be served by the fair sisterhood. The dealing went on thus: — a hollow wooden drum, turning round in a hole in the wall, was so contrived as to shut out the view of everything inside, and at every turn to present you with a shelf.

And now suppose a buyer to come, as we did, to purchase flowers. The spokesman puts his head into the drum, and says the necessary sentence to the hidden sister behind the wheel. She makes answer, in accents sweet, and presently the wheel is turned, and on the shelf a block of wood pierced with holes in all directions, and stuck full of roses, pinks, orange-flowers, and myrtles, appears for the buyer to examine. Having pulled out such as you wish to buy, and laid them in the drum, you turn it back, and they tell you the price. Again, you turn it back with your dollars, and another revolution brings the change. A peasant puts into the drum his basket of eggs, a market-woman her

vegetables, a child standing tip-toe, his little white bundle; and after turning it round, they wait on the stone-bench, or at the wheel's side, to receive their answer.

Other women, besides the Nuns, occupy themselves in flower-making. I made a call on some decayed Portuguese ladies, whom misfortune had driven to work for their livelihood. We went up a dark stone staircase from the street, and rapped at the door of their sitting-room. A well-mannered elderly gentlewoman, with curled grey hair and a smiling face, opened the door, and showed us into an adjoining room, where her flowers were arranged on a table. A few cane-bottomed chairs, and an aged piano, with three tables against the wall, were the only other furniture of the place. There were neither carpets nor window-hangings. The two windows were open, and the two daughters of the old lady were leaning over the small wooden balconies which projected from them. There was no vestige of any one thing from which you might gather that the good ladies, who had sat there, probably from the early morning, until the hour I called on them, five o'clock, had been doing any one thing to employ their

time. No books, no work, no litter, nothing, in fact, was about the room.

The quantity of bowing necessary in making this call was amusing enough. First of all we must bow to the people in the balcony while we were in the street,—then again on rapping at the door,—another obeisance at leaving, repeated at the bottom of the staircase to the mother, who stood above on the landing-place ready to receive it,—and a final salutation to the daughters in the balcony, when we were again in the street. All this is done with as much serious composure as if people were bowing and crossing themselves at mass.

We have been walking through the streets of the town, and have been attracting as much curiosity in the minds of the young shoeless, hatless, and stockingless children who play about the streets, as a stuffed whale or sturgeon, or wild-beast caravan, or red Indian, would do in a small village at home. About ten minutes' walk from our house is a water-fall which we have chosen for a sketch, and we have made drawings here three or four times, to the great amusement of thirty or forty persons, from old men and women sitting silently in the sun, to

young children playing noisily about, and standing in the stream, or on the rock over which it tumbles. None ventured down to us on the first day; two young men became bold enough to draw near on the second; and at last six or seven stood by my side, laughing with astonishment at what they saw, and naming the objects as I drew them. One little fellow about five years of age, dressed in a linen-jacket and white trowsers, below which were his naked dark brown feet, stood opposite to me for nearly half an hour with child-like gravity, sometimes looking me full in the face in speechless wonder, and then peeping stealthily at my drawing, and smiling with pleasure. When I prepared to go, as if to pay me for the amusement I had afforded him, he pulled an orange from his pocket, held it out to me at arm's length, and then put up his cheek to be kissed. The people here are very familiar, but it is in a graceful, inoffensive way. Just in the same manner as Sancho converses with Don Quixote, do the servants and the ass-drivers talk with their masters, and the poor to their superiors in rank. Sancho's observations on his master, and his freedom of manner, would have been unnatural in the

mouth of an English groom; but the servants of one of the squires of St. Michael's will laugh and joke with his master, with as much familiarity and real civility as Sancho, when he strung proverbs at Don Quixote's expense. There is a good deal of resemblance, too, between the character of Sancho, taking him as a type of his class, and that of the Azorean poor with whom we have come in contact. They are extremely curious, have great cunning and finesse, lie with as much coolness as Sancho, when he explained to the Don, in the sable mountain, his interview with the Lady Dulcinea; are clever at repartee, and fond of proverbs and short sayings.

We are generally visited at night by some orange-gatherers, who bring flowers and deformed oranges for our table, and crowd round the door with the same kind of curiosity with which the red Indians are described as watching strangers in the back-woods.

December 22.—Villa Franca is a far better place than Ponta Delgada for an invalid. The soil is composed of deep beds of pumice, which, like our gravelly soils in England, drain quickly, and soon leave the paths dry.

Moreover, the country is of easy access; there are none of the stone walls which hem in "the city;" and the noise, the dirt, and the bustle of a mercantile place like Ponta Delgada, are well exchanged by those who come here, as we have done, to seek warmth and quiet, for a small unfrequented country town, and the natural beauties of its neighbourhood.

The town stands near the shore, on the south coast, and is shut off from the north wind by fine green mountains gradually ascending to a height, which I should *guess* to be two thousand feet above the sea, and shooting up more steeply in cones and tent-shaped summits where fleecy mists delight to rest and to throw their gauze-like veils over the shrubs and evergreens which grow to the very tops. The pumice, as it is soft, light, and porous, is readily worn away by streams from the hills; these, in the course of years, have cut deep ravines in it, which are to be seen in all directions running up into the mountains. Being warm, and well sheltered from the winds, they are admirably adapted to promote the growth of the orange-trees; and their steep banks, covered with ferns and mosses, and green lichens, form pleasant shaded walks for an invalid.

Asses with panniers, filled with stones, or vegetables, or manure, are constantly passing up and down them, followed by a man or boy talking incessantly, or goading the beast as he picks his careful way among or over the fragments of rock with which they are strewn.

Yesterday we were off to the mountains at an early hour. The morning was

> "Like a summer's Sunday morn,
> When nature's face is fair;"

and so warm that we sat five hours in the open air with as much pleasure as we might have lain on the shore at the back of the Isle of Wight on a bright June day. But with all this heat, the elasticity of the mountain air, and the mildness of the mountain breezes, took off anything approaching to a feeling of oppression. The place we have chosen for a sketch, is an excellent one for conveying an idea of the situation of Villa Franca. It is in a deep, well-cultivated ravine in the mountains that fence the town from the north, the north-east, and north-west; and is, perhaps, three miles up the mountain.

The road to it is by a narrow winding mountain-path, very steep, and broken by irregular

masses of rock, which jut through the soil, and by slabs of lava, washed bare by the mountain streams that pour down them after heavy rains. The path carries us to a small water-fall, which, dashing and sparkling over a steep pavement of dark volcanic rock, tumbles into the valley below, and after turning several mills in its rapid descent to the town, finally supplies food and amusement to the ducks and children who dabble in the shallow pools on the sands below.

December 20.—The feast of advent, which the whole people are now preparing to celebrate, consumes all the eggs and milk which the neighbourhood can afford; and the people are not mercenary enough to part with them for money. The eatables produced on the island, which may be bought here or at Ponta Delgada, are the following:—pork, beef (so called), mutton (so to speak), bacon, fowls, ducks, turkeys, rabbits, fish of various kinds, but all more or less washy, eggs, cheese like Bath, butter of a sour kind, milk of a thin sort, either from cows or goats, good bread of the shape and texture of French, but not so white; potatoes, cabbages, water-cresses, yams (like sweet warm pipe-clay), beans, oranges, lemons, pears, apples, melons, lettuces, onions,

garlick. The butchers have no idea of cutting up a carcase. The meat is often chopped into junks of a certain size and weight. It is not always so, however. I have seen a decently cut sirloin of beef, but without fat. Owing to the leanness of the meat, the Portuguese eat pork-fat with their beef, as regularly as we do oyster-sauce with cod's head. The mutton is only mutton in name, and indeed all the meat that I have tasted wants that unctuous admixture of fat with lean which gives pre-eminence to the mutton and beef of old England. No epicure should come to St. Michael's, unless indeed, he were another Epicurus, to feed on water and vegetables.

The beds are comfortable beyond what might be supposed. Some are stuffed with the husk of the Indian corn, others with moss, and others with the fibrous roots of a fern resembling fine brown floss silk, which grows abundantly in the island.

CHAPTER V.

Doomed, as we are, our native dust
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The altar, to deride the fane
Where patient sufferers bend, in trust
To win a happier hour.

Where'er we roam—along the brink
Of Rhine, or by the sweeping Po,
Through Alpine vale, or champain wide—
Whate'er we look on, at our side
Be Charity, to bid us think,
And feel, if we would know.

WORDSWORTH.

Churches.—Christmas Eve.—Christmas Day.—Hospitality.—Sunday.—Festivities.—Orange Garden.—Mountain Scenery.

DECEMBER 23, SUNDAY. — The churches are numerous, and handsome for the size of the place. One is ornamented more chastely than any other I have yet seen here; the gilt carving is plain

and elegant, not so profuse and fantastical as to border on the grotesque, which is the case in some of the churches. At mass this morning it was well filled with devout-looking people. The number of men was even greater than that of women. The latter were concealed under their dark blue cloaks and hoods. They knelt or sat cross-legged on the ground, motionless, save that, now and then, a hand appeared arranging the cloak, or adjusting the hood. One white hand, unused to labour, plump, well-shaped, and with rings, emerged rather frequently before mass began :—

> Perchance because such action graced
> Her fair-turned arm and well-formed waist.

One damsel wore a black covering, which looked as if it were a bombazine gown turned up over the head from the waist, and edged with a black lace veil. This is called a manta. I had just before seen a similar one on a figure of the Virgin Mary. The priest was an old man, who went through the service with less action than younger men use. The whole service did not last more than twenty minutes. In the principal church is a picture of the two Marys, bending over the

dead body of Jesus, far superior to the church-paintings in this island, which are, generally speaking, inefficient daubs, bordering on the ludicrous. It is much damaged by damp, but the expression of the faces, and the correctness of the drawing, showed that it was the work of a master, probably Spanish, as the Spaniards built many of the churches when the island was in their possession, and this town was their head quarters.* In a church in the suburbs, there is a full-sized wax figure of Christ on the cross, in the act of dying; and the modeller must have seen men die—with such truth has he represented the momentary change. He has caught the

* The crown of Portugal became united to that of Spain in 1580. But the inhabitants of the Azores appeared willing to reject the Spanish yoke and to acknowledge Don Antonio as their Sovereign. The French in consequence sent a body of troops to Terceira in 1583, commanded by De Chaste, who were, however, defeated in a battle with the Spaniards.

These events seem to have excited the attention of the English during their warm competition with Spain; and in 1589, the Earl of Cumberland fitted out four ships at his own expense, with which he cruised off the Azores. The account of this expedition was drawn up by Edward Wright, a mathematician of considerable eminence, and much esteemed by the University of Cambridge, of one of the colleges of which he was a Fellow.

The people of Flores, it would seem, still acknowledged

instant when the features suddenly relax, and lose their life, when the eyelid droops partly over the eye, not yet glassy, and the mouth falls somewhat open. If the last struggle has been painful, the expression instantly becomes placid; and this sudden change takes away from death much of the horror it would otherwise produce on a mere spectator, leaving him rather sad than terrified. This moment the artist chose, and, as far as I was concerned, he accomplished his object of producing a deep impression. It was infinitely more striking than several other figures, where the carver and the painter seemed to have studied to bring the sufferings of our Saviour forcibly before the mind by exaggerating his bodily in-

Don Antonio for their King; and supplied the English with provisions. Some Spanish vessels were taken; but the rich caracs had departed a week before the Earl of Cumberland arrived. The town of Fayal was plundered, or rather was forced to pay a handsome sum to escape being plundered. Other expeditions were fitted out about this period, with a view to watch the well-laden Spanish ships from the West Indies; but the Spaniards having probably altered their arrangements, this practice of cruising off the Azores appears to have only continued for a few years, and the history of these islands, as regards their relation to England, thenceforward relapses into obscurity. — *See Hakluyt*, vol. ii. p. 158; *Pinkerton*, vol. i. p. 601, 2.

juries, and covering him with hideous wounds and bruises. Other figures were feebly executed, and dressed in wretched taste. These were kept concealed, either in cases with curtains before them, or with glass doors, or in closets in the sacristy, and were used only in processions on Saints' days. The sexton of one of the churches took great delight in exhibiting to us the wardrobe of the priests, and the garrulous old man put on the rich purple and white silk robes, the better to show them off, and to astonish us. In one cupboard was a large naked figure of Christ, like a colossal Dutch-doll, made with moveable arms, to be placed, when dressed, in different attitudes.

There is a certain observance of the Sunday here, as in most places. The country people think they are not breaking it by bringing to town various articles for sale, provided they attend mass regularly. Several asses laden with bundles of bark for the tanners, stood to-day at the doors of the wine shops, and after mass some men were selling a few rough country-made wrought-iron hoes in front of the church. Perhaps there are few occasions on which we are more inclined to "damn the sins we 're not inclined to," than in judging our neighbours' mode of keeping

holy the Sabbath day. Country towns in England, where great respect seems to be paid to this commandment, are as noisy at certain hours as on the nights of their few public balls, with various kinds of vehicles for carrying people to church, "doing evil that good may come." The protestant orange-merchants here, are the most unscrupulous breakers of the day of rest. They do not cease loading their vessels, and numbers of men are employed in carrying the boxes to the boats, and then rowing the boats to the vessels. In the stone quarries and in the fields there was an entire cessation from labour; only a few very poor women were washing clothes in a stream. The countrymen, who are universally clean, were more smartly dressed than usual, in bright blue and even brighter orange-coloured carapuças. Many, however, had encumbered their well-made feet with boots, and the same men who on other days walked gracefully, and stood about in easy picture-like attitudes, now hobbled like English clowns. One old man wore an antique pair of top boots and white knee-breeches, looking above like a venerable Azorean peasant, and below like an aged post-boy.

The Catholic churches are now open all the day long, and are resorted to at all hours for private devotion. In one church were two women concealed entirely in dark cloaks, kneeling by the side of a grey-headed old man, and the effect of the two or three thus gathered together in a large silent church, was more solemn than that of any crowded assembly could have been, however undisturbed its stillness: they were there apparently for one object, and in that object were absorbed. Why is it that Protestants at devotion are so susceptible of interruption, while Papists are solemn and abstracted? Why does a Roman Catholic girl, telling her beads in her church, seem wrapt in devoutness, while a falling prayer-book or late comer-in disturbs the prayers of a Protestant? Is the Papist more earnest, or is he more mechanical in his worship?

December 24.—A wet heavy morning. In the afternoon we walked up one of the deep lanes leading to the mountains. After ascending for some time a winding rocky path, we came to the head of a deep glen, through which a stream tumbled over the masses of black rock which formed its bottom. The lower part of its sides was covered with vines (now without leaves)

trailed on trellises, or divided into steep and small fields, above which green shrubs of Faya flourished in much luxuriance. It was a damp warm evening, and the distant scenery looked more soft and beautiful through the air saturated with moisture.

As it is Christmas Eve, there has been a performance of sacred music in the principal church. At ten o'clock it was brilliantly illuminated with pyramids of long tapers; the altars and the pulpit were hung with drapery of muslin and rich silk; an asthmatic organ grunted and sniffed; and a full choir of musical men, whose childish Chinese faces illustrated well the proverb that "to some men is given wisdom and understanding, and to others the art of playing the fiddle," played and chanted sacred music. The stiffness and sobriety of the women's dark costume, were relieved by the white muslin handkerchiefs, with which some of the younger ones enveloped their heads and shoulders, and many of the children were adorned with red shawls. Two English bonnets, in all their stiff deformity, somewhat marred the scene. The performance was kept up until some hours after midnight.

December 25.—Christmas Day. An incom-

parable day, as if purposely given, neither oppressively hot nor yet chilly; like the cream of English weather towards the latter end of June. It is difficult to realize the fact that Christmas Day is come, for the elder and cuckoo-pint in the hedges are bursting into leaf as in April, and within doors we have neither fires nor fireplaces, and constantly sit with open windows.

The appearance of the town is like that of an English village on Sunday. Every one,—man, woman, and child,—is cleanly, neatly, or even gaily dressed; no work is going on, no asses are to be seen, even the pigs have assumed an indolent holy-day expression, and everything indicates a complete cessation from all working-day occupations. The rooms of the poor are dressed out with boughs of evergreens, and some are strewed with rushes. In the afternoon, in most of the cottages of the poor, the women, girls, and little children sat cross-legged on the floor, their glossy black hair neatly arranged, shining with oil, and often fastened with high tortoise-shell combs. Some were sitting at the door-step in the sun. The balconies of the houses were occupied by women, who leaned over them and looked at the passers-by. They are fond

of bright-coloured shawls, with a preference for deep yellow or crimson; and these suit well their black eyes, hair, and dark complexions. The men lounged and chatted in the streets, or vigorously gesticulated in groups round the wine-shops; while their boys were in herds at play. The women are particularly gay about the feet. One wore a tawny pair of high shoes, with bright orange tassels; others white leather resembling kid; others what had the appearance at least of white-satin; and one careful damsel, whom we accidentally interrupted in the outskirts of the town, was engaged in taking off and rolling up her smart shoes and open stockings, before setting forth bare-footed on her way home. She looked very much ashamed of herself, poor soul!

In the evening we wandered out and paid Thomazia's cottage a visit. She and her children and grandchildren were sitting up in all the enjoyment of their festival. In one corner of the room was the bed, which, in every cottage and on all occasions, is perfectly clean and neat, but to-day it was decorated with a finely worked muslin vallance, and a handsome coverlid of white quilted materials, on which were strewed a few flowers. The floor was spread with fresh

rushes, the walls and ceiling were covered with green branches of the Faya; and in the midst of this bower, just sufficiently lighted by a small crucifix-lamp to make a picture of the cottage interior, lay and lounged the family of the Bichos. There was Antonio stretched on the rushes in his hairy strength, sound asleep. Thomazia squatted in Moorish fashion with her elbows on her knees; one of her children with his head upon her lap, lay in motionless sleep; a girl in a bright red petticoat, laughing to her baby, and quizzing the foreigners to her black-eyed sister who sat beside her, leaned upon the bed; her husband with short mustachios and olive brown complexion, rubbed his cat, and smiled at the notice taken of the cottage; and the youngest and brownest grandchild stood on the clothes-chest in a small white shirt, wondering at us with child-like simplicity. All were merry, and all were more or less cheered with wine. They were well-pleased to be looked at and praised. All the attitudes were perfect, being the natural expressions of unfettered and healthy bodies. The single bright lamp in the dark leafy room; the strong contrasts of light and shade; the thin angular limbs, and more

marked features of the older woman, compared with the rounded and feminine figure of her daughter, and the young children on the floor, altogether produced a most picturesque effect. In the day time, when talking to their neighbours or playing in the street, they all looked exquisitely happy; and even the little child, who, in addition to its single white shirt, had been decked out with an orange-coloured jacket, seemed delightfully conscious that it was more smartly dressed than usual.

Passing a small hovel in one of the back alleys, we came to a melancholy contrast with all this life and cheerful activity among the gay holyday keepers in the streets. The single room of the cottage being lighted by a small lamp, and the upper half of the door having been left unclosed, a gleam was thrown across the gloomy street. Attracted by the light, we looked into the cottage, and there saw on the small bed, which nearly filled the room, a very aged woman in a heavy sleep. She was apparently sick, and so still that she had all the appearance of a corpse. A jar of water, and a green branch for fanning away the flies that buzzed and settled on her face without disturbing her, had been left by

her bed-side, her crucifix and beads were within reach, and her only companion, a sleek cat, purred and dozed at her feet. Christmas was no longer "merry Christmas" to her,—

"Thy best of rest is sleep."

Although there are no inns in the island, it is an easy matter to get a bed here. The wealthier people have several houses at different places in the island, and they willingly lend them to strangers who may have had suitable introductions. Parties frequently halt at Villa Franca on their way to the Furnas, which lies among the mountains beyond.

The American Vice-Consul's hospitality is so well known, that visiters, who have need of a resting-place, make use of his house here, in which we are living. It has even sometimes happened that its kind-hearted owner, on coming to it, has found it so full as to be obliged to go elsewhere. Beds are readily hired, and at night are spread on the floor in the rooms, accommodating a large party in a small space. These details may seem petty; but nothing is less trivial in travellers' stories than facts illustrating states of society and manners different from their own. England is so covered with inns, that one kind of private hos-

pitality is almost superseded. No one thinks of accommodating a person in his house who is not a friend: he gives him a dinner, but to have his house "made an inn," is a proverbial expression for what is considered as a disagreeable infliction. It cannot be otherwise in a country overfilled with people, to whom activity in one form or another seems essential to existence. Some centuries back, Englishmen were as stationary as the Azoreans. We are now richer and more locomotive; whether happier for the change is doubtful, except, indeed, to those happily-constituted people who never doubt. We are occupying this house probably to the inconvenience of many. One man yesterday walked in, hung up his coat, and deposited his luggage, with all the quietness of ownership; but we saw no more of him till the next morning, when he removed his goods. The rooms are pleasant, facing the south, and overlooking the ocean, and the waves roll in below among the rocks. Our servant Thomazia understands no English, and we at present understand no Portuguese; but she makes herself understood by excellent acting. She is a tall thin woman about fifty, with large black deep eyes, thin skinny lips, a dark wrinkled skin, and much fine-

tangled hair, which, escaping from a white handkerchief tied over her head, hangs about her face in slovenly locks; her neck, arms, and feet are bare; she wears a white petticoat, an old blue cloak covering her head in the streets, which is slipped down to her shoulders when she enters the rooms. To-night as she was blowing with her mouth a wood fire in the dark kitchen, her head bent forward, her hair straggling over her face, the red light just gleaming on her thin bare neck, while the rest of her figure was in shade or perfect darkness, she might have passed for a "weird sister." She is a good creature, however, and very attentive to our requirements.

December 27.—Walked this morning to an orange garden, beyond the little village of Ribeira Secca. At its entrance was a path-way with evergreen Faya trees on each side, meeting in arches overhead. Suddenly we came upon merry groups of men and boys, all busily engaged in packing oranges, in a square and open plot of ground. They were gathered round a goodly pile of the fresh fruit, sitting on heaps of the dry calyx-leaves of the Indian corn, in which each orange is wrapped before it is placed in the boxes. Near these circles of laughing

Azoreans, who sat at their work and kept up a continual cross-fire of rapid repartee as they quickly filled the orange cases, were a party of children, whose business it was to prepare the husks for the men, who used them in packing. These youngsters, who were playing at their work like the children of a larger growth that sat by their side, were with much difficulty kept in order by an elderly man, who shook his head and a long stick, whenever they flagged or idled. Behind the children, several unladen "dapples," with their pannels on, patiently drooped their heads under the Faya trees, in strong asinine contrast to the active-bodied workmen, and either browzed the dry leaves or brayed until their turn came for loading.

A quantity of the leaves being heaped together near the packers, the operation began. A child handed to a workman who squatted by the heap of fruit, a prepared husk; this was rapidly snatched from the child, wrapped round the orange by an intermediate workman, passed by the feeder to the next, who, (sitting with the chest between his legs,) placed it in the orange-box with amazing rapidity, took a second and a third and a fourth as fast as his hands could move, and the

feeders could supply him, until at length the chest was filled to overflowing, and was ready to be nailed up. Two men then handed it to the carpenter, who bent over the orange-chest several thin boards,* secured them with a willow band, pressed it with his naked foot as he sawed off the ragged ends of the boards, and finally despatched it to the ass, which stood ready for lading. Two chests were slung across his back, by means of cords crossed in a figure of eight, both were well-secured by straps under his belly, the driver took his goad, pricked his beast, and uttering the never-ending cry "Sackaaio," trudged off to the town.

* The pressure of these flexible boards is immediately upon the oranges, a plan admirably adapted to spoil them, for they are thus flattened and squeezed. Of course, there are cogent reasons for this. One is, that the duty to be paid in England is calculated according to the size of the box, and consequently the more oranges that can be squeezed in, the less duty is paid. Another reason is, that the wholesale dealers in London, Liverpool, &c. prefer the present mode of packing, which enables them to take out a couple of hundred oranges, and then to send the boxes to their country customers as full ones, which they perhaps may be, since the squeezed oranges, when the pressure is removed, swell out to their original size! Of this I was informed by a proprietor of orange gardens, who had tried the plan of sending his oranges in square boxes less tightly packed, but did not find that his customers were pleased by it.

Now and then the top of a basket, full of the golden fruit, came in sight, carried on the broad shoulders of some strong fellow, who, after toiling up one of the steep paths leading from the ravine to the enclosure, shot out upon the ground the whole contents of his basket, with as little concern as a coalheaver does his coals. All the party were talking, laughing, or joking, as if they were amusing themselves rather than toiling for others.

As we sat under the trees, looking at their easy attitudes and picture-like grouping, two of the men who had left their stations returned, each with an orange-branch covered with fruit. These they presented to us, making a short speech, whilst all the rest stood up and finished with a loud "Viva." It was done very gracefully, and the trifling guerdon which they expected to receive, was acknowledged with equal ease. The best-bred man could not have presented publicly a piece of plate, or a cup, or a snuff-box, or any other gift on behalf of others, and have gone through the whole ceremony of speech-making, presentation, and reply, with more graceful self-possession. Just before leaving England I had been looking at the progress of a railway, when

one of the labourers was deputed, as is the custom, to ask the curious for "something to drink." The asking and receiving, in this instance, were conducted with as much clumsy sheepishness as was possible to have been exhibited in the same space of time. But these orange-pickers were (as graceful fellows sometimes are) sad blackguards. We had disturbed them by occupying quarters which they had seized upon; and in revenge, at a subsequent time, they took every opportunity of disturbing us; behaving in a way that I think no body of awkward English railway men would have acted, although *their* character is not high. It was, however, the only instance of incivility we met with, in nine months' residence in these islands; and perhaps it is absurd to expect that men who are travelling from place to place, working in gangs, far from their own homes, under no particular control, and with no superintendence, except so much as ensures their getting through a certain quantity of labour, will not be disorderly if it suits them.

The orange-trees in this garden cover the sides of a glen or ravine, like that of the Dargle, but somewhat less steep: they are of some age, and have lost the stiff clumpy form of the younger

trees. Some idea of the rich beauty of the scene may be formed by imagining the trees of the Dargle to be magnificent shrubs loaded with orange-fruit, and mixed with lofty arbutuses:—

> "Groves whose rich fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
> Hung amiable,—and of delicious taste."

In one part, scores of children were scattered among the branches, gathering fruit into small baskets, hallooing, laughing, practically joking, and finally emptying their gatherings into the larger baskets underneath the trees, which, when filled, were slowly borne away to the packing-place, and bowled out upon the great heap. Many large orange-trees on the steep sides of the glen lay on the ground uprooted, either from their load of fruit, the high winds, or the weight of the boys; four, five, and even six of whom will climb the branches at the same time; and as the soil is very light, and the roots are superficial, (and the fall of a tree, perhaps, not unamusing,) down the trees come. They are allowed to lie where they fall; and those which had evidently fallen many years ago were still alive, and bearing good crops. The oranges are not ripe until March or April, nor are they eaten generally by the people here until

that time; the boys, however, that pick them, are marked exceptions. The young children of Villa Franca are now almost universally of a yellow tint, as if saturated with orange-juice; and as the oranges that fall are never sent to England,* but are either given away to the children, or sold for a mere trifle, or suffered to rot on the ground, they can get quite a sufficient supply to give them this jaundiced appearance.

It was growing rather late as we returned from this scene of playful activity to the town of Villa Franca. The asses, laden with orange-boxes, were streaming into the little town in lines, and amongst them red oxen were returning from the plough in couples, the wooden

* According to the export returns of the Custom-house of Ponta Delgada, in this island, for the year 1839, the following are the numbers of chests of oranges and lemons which had been shipped from the island during the last fruit season. Large chests of oranges, 54,618; small chests of oranges, 60,927; and 315 boxes of lemons. These together paid an export duty at St. Michael's of 2,146,989½ reis, or about 383*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.* sterling: they were conveyed in 215 vessels, comprising 16,112 tons register, and crews of 1,319 men. Calculating three small chests to two large, each would average 750 oranges; and the whole would, after paying every expense (and reckoning the prevailing exchange at St. Michael's on Great Britain at 5,600 reis for every pound sterling), form a

plough-share being made to catch on the yoke, while the pole trailed along the ground between them :

"Tempus erat quo *versa* jugo referuntur aratra."

December 28.—Nominally the feast of Christ-

total amount of 648,849,429½ reis, or 115,857*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.* sterling, viz :—

	Reis.	£.	*s.*	*d.*
95,236 chests, cost price each 2,500 reis, or 8*s.* 11*d.* sterling,	238,090,000	42,516	1	5
Expenses of putting on board at 1000 reis, or 3*s.* 7*d.* sterling,	95,286,000	17,006	8	7
Freight at 8*s.* sterling, or 2,240 reis,	213,328,640	38,094	8	0
Export duty at 22½ reis, or 1*d.*	2,146,989½	383	7	10
Duty in Great Britain, 3*s.* 9*d.* sterling, or 1,050 reis,	99,997,800	17,856	15	0
	648,849,429½	115,857	0	10

The produce of the corn and grain harvest during 1829 was as follows :—

Wheat	974 *Moros.*
Maize	4,510½
Beans	5,100½
Calavancas	601
Lupines	104½
	11,290½

mas lasted until noon on the twenty-sixth; but the whole day was kept as a holyday.*

Walked up the ravine we visited before. Mountains look less grand in the clear morning light, than they appear when the mists have made their outline indefinite, and have given to them the appearance of greater height and distance. A warm yellow afternoon sun, and the evening vapour, made them "beautiful exceedingly." The blending of light and mist produces an harmonious beauty, like that rare expression of face when a smile is yoked nobly with a sigh.

Ascended the nearest hill by narrow steep paths, winding upwards, and branching off in all directions to various plots of ground; for the

11,290½ moros are about equivalent to 33,870 Winchester quarters.

The revenue of the Custom-house of Ponta Delgada from the year 1832 to the year 1840, amounted to 391,423,905 reis, insular coin; or about 67,500*l.* sterling.

Times, November 10, 1840.

* The number of working-days in the Azores, owing to the frequency of Saints' days and holydays, is reckoned at two hundred and fifty. A labourer in the field earns from sixpence to eightpence a day; but, owing to the claims of the calendar, it is said that their annual pay is not more than from six to eight pounds exclusive of the breakfasts and dinners which they get at harvest time.

whole side of the mountain was cultivated, and divided into small fields, by hedges of bramble, box, or Faya, or by their natural boundaries,—long ledges of rock. The soil was very light, our feet sinking deeply into it. It consisted of pumice, decomposed by the sun, air, moisture, and vegetation. The potatoe, yam, and lupine, were the crops. Near the top, grey masses of basalt were very numerous, and among them luxuriant bushes of heath. The summit was a large cultivated field, having in the centre a crater-like depression. Near it was another small conical hill, on the top of which stands a chapel, called "Our Lady of Peace." It was built as a peace-offering to the Almighty, by the survivors of an earthquake, which destroyed the greater part of the town. We stretched ourselves on the ground, for it was as warm as summer, and sat about on the rocks for several hours, without feeling cold.

December 29.—Rode up the glen among the mountains. Sometimes the Jack on which I rode had to clamber up the stones over which the cascades of a mountain-stream had fallen during the rains; and although he was shod in iron, and the shoes have a flat bar behind, he

never made a false step. His driver, a thin and wiry fellow, full of activity, was nicknamed Aranha, or "Spider," many years ago, and the designation was so appropriate that it has become a family name. He takes great care of his ass, and has the command of the best in the place; but having a double squeeze of lemon in his disposition, he was not altogether in good temper at our choosing so difficult and mountainous a path. However, disregarding his fierce objections to the picturesque, we clambered for some hours among very fine scenery, returning through a small plantation of vigorous young fir-trees, poplars, Spanish chestnuts, laurustinus, with its purple berries, and a few well-grown trees called "vinhatico." The Spanish chestnut, now destitute of leaves, was the only prominent indication of winter.

The peasants who were at work on the sides of the mountain, were turning up the soil with hoes. These they invariably use instead of a spade, finding them more convenient, probably, than any other tool, for working in the loose pumice soil. The common hoe of the island has a short handle, and a broad blade fixed at an acute angle. A slight and rude plough is frequently

used; the share of which is always of wood tipped with iron, and the whole machine is so light that the ploughman may frequently be seen carrying it home on his shoulder. One of these ploughs, drawn by two small oxen, which were guided and driven by the same man, who held in his hand a goad of sufficient length to reach them, was at work in a small field, and the "Jacks" of the ploughmen which fed in the hedges, having brought their masters to their work, were waiting to carry them home again; just as in the days of Job "the oxen were ploughing and the asses feeding beside them." "Spider" being a most talkative person, as we passed the numerous countrymen hoeing on the hills, recounted to each party what we were, and where we had been, while the men rested from their work to listen to him. They all greeted each other as "Senhor," and removed their hats in due form. The poorer class seem to be great talkers, sociable, and inquisitive.

CHAPTER VI.

Diseased Nature often-times breaks forth
In strange eruptions.

SHAKSPEARE.

Furnas in Winter.—Ride to the Furnas.—Volcanic Valleys.—Boiling Springs.—Warm Baths.—Lake.—Ox Waggons.—Allegria.—Ribeira Quente.

DECEMBER 29.—Accompanied Mr. Hickling to his house in the valley of the *Furnas*,* nearly four hours' ride (about twelve miles) from Villa Franca. The road, for the first two hours, wound among fields and villages, not far from the coast; we then began to ascend steep mountain roads, and to cross or wind round ravines of great extent, depth, and beauty, running down to the sea. The first of these produced the only strong impression of winter I have yet felt, for it was

* *Furnas*, in Portuguese, signifies caverns, several of which are to be found in one part of the valley.

thickly wooded with Spanish chestnuts, all bare of leaves; and the barrenness of their clean grey branches was rendered more prominent and cold, by the deep green background of the sides of the mountains. In summer, this ravine must be very beautiful; but in the winter the next is more striking. This was destitute of large trees, but its lofty sides were in many places hung with vast sheets of fern, forming a drapery of the richest green. Each leaf is two, three, or four feet long, tapering to a point from a broad rounded base, and delicately, but firmly cut into minute leaflets, each hanging in a gentle curve; and as from their size they overhang the surface on which they grow, they cast deep shadows, bringing each separate leaf, as well as the whole mass, into strong relief. The rest of the ravine was covered with vigorous shrubs of tree-heath, very different from the stunted heaths we have in England; and the delicate green of the new shoots brightened up the darker colour of the older leaves. The sides of all the mountain were of pumice, steep, broken, and fringed with green shrubs, among which were the bilberry, and the mountain grape. At the top, which is said to be three thousand feet above the

level of the ocean, the pumice was in thin horizontal strata, sloping slightly towards the sea, and looking as if it had been deposited by water. From this point we gradually descended by a rough path, partially obstructed by large masses of rock, into a small round valley, the bottom of which was a flat heathy plain, surrounded by mountains, more barren and dry than any we had hitherto seen. The sky was overspread with grey clouds; all was silent, gloomy, and solitary, except one distant cataract falling over the side of the mountain, and apparently the only living thing there.

These crater-valleys differ from common valleys. They are empty-looking, forsaken places, with none of the cheerful furniture of vales,—are generally quite circular, and the surrounding mountains appear to rise out of their flat floors with an unpleasant abruptness. The valley walls of some of them have no apparent opening or inlet, and the appearance of dull seclusion which thus possesses them, almost produces melancholy; but more frequently, as was the case in this valley, a piece is broken out of the edge of the basin, the effect of which is to deprive the place of some of its quiet formality.

Through such an opening as this our road lay, and by it a noiseless stream ran, partly supplying the lake — a grey sullen piece of water — which nearly filled another solitary, houseless valley, round which the road wound. Between the road and the rugged mountains which hemmed it in, there was a belt of land partially cultivated, or overgrown with evergreens and brambles. Another circular flat-bottomed valley, parcelled out into fields, led us to a hill, from whence we looked down into the valley of the Furnas.

It was a Saint's day, and the village, being full of peasants in their holyday clothes, looked gay and cheerful. We forded twice a broad and shallow stream which, though clear itself, had a stony bottom so thickly coated with red rust from the iron with which the water is impregnated as to appear of a bright orange-red colour. The house of the American Consul, surrounded by gardens and shrubberies, stands on a small hill to the south of the village, and for beauty of prospect the situation is admirably chosen. The front of the house commands a view of the loftiest and boldest of the mountains, with their rich garniture of green, and the church tower and white houses of the village are now to be seen

through the leafless chestnut trees. Between the shrubbery and the house is an artificial piece of water, in the centre of which is a small island. A bridge is thrown across the water, to which you descend from the house by a broad flight of stone steps, bordered by hydrangeas, now leafless and covered with dead damp flowers of great size. The soil, which is productive and light, and the warmth and moisture of the climate, are peculiarly adapted to the beautiful, though probably not to the useful, growth of trees, which rapidly attain a commanding height, whilst their bark retains the smooth and healthy appearance of young timber. It was a new thing to see fine evergreen trees, with their large sharply-cut leaves, the trunks of which were from fifty to sixty feet in height.

Before dinner we walked to the hot springs, about a mile distant, where the volume of white vapour, the sulphureous smell, the bubbling up of the boiling water, and the low grumbling sounds beneath our feet, showed that the same agent, which threw up this island from the bottom of the ocean, is still at work beneath it. The evening was so much colder, and everything so much damper than at Villa Franca, that it

was pleasant to sit round our hospitable host's blazing wood-fire,—an almost unique accommodation to the sitting-rooms of these islands.

December 31.—A much colder morning than we have had since leaving England.

The great attraction at the Furnas is the warm baths. It is the fashion to take these early in the morning, and after a draught from an iron-spring, to return, with what appetite you may, to a late breakfast. We adopted the plan of the natives, and found it to be a very good one. The warm springs, or caldeiras, are about a mile from this house. In going to them, you pass over two broad streams, one of them so strongly impregnated with iron, as to dye every stone that it touches, and all the vegetation within its reach, of a bright orange colour; and the other, an ordinary brook, having some sulphur in its composition, that tinges the stones over which it flows with a dull yellowish grey. The road is like an English lane, now dirty enough, with cottages and banks on each side, brambles, ferns, grass, and moss in the hedges; and here and there a few lanky stems of cane straggling through the brambles.

As you approach the springs, you see clouds

of vapour, in three or four places, rising like peat smoke to a height of twenty or thirty feet, according as the day is warmer or colder, and sometimes stretching away even to the edge of the mountains. At the end of the lane the ground becomes white, and the bank on one side is streaked with yellow and red, is warm to the touch, and smells strongly of sulphur. The spot where the springs flow is a very irregular hill, and the soil, which in some places is loose, and in others of the consistency of pipe-clay, is broken into all kinds of shapes; and, where there is no vegetation, is coloured glaring white and yellow. The principal caldeira is a sulphurous one.* The water comes hissing and boiling out of the ground into a basin about ten feet across, from which it flows through small channels of stone to supply the baths. It bubbles up through a loose bottom of broken rock; and the column of water in the centre, like the small Icelandic Geysers described by Dr. Henderson, is usually three feet high, gradually lessening towards its edges until it merely ripples and undulates on the margin of the basin.

Suppose a conglomeration of half-a-dozen Lon-

* For an analysis of its waters by Professor Graham, see Appendix, under the head "Caldeira, or boiling alkaline water."

PRINCIPAL CALDEIRA AT THE FURNAS.

don New River Company fire-plugs, spouting up their water into a large shallow basin, well furred with white stony matter ; and then suppose this huge basin set on some enormous hidden fire, and made to boil at a rapid rate, and you will have as good an idea as I can convey to you, of the principal caldeira in this valley. But you will still want the concomitants that give something like sublimity to the boiling caldron of the Furnas. You must possess yourself with a feeling of insecurity, — you must imagine that it is just possible that the crust on which you

stand may give way, and divulge the hidden force below; for the ground trembles, and a pumping sound, like that of a powerful engine at a distance far below you, is going on with great regularity of movement, impressing you with the conviction that the ebullition on the surface of the ground is only the result of this pumping, and that the power at work beneath your feet, would, if it were not for the vents you see about you, blow up the whole surface on which you stand. So great indeed, formerly, was the fear of the islanders in general, that at one time none but the natives of the valley came to this place; and it was not until the intelligence and enterprise of the father of the present Vice-Consul of the United States had brought him to the spot, and had thereby gradually weakened the prejudices which the citizens entertained against it, that his example was followed, until at length the Furnas became what it now is, the Baden Baden of the Island of St. Michael.

At a little distance from the principal caldeira is a deep smoking circular pit, in the bottom of which you see water boiling furiously; not, as in the other, running over in any quantity, but continually spouting up, and falling back, to

be re-boiled. This has been but twelve months in visible operation. One day a long explosion was heard, and on coming to examine what damage had been done, the villagers found this new caldron: its cover had been violently blown off by the pent-up steam.

Clambering a little further, we came to the entrance of what looked like a deep and dark cave, and from the bottom of this is thrown up and down, without ceasing, boiling mud, of the consistency and colour of the creamy scrapings of Piccadilly.

The ground is hot; every here and there boiling water and hissing steam ooze up through holes in the clay, like those made by worms on muddy English shores, and you stand in warm vapour, tainted with sulphureted hydrogen gas.

There are several other boilers, and innumerable little pots always hot in various places near you. Most of these swallow back their water, or suffer very small quantities to flow over the surface. The iron springs squirt the boiling water through the interstices of rough volcanic stones, covering them with a thick coating of bright orange rust; and the sulphur springs pump a milky fluid backwards and forwards in cups which

they have worn in the clayey bed about them, while the others do the same with a thick liquid mud.

The sulphur baths are supplied by the larger pond, or caldeira; but, as the water is boiling hot, it is necessary to cool it. For this purpose a branch from the open stone channel through which the hot water flows from the caldeira to the bath, conducts it to a reservoir, where it is cooled; and another channel from the cooler joins the first near the bath, where both meet and form one: so that by partially stopping with a stone or a piece of heath the hot or cold stream, the proper heat is as readily obtained as by complicated machinery. This temperate stream runs through the bathing-house to the bath, which is filled by blocking up the channel with a wooden slide, and allowing the water to flow through a gap in its side. During the whole time you are bathing, a rapid stream may thus constantly flow in, so as incessantly to renew the bath; a wealth of water which will be found very luxurious.

After looking at the caldeiras, we took our bath, and it certainly was never my good fortune before to bathe in an *invigorating* warm bath.

It produced a feeling of strength instead of lassitude, and the skin seemed not alone to have been cleansed and rendered most agreeably smooth, but to have been actually renewed.

While bathing, our man cooked eggs for us in one of the small boiling springs, and we afterwards went to the iron-spring for a draught.* This flows from a stone spout into a hollow stone basin, and then trickles down a bank into a stream below: it has a strong but not disagreeable iron flavour, effervesces slightly, and is extremely grateful and refreshing. The bath and the spring seemed the two things best suited to the outside and inside of man, on first rising from his bed; natural luxuries when in health, natural remedies when sick;—luxuries without after-pain, remedies without misery in taking them;—both which evils seem to be inseparable from the luxuries and the remedies of our own invention. Most invalids feel that before-breakfast existence is burdensome; but this bath and draught of liquid iron were as a breakfast in producing serenity and happiness, and were more than a breakfast in giving warmth and briskness, and a feeling

* See the analysis of the water by Professor Graham in the Appendix under the head "Agoa Azêda."

of health, as of the flowing of younger blood through the veins; and instead of destroying the power of making another they rather increased it many-fold.

After breakfast, we mounted asses and rode to see more hot springs on the shore of the lake we had passed yesterday. They are on a smaller scale than those at the Furnas, but of the same character and colouring. From some of the holes only steam issued, and in others a greenish brown mud was boiling up, and falling back as if it came from a deeper and more infernal region than the clear water and the steam. There was much low hollow rumbling beneath our feet; and it is said that an explosion occasionally takes place, and a new boiling spring is formed. There were several tracks of former streams, indicating that their sources had been dried up.

The boys who drove the asses poked about among the white clay with their goads, and turned up many fine crystals of sulphur. Although the surface of the earth which seemed hardened and crusted, only felt warm, yet beneath it was so intensely hot, that it was hardly possible to touch it. Close by these springs, an English gentleman, a member of the Yacht

Squadron, has bought several hundred acres of land, with the intention (it is said) of building a house upon it. The estate consists of a bold bank, running from the steep side of the mountain into the lake; the surface of which is broken by numerous little ravines, whose summits and sides are now covered with evergreens and brambles. From its height it commands a view of the valley of the Furnas and its green mountains.

The evening was so cold, that we were glad to sit round some blazing logs of wood, and drink to the memory of the old year, in punch, concocted by a master's hand. The lemons were of a very fragrant kind, just picked from the tree. There was a freshness in their acidity and a youth in their aroma, justifying Schiller's eulogy

> Herb ist des Lebens
> Innerster Kern.

The difference between these fresh-gathered lemons and those we get in England, is about as great as that between fresh and bottled gooseberries.

January 1, 1839.—We rode nearly round the

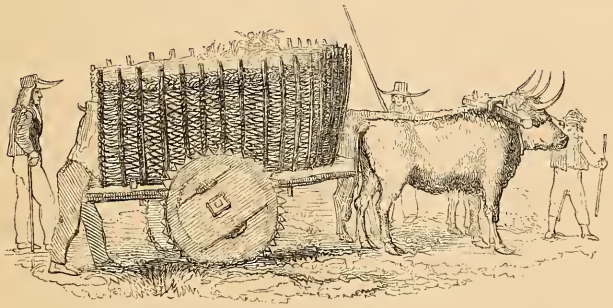
lake. Two narrow torrents were falling over the side of the mountains, and in their course to the lake, made pleasant streams in which were gold fish darting about.

Wordsworth has described the sluggish lakes among mountains formed by volcanoes, as "stagnant and sullen pools;" and so they are, when compared with those in his own country, the crystalline purity of whose waters produces perfect reflections, which he calls truly living lakes, "vivi lacus," from the "multitude of brooks and torrents that fall into them, and of internal springs by which they are fed, and which circulate through them like veins."

January 2.—After the bath, rode to Allegria, a pleasant vale within the valley of the Furnas. It is well wooded for this country; and among plantations of fir, Spanish chestnut, and vinhaticos, runs a rapid stream, breaking the silence of the valley by its noisy course among the rocks.

In one plantation many fir-trees had been cut and sawed into boards; the wood seemed somewhat loose in texture compared with deal from colder regions, as if the growth of the trees had been too rapid for great compactness of fibre.

Two men were loading a waggon with these boards, which was drawn by six small oxen. The waggons here are of a very primitive structure, made like children's carts. The two wheels are about two feet in diameter, each consisting of a circular piece of wood, the circumference of which is studded with enormous conical-headed nails. The wheels are connected by an axle-tree which turns in wooden sockets. A simple flat board, square behind, and terminating by a gentle curve in a single shaft, forms the body. A few holes and stakes, like the pegs on a brewer's dray, and round these, when required, a stout wicker frame, like a long hurdle, keep the load in its place. The oxen are harnessed by a simple yoke,



OX WAGGON.

consisting of a thick horizontal bar of wood passing over their necks, with four long pegs connected by leather thongs, or a thick string, by way of collar. The yoke itself is tied to the shaft by another thong of leather. Very long goads are used instead of whips; the ends being frequently tipped with black horn, and armed with a small iron spike.

As the waggon blocked up the road, we waited until it was loaded, and with some curiosity watched its progress up a very steep lane and down the corresponding hill; for the load was heavy and unwieldy, and the road seemed unfit for any other beast of burden than an ass. One of the men applied his shoulder to the waggon, while the other, incessantly active with his goad and his voice, encouraged, reprimanded, urged, complained, and swore at his beasts in every loud tone of which his lungs were capable; and, with great bodily activity and the cordial assistance of our ass-boy and his goad, stimulated the whole team into a scrambling walk by means of his long spiked pole, which he wielded like a fencing foil. As the six oxen stretched a considerable length of the way, which was uneven, it required no little activity and

exertion to give to each beast his due share of stimulus. After various halts they came to a stand-still at the top of the hill. Here the four front oxen were unyoked, and the two leaders were tied by their horns to the back of the waggon, which being effected with serious deliberation, the descent of the steep winding lane began. Here, however, the process was reversed. The same noise, activity, and exertion were now found necessary to keep the oxen back, which had previously been used for urging them forward; and as the heavy load merely required direction, its own *vis inertiæ* being amply sufficient to carry it down, the oxen behind wrestling against the load like unwilling dogs beneath a cart, had all the weight upon their necks; and while the waggon tugged and dragged them down the lane at a pace duly accelerating with the "squares of the distance," the driver with his goad kept up a constant succession of feints at their eyes, making them start and wriggle back until at length they arrived at the bottom and rested there in safety. It was the antipodes of railway travelling, with all the danger and noise.

January 3.—The water from the various mineral springs of the valley and the streams from

the surrounding mountains unite near the caldeiras and form a shallow brook or river, called Ribeira Quente or Warm River. There is a village at the spot where this runs into the sea, named from the river "Ribeira Quente." We rode to it to-day. On ascending from the valley we came in sight of the sea, between some bleak mountains, with a sharp outline. The Island of St. Mary's was very plainly visible on the horizon; to see it clearly is a well-known sign of wet, and our ass-driver, in jingling rhymes, predicted rain on the morrow, and was right.

For a mile or two after gaining the high ground, we passed along pleasant paths, bordered with luxuriant bushes of heath; and then across the top of a bleak mountain like a moor. The road over it was good; it had been made in Don Miguel's time by a general in the Portuguese army, then living at the Furnas; and the old road being a bad one, and more circuitous than he liked, without consulting the inclinations of the land-owners, he did, we were informed, as any other military despot would have done, consulted his own, and made a short cut through the mountains to the village on the coast, which is about one league distant from

the Furnas. On one side there was a fine view of the lake, and on the other a deep ravine, separating the mountain ridge along which we were passing from another higher range. The road brought us to the brink of an enormous chasm of pumice, so extensive that I should be afraid to guess at its size, without some more certain gauge than unpractised eyes. It is semi-circular, the sides are quite perpendicular, and the whole appears to have been the result of a grand land-slip, occasioned by something having given way in the bowels of the earth, which was followed by the pumice above. It was like half an amphitheatre cut in the mountain side. A stream trickled through the middle, which seemed, at the distance where we stood, no larger than a thread, but from the noise that it made, as it wound through the pumice and fell over masses of rock, gave signs of a large bulk of water. The pumice in this quarter of the island lies in almost horizontal layers, and is so arranged in this vast chasm. It is difficult to account for such an arrangement, without supposing that at one time the depositions must have taken place under water. If, for example, the valley of the Furnas, (or a part of it at least, for it has evi-

dently been two craters of two separate volcanoes) appeared above the surface of the Atlantic when all was sea about it, and before any other part of the Island of St. Michael came dripping out of the ocean, it then might have vomited up flame, pumice, stones, and ashes, which ultimately fell into the sea. These would, in the nature of things, find their way to the bottom, the heavier sinking first, the lighter last, and would arrange themselves in lines and layers, such as we see about us. A succession of eruptions would be followed by a succession of layers, the larger lumps going down first, the smaller next, and dust and ashes remaining at the top. The same power that forced the crater to the water's edge would then raise it far above, until, by volcanic action, what once lay at the bottom of the sea would be lifted to the tops of the mountains.

The zig-zag path, as you descend the mountain to the village of Ribeira Quente, is excessively steep and dangerous. No animals but goats and asses could pass down it with safety. Our asses picked their way very cleverly, bringing their hinder feet to meet the front ones as they jumped down stairs, for it was more like getting down a ruined staircase than descending a mountain.

The driver steadies his animal by the tail where the way is very much broken, and steers his course, by lugging the beast back or to the right or left, according to the windings of the path. The ground was sulphurous and hot in places; steam issued from behind a few large stones and through rents in the lava, indicating caldeiras somewhere underneath. On one side of this rough path was a perpendicular wall of rock, and on the other no protection from the deep ravine beneath. At the entrance of the glen was the little village of Ribeira Quente. We had seen this from the sea, on first making the island, and had been struck with its situation; steep mountains enclosing it behind and on each side. It is occupied chiefly by boatmen and vine-dressers. There was one pleasant house situated above the village, on a ground sloping up to the mountain. We walked to it, preceded by a troop of village children, who, seeing our wishes, ran before us and opened the doors. It stood in the midst of vineyards looking out upon the sea, and appeared so warm and dry, that, as it was untenanted, we hoped to be able to hire or borrow it. It had all the advantages of a warm and dry climate, and was within four miles of the

Furnas baths. In the village we rested at a wine-shop. The earthen floor was polished by the naked feet, and fowls made themselves at home in it; but every thing was neat, and there was a perfectly clean excellent bed. The woman of the house poured out leisurely some wine into a large tumbler;—wholesome, unsophisticated juice of the grape. A fine boy, four or five years old, was peeping in, one that Sir Thomas Lawrence would have delighted to paint. He was dressed like the boys in some of his pictures, in a short shirt only; plenty of brown curly hair hung over his black eyes, and his brown velvety face had a charming expression between shyness and impudence. He refused to drink any wine for some time; but when once he put the glass to his mouth, he emptied it manfully.

The difference of temperature between this fishing village and the Furnas, although only four miles from it, is very striking: the one is a valley raised high among mountains, while this lies on a level with the ocean, beneath a lofty wall of mountains which face due south, and completely shelter it from all northerly blasts. The wine of St. Michael's, most esteemed among the islanders, is made at and near this place; and the

mountains which overhang the village and the westerly coasts, are carved into small vineyards, which, from their sheltered positions, are said to be more productive than those in other parts of the island.

CHAPTER VII.

Good-natured, lounging, sauntering up and down.
THOMSON.

Climate. — Listlessness. — Antonio Bicho and Thomazia. — Potters' Cloaks. — Lava Coast. — Cavern. — Convent. — Description of the Island by Dr. Webster.

JANUARY 8. — The climate of the mountain-valley of the Furnas, in January, is much like that of England in October; pleasant days, but cold mornings and evenings. There is a difference of eight or ten degrees in the thermometer, in the mornings and evenings, between it and Villa Franca; and, from the quantity of damp, the sensation of cold is even more considerable than the thermometer indicates. The villagers are the only winter residents in the Furnas, none of the other Azoreans visit it now; and we were generally dissuaded from coming to it during this season of the year. John Quiet, our servant, a

man who was born and has spent all his life in the valley, says that there are few days without rain, from September to May. An invalid, therefore, who has come here for warmth, should not venture to live at the Furnas during this season of the year. The damp and the cold will remind him of an English autumn; and he will do well to postpone the luxury of bathing on the spot until the month of June.

Being a fine morning, we returned to Villa Franca. As soon as we began to descend the mountain towards the sea, we felt the change of climate, and much enjoyed the delicious warmth of the afternoon sun, whilst riding along the lanes near the coast. But although the climate of this town is nearly unexceptionable, I am not sorry that the English climate is unlike it; for, with the same warmth at home, instead of Englishmen being what they are, they would have grown up a race of lazy, donkey-riding paupers. It is impossible to live here and not to feel the influence of that spirit of laziness which seems to have settled over the island. If you go into the street, the people you see are sauntering, or sitting in the sun, or riding on asses; taking life as easy as if the curse of eating their bread

by the sweat of their brow had never fallen upon them. Yet they appear no less happy, and, perhaps, are more contented than richer and more restless Englishmen. They have fewer hardships to contend with than paupers who live among frost and snow. They appear to be constitutionally good-natured; and the common people of this town are said to be willing workmen, whenever they can get work to do. They bring to our door poultry, eggs, oranges, and hams, and we occasionally have amusing scenes between our servant Thomazia, and her husband Antonio Bicho, who bargain with the country people, and sometimes bring them into our room to decide the contest. The poultry is sold alive, being tied together in bunches by the legs, and slung across sticks or over donkeys; and when a man or boy comes to sell, the fowls that are not to be examined, are put down to scream and flutter on the floor. Bicho, who, when thirsty and in want of wine, not unfrequently pays us a visit, brought with him to-day a friend who had hams to sell; and, in this land of caricature, it was amusing to watch the gestures of the two men. Bicho himself was rather "in wine," but he is one of those men whom such exhilaration

rather becomes than disfigures, and on this occasion he indulged in more action than was his wont. We encouraged them to go on, that we might make a sketch of Bicho, who has some character in his rugged face. Their action was so excessive, that at one time I almost thought it would come to blows. At last it ended, and Bicho, balancing himself, as he supposed, against the uneasy motion of the floor, stood gravely pondering on his victory. The money being paid, I found that I had still a part to play. The seller of hams knelt down on the ground, embraced my knees, and, looking earnestly into my face, poured out a prayer to heaven for our safe passage back to England, then rose deliberately, and with long sweeps made his exit. "It is a gesticulating, sympathetic people, and has a heart,— and wears it on its sleeve."

Having backed out of the room and discussed their wine, Bicho returned to have his sketch finished. Thomazia came in while it was in progress, and, vexed that her husband should have intruded himself, as she supposed, when he was in his cups, put him to the rout. When he had gone, she came to the table, and acted a pretty piece of grief, at having a dissipated hus-

band. She stood with her blue cloak over her head and saffron-coloured face—her large soft eyes turned to the ground, the image of matrimonial discontent, — shook her head without speaking, and let fall two or three large tears. Suddenly, however, her eyes wandered on our collection of geological specimens in one corner of the room, and as suddenly did her flexible features turn from the expression of abject grief into that of extreme amusement and surprise at the store we seemed to set on mere stones.

ANTONIO BICHO AND THOMAZIA, WITH THE CONICAL HILLS, NEAR PONTA DELGADA, IN THE BACKGROUND.

January 9.—Walked to the little valley of Agoa d'Alta, about a mile from hence, on the road to

"the city." It lies in a warm glen, which runs down into the sea, and is covered with fine orange trees, now in full bearing. If it were an English village of the olden time, with thatched cottages, and casement-windows opening into little gardens, it would be an exquisite place; but there is nothing picturesque in the houses of the poor here.*

The glen terminates towards the sea in a precipice, over which the stream which runs through the valley, falls into the ocean in two narrow cascades. By the side of this stream a flock of sheep was feeding, watched by little boys in shirts only. The sheep are mountainous-looking creatures,—spare-bodied, thin, and long-legged, with scanty, stiff wool; and they crossed the

* The houses of the poor, which are tiled or thatched, are sometimes their own freeholds, or they are rented of proprietors. In the country the average quantity of land attached to them is from half a rood to one rood, English measure. The rent of labourers' cottages is from 24*s.* to 40*s.*; and their price from 8*l.* to 12*l.* sterling. A great number of day-labourers rent from one to two acres (English) of land from the Morgados (country squires) or farmers. The rents of these vary from 30*s.* to 3*l.*, 4*l.*, and even 5*l.* for each acre, according to quality and situation.—See *Read's Report to the Poor Law Commissioners,* 1834, vol. 39, Appendix F., p. 646.

stream, jumping from one rock to another, like goats.

Along the coast are many sheltered nooks cut out of the light pumice soil, on the top of the cliffs, which are planted with vines. These are open towards the sea and facing the south; while round their outer edge, and on the top of the bank, a narrow border of canes is planted, whose tall and thick stems serve as a still further protection from the winds, which sweep down from the mountains. The vines are trained over a trellis-work, simply constructed of the split stems of the cane, which are well adapted, from their length, strength, and lightness, for the purpose.

January 10. — The uses of even simple machinery are unknown, or at least unpractised, in the stone quarries near this place. A large wall is building round an orange-garden, with stones from a quarry fifty feet deep, and a horse, a mule, and an ass were the only means employed in raising the stones for the builders. The animals were strong and vigorous, it is true, but the horse and mule were provided with panniers only, which were filled with the lumps of lava, while the back of the ass was merely furnished with a

thick straw pad, upon each side of which a few larger stones were slung by a figure-of-eight sling of cord. The workmen wore a small leathern apron over the chest. The stone quarry presents a fair section of the soil near the town; the first twenty feet were of loose white pumice, in powder or in small fragments, a thin coating on the top being converted into vegetable mould: immediately beneath the pumice was a horizontal layer of basaltic lava, about thirty feet thick, grey or coated with a thick covering of a yellow colour; below which, and between the masses of rock, were large quantities of scoriæ or clinkers.

The roads and paths in this neighbourhood are very dry, even shortly after heavy rains, from the thick stratum of porous pumice; and the water is very clear and much esteemed for its purity and wholesomeness.

January 11.—It was a sunny day, and in a part of the town, near the sea, numbers of grey unbaked vessels of pottery were standing on boards to dry in the sunshine.

Most of the pottery used in the island is made in this town, and the potters are very numerous. We looked into several houses where they were

at work. The clay is of an olive grey colour, and is brought from the neighbouring island of St. Mary. It contains crystals of felspar, and is very tenacious and ductile. The lathe used by the potters consists of a simple horizontal wooden wheel, lying just above the ground, from the centre of which proceeds an upright cylindrical bar of wood, about three feet high, which forms the axle of the wheel, and is surmounted by a small circular wooden chuck, or hollow box, in which the clay is moulded. The potter sits over the large wheel, and turns it rapidly with one foot, whilst moulding the clay with his hands, as it is revolved. One man was engaged in preparing the clay, first searching it and removing all the hard lumps and bits of crystalline rock, and then kneading and rolling it into round balls. The potter stuck one of these into his chuck, and, turning the wheel, pushed his thumb into the centre of the clay, which soon became a hollow cylinder. As it increased in size he thrust in his whole hand, then his arm, and formed it with his other hand into an urn-shaped water-jug. The only instrument used was a small piece of the stalk of a hollow cane, bevelled at one end; with which, and with his finger

and nail, he made a very neat ornamental border to some large pans, literally giving to them the "ad unguem" finish. The shape of all the pottery is very classical, no alteration has been made for centuries; the only exception is the introduction of the modern, very useful, very ugly, tea-kettle, which our servant has procured for us. We bought a pan of the potter whose work we had been examining. He was a clever workman, a singer at the church on festival days, and could talk French. He was dressed in linen trowsers and waistcoat, well soiled with clay, and was without shoes and stockings. When he brought home our purchase (one pennyworth) in the evening, he was wrapped in a large, loose, blue cloth cloak, which, with the addition of a pair of boots and an old hat, so altered him, that I did not recognise him till he produced the pan from beneath his cloak. The man was proud in his way, and on receiving the penny, assured us that he did not sell the pots but only made them; and even the potters here bow so well, and have so much "manner," that it was difficult to believe that he was not conferring a favour.

I could not exactly make out who the men were, so commonly to be seen in the streets,

in large loose cloaks with huge capes, fit for a very cold climate; but this potter was a clue, and explained the use of the cloak, before so unintelligible to an invalid coming to these islands for the sake of their warmth. In warm climates, subject to frequent changes and often visited by cutting cold winds, as in Italy, such garments would be useful; but in this mild equable region their only use is to hide much false shame. They would be unbearable to a people of more mobility; but these cloak-pegs rarely walk; they stand still, loiter, and gossip through the day. This small variety of pride converts fine well-made fellows, who need only show their figures even in rags to look well, into shabby nondescripts, like slovenly old-clothes men on a winter's day.

January 14.—The warmest day we have had. At eight o'clock in the morning, with a clouded sun, the thermometer was at 66°; and at eleven, the sun shining brightly, it stood at 72°, in a shaded westerly aspect. Glad to have the windows open at breakfast, and to keep them so all the day. Walked on the sands and watched the waves tumbling in, for it has blown hard for the last few days. There it was as hot as on a

fine August day in England. The pigs lay perspiring on the sands, in lazy indifference to the long curling surf that rolled up and wetted their legs. The coast as far as we could see was dimmed by a warm haze. Here and there the Portuguese man-of-war (Physalia) glittered on the waves like a bubble of blue glass; and numbers more, washed up by the waves, marked the high-water line, and flashed in the sun, or looked dim, according as they were alive or dead. This species of medusæ floats on the water by means of a transparent bluish bladder, to the lower part of which are attached numerous long, soft, easily-broken, gelatinous cords. There are few shells here.

In our walk along the shore, we found a sand that we had not noticed before. It was chiefly composed of yellow felspar mixed with powdered basalt and scoriæ, which the constant grinding force of the stones on the beach had rubbed down into sand. The felspar being harder than the other materials retained its crystal shapes and glittered in the sun like dew. It is curious to observe how every part of the soil of this island, from the boldest mountain to the smallest grain of sand on the shore, illustrates its volcanic origin. The pebbles in our walk to-day were

either rounded fragments of light pumice, marking the edges of the broad waves that had thrown them on the beach, or were black, red, or variegated, compact or spongy, as they chanced to be of scoriæ or of a more solid basaltic lava. By standing close to the water's edge, we could see and hear, in active operation, the grinding process by which irregular lumps of stone speedily become smooth pebbles, and afterwards fine sand. A long heavy sea would fall over and thunder on the beach like a broad green cascade, swamping the whole mass of stones and rock; and carrying them back, as it receded, with a sharp, wet rattle. Another and another wave immediately followed with the same thundering fall, and the same rattling recoil, keeping the whole shore for many hundred yards in a perpetual grinding motion. This is going on in a greater or less degree all round the island, and for centuries has done the same. The result, as far as we had opportunities of observing, has been, that the sea-shore sand partakes in a great measure of the nature of the adjoining rocks; and where they are black, it is black; or where they are hard and compact it is coarse; where pumice abounds, on that account, probably, it is whiter and in finer grains;

and where the felspathic rocks are most abundant, the sand is more than commonly intermixed with the shining crystals of felspar. A small bay to the west of the fort, the shore of which is entirely composed of a fine light grey sand, abounds in felspar more than any other sand in this neighbourhood; and on that account, perhaps, as well as by reason of its fineness, is used by the potters of the place in some part of their manufacture. In an easterly direction also very good pounce, called "black sand" by the natives, may be had in considerable quantities.

Some of the masses of basaltic lava along the shore to the west of this bay, possess peculiar interest on account of the clear evidence they afford of the solid rock having once been in a fluid as well as a heated state. One of the masses is honey-combed with numberless holes, of the size and shape of almonds, where vapour or heated air had probably expanded; and in two or three places I noticed cavities of greater size, which have evidently been caused by the sudden expansion of heated vapour whilst the substance of the rock was a soft paste. These holes, one of which was as large as a bushel, resemble large air-bubbles in bread. They are glossy in the in-

side, and contain thin projections from the sides, which, when the explosion had blown the paste into a partial bladder, appear as if they might have been baked, or, more properly, cooled into brittle flakes. The texture of the rock is torn out of its course by the force of the explosion. The bottom of all the sheets of lava which I could examine on the shore was slaggy like the cinders from a furnace, and in some parts heaps of loose dusty cinders of a dull ochre colour, intermixed with powdered pumice, lay immediately below it. In the largest mass of lava which projects into the sea near that part of the town called Villa Nova, sharp black fissures divide the rock into huge slabs; these widen as the rock becomes more exposed to the action of the waves, and the lava itself becomes blacker, until at length the blocks are entirely separated from each other and lie in shapeless confusion, to be battered and whitened by the surf.

Still farther to the westward, and little less than two miles from Villa Franca, there is an abrupt cliff, probably three hundred feet in height, which rises nearly perpendicularly from the sands and exhibits very satisfactorily an arrangement of strata, both above and below the lava, like that already described.

Near a waterfall, being the stream which passes through the village of Agoa d'Alta, we found a cavern which seems to have been formed by the expansion of vapour. It is arched at the top, extends six or seven feet into the lava, is about ten feet in height, and twelve feet at the mouth, growing narrower as it recedes. It is above the more slaggy lava, and the walls are falling rapidly away. The rock of which the sides are composed appears to be greenstone; the constituent parts being imperfect crystals of yellow felspar, nearly equally mixed with grains of augite and hornblende. The rock seems as if in the process of lava-making it had been over-baked, and was going to pieces in consequence. Some portions fell in whilst I was in the cavern, and the bottom was covered with dust and fragments of rock, which, when pressed in the hand, crumbled to pieces. Many of the crystals of felspar were of a brickdust colour, and some few were as bright as carnelian. Blocks of lava, containing the same coloured crystals, may be met with on the shore, half a mile farther on the coast to the westward.

January 18. — There is no "chill" poverty here, although a great poverty of what we esti-

mate *comforts*. All the furniture in the houses of the poor consists of a bed, a chest, and a chair or two. Our servant is a considerable source of amusement from her energy about trifles. If the fowls are dearer than usual, or milk is not to be procured, she will throw her face into as deep sadness as if she had the worst news to tell, and she uses as much action in explaining how she has spent a dollar, as the Hampden of a reformed corporation.

This evening, after dark, we heard the shouting of boys, and, on looking out of the window, saw a crowd of them before the door of a neighbour's house with lanterns and branches of an evergreen tree. On inquiring, we found that an old man was dying, and that the priest had come to administer extreme unction, and with him the applauding boys, who evidently thought it very amusing.

Went over a former convent for Friars, near the town, which was sold a few years since for a mere trifle by Don Pedro, who wanted money for his wars. The situation is, of course, the best in the neighbourhood. Besides a terrace opening from the principal rooms, there is a fine broad walk on the top of the house, so that

sea breezes and extensive views might at all times be commanded without leaving the doors. It must have been a choice spot for the recluse to have "unsphered Plato, or to have outwatched the Bear;" but, if report speaks truth, the occupants both of this and the convent for Nuns in the neighbourhood, (which has been emptied and is now being destroyed,) were engaged in other ways:—

> "There Venus sat disguised as a Nun,
> While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
> Poured out his choicest beverage."

January 22.—Read a description of the Island of St. Michael by Dr. Webster, published at Boston in America in 1821. It is chiefly geological, but contains much amusing information on the manners, customs, and religious ceremonies of the people. Twenty years have made changes in the habits of the wealthier classes, who seem to be now much more like other wealthy people, all over the civilized globe, than they were when Dr. Webster wrote. He says, that glass windows were then hardly known; that chairs had been very recently introduced, the richer people sitting cross-legged on the floor,

or on a platform built on one side of the apartment and raised about a foot from it, covered with a carpet and projecting from the wall nearly to the centre of the room, and called "estrado." He says, also, that there were no carriages, except a few cabriolets for visiting; that "morgados" (the Azorean "squires") were slovenly and dirty; that it was a rare thing to meet with a person of any class who could read or write with accuracy; and that gentlemen attended ladies in the streets, with cocked hats and swords, &c. Now, all but the poor look through glass windows, and sit on chairs; the streets are clean, so are the "morgados;" there are carriages where the roads are good; and an inability to read and write, among the richer sort, is unusual. The cocked hats and swords are replaced by round black beaver hats, canes, and the ordinary covering of civilized man.

Of course Dr. Webster, as an American, ascribes all indolence and ignorance to priests, or to the system of entail; but whatever were the causes, the love of St. Michael's oranges by us English seems to have overcome some of the effects, and to have wrought the gradual change. St. Michael's scatters her golden fruit all over

Great Britain; it is to be seen in shop-windows in every street of every city and town, and piled against the casements of every little village shop in the remotest districts; and in return, she sends the islanders the means of sitting on chairs, looking through windows, riding in carriages, learning to read and write, and of importing the last female fashion from Paris, or the most recent absurdity in man's dress from London. Dr. Webster had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the island and its inhabitants, and he has made good use of his advantages.

CHAPTER VIII.

Let 's talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs.

RICHARD III.

So flits the world's uncertain span ;
Nor zeal for God, nor love for man,
Gives mortal monuments a date
Beyond the power of Time and Fate.
The towers must share the builder's doom,
Ruin is theirs, and his a tomb :
But better boon benignant Heaven
To Faith and Charity hath given ;
And bids the Christian Hope sublime
Transcend the bounds of Fate and Time.

SCOTT.

Funerals. — Villa Franca Convent. — Self-possession of the People.—Temperance.—Luminous Waves.

JANUARY 28.—Our opposite neighbour, an old man who died in the previous night, was buried yesterday morning. The priests chanted a part of the funeral service in his bed-room, which was

lighted up with many candles; after which, and preparatory to burial, the body was borne to the church in an open bier. This is the custom with the poor of these islands, who are never buried in coffins. The body was dressed in a suit of black, a black silk handkerchief was tied over the face; and the hands, which were the only visible part of the corpse, were clasped upon his breast: they were white and withered, and looked very dead. The bier was an oblong wooden cradle, with bars at the sides, having a solid bottom, and a small shelf furnished with a round hole, in which the head rested. This was borne on the shoulders of four men, who wore over their every-day blue jackets, loose garments like tarnished flannel-night-gowns. The funeral procession was headed by a man wearing a similar gown, who carried on a tall pole a dingy yellow banner; he was followed by a servitor in a black gown and white muslin cape, who held before him a large wooden crucifix, and walked backwards or forwards as occasion seemed to require. Four priests, with tufted cylindrical caps of black silk, in addition to a dress like the servitors', marched in file on each side of the street, chanting in hoarse tones the service for the

dead,* and behind them, in the centre of the road, the bearers swayed from side to side under the weight of the corpse. The priests chatted, took snuff, and blew their noses, with the natural unconcern of undertakers; the bearers talked loudly and asthmatically to one another, under the pressure of the heavy bier; children ran among the priests and bearers blowing reed pipes and screaming, and a laden ass trotted through the procession without hindrance or ob-

* The custom of chanting at burials is still retained in some parts of Cumberland. It is thus described by Wordsworth:—

> Many precious rites
> And customs of our rural ancestry
> Are gone or stealing from us; this I hope
> Will last for ever. Often have I stopped
> When on my way, I could not choose but stop,
> So much I felt the awfulness of life,
> In that one moment when the corse is lifted
> In silence, with a hush of decency,
> Then from the threshold moves with song of peace,
> And confidential yearnings, to its home,
> Its final home in earth. . . . . .
> A mute procession on the houseless road,
> Or passing by some single tenement
> Or clustered dwellings, where again they raise
> The monitory voice.

The perfunctory discords, however, of these island priests, are not capable of impressing you with the awfulness of life.

servation. There were no mourners: neither was there composure, nor quiet, nor the hush of decency, nor even the outward show of grief; no single object, in fact, but the white hands of the corpse, to remind you of the dead. The only solemn figure in the procession was a white-headed and bare-footed old man, much bent with years, who followed close behind the corpse, carrying his well-worn crucifix and beads, and who seemed as if he might have attended there rather to mourn his own near approach to the grave than the death of another man.

The procession having reached the church, the bier was placed in the centre aisle; the attendants busied themselves in placing several clumsy wooden candlesticks around it and lighting the long tapers, while the portly priests opened their red-lettered mass-books, talked unconcernedly, and took more snuff. The silent old man knelt at a distance on the pavement, muttered his prayers, and looked sad. At noon the bier was removed to the burying ground in the outskirts of the town; a service was chanted in a small chapel, the body was dropped into a shallow grave with a dull bump, and the earth was thrown in upon it, and trampled down.

The inky cloak and customary suits of solemn black are by us so closely associated with death and mourning, that it was difficult to imagine all this light, faded, yellow finery to be the trappings and the signs of woe. It was like a farcical tragedy at a country fair, where the dresses that have once been smart are now faded, and the actors, who never acted well, perform their parts in a still more slovenly manner from the consciousness of their shabby plight. It was a ceremony with all the ceremony left out. There is much in the details of burials, (in all countries,) from the king's to the pauper's, which is grating and discordant to the feelings of real mourners. A young child carried to its grave by a few women, and followed by its weeping mother, is perhaps an exception; —the mechanical arrangements are few, and the tears are sincere. The funerals of our kings at Windsor are gorgeous pageants rather than mournful obsequies; — the dead march in Saul and the funeral service are indeed profoundly solemn, but it is difficult not to feel, on the return of the procession to salute the rising sun, when the bands play joyfully "God save the king," that the mourners look more natural; and that the rich military uniforms, the stars, and

orders, and joyous decorations, are in a less false position.

Perhaps any attempts to dignify burial must fail, as attempts to oppose nature, which is here enforcing, in the strongest language, the worthlessness of "this body," and the vanity and transitoriness of this condition of existence. The early burial, and the absence of mourners, may suit a people who are easily excited, but whose impressions do not last, who reflect little, and are unwilling to dwell on grief. The long delay in our country has been objected to, either fastidiously, or by those who have not duly weighed the value of sorrow, and have failed to consider how soon (comparatively) the memory of griefs which have been burned in most deeply, is erased:

> "Grief melts away,
> Like snow in May,
> As if there were no such cold thing."

But, to be compelled to serious thinking by the long-continued presence of the coffin, and by following it to the grave, is a useful though it be a bitter duty, and likely to make us wiser and sadder. Gray says, in a letter of condolence to Mason, on his wife's death, "I know what it is

to lose persons that one's eyes and hearts have long been used to; and I never desire to part with the remembrance of that loss, nor would wish that you should. I have seen that scene you describe, and know how dreadful it is; I know too I am the better for it. We are all idle and thoughtless things, and have no sense, no use in the world, any longer than that sad impression lasts; the deeper it is engraven the better." If burial is performed thus early, the absence of the coffin may be a wise precaution, as it guards against the risk of what, in such early burials, there can be no certainty will not occur, — burying the body alive; but (were my own feelings concerned) I should not like to see the earth thrown in heaps, and stamped down upon the face and limbs of one, who, a few hours before, was carefully guarded from the slightest breath of air, or the most trifling roughness.

January 29. — A schooner arrived here to-day from Plymouth in *seven* days; she had been only ten days in sailing hence to England. The captain's wife accompanies him; a marked contrast to the women here, who, in all peculiarly feminine qualities, are most feminine. She seems to conduct the business of the ship, and, they say, acts

as mate. As soon as she came on shore she mounted an ass, and started (without her husband) for Ponta Delgada, a ride of five hours, three of which she must perform after dark. It was amusing to see her, with her English bonnet and gown, seated aloft on the high pack-saddle; so different from the native women, who, when they ride, are so concealed and muffled up that nothing is to be seen but cloak and shoes.

January 31. — Went over what was formerly the convent for Nuns; a conspicuous building in the principal square of the town. It was, like the other conventual buildings, sold a few years since to supply sinews of war to Don Pedro's party.

Two years ago the Nuns were turned out, and a certain allowance was promised them by the government. Since this time the present proprietor seems to have been gradually pulling the building to pieces, as he could sell the materials. It is a large square place, the front of which forms a spacious church, approached by a long flight of steps, running the whole length of the front of the building. These steps, now broken and green, are used only by groups of fishermen, who, when unemployed, find them a sunny place to lie upon, protected from the wind, and near wine-

shops. The interior of the convent was a dull scene of dilapidation and ruin. The solemn square court, now a kitchen-garden, with one straddling gardener pricking out onions, was surrounded by mossy grass-grown cloisters, into which opened the cells of the Nuns. These, consisting of two small rooms, leading one into another, and provided with small cupboards and recesses for saints, were wet and rotten; the ceilings had fallen in, and in many places had carried with them the damp worm-eaten floors. The sun shone through the rafters, and green mosses and ferns covered the walls and steps, and encroached everywhere upon the deserted rooms. Locks had been torn from the doors, and the doors from their hinges; and blue fragments of Dutch-tile saints lay scattered on the pavement, with the rotten beams of the roof and the gaudy window-shutters; the cold and empty black kitchen possessed one rusty pot; the glaring whitewash and gay stencil-work of the upper rooms were weather-stained, and, where the floors had not been torn up, had been marked and disfigured by the yellow heaps of Indian corn, willow-bundles, baskets, husks, and loose leaves which had been collected in them. What

a change of scene was this from the days when the sisterhood were here, with their feather-flowers and scandal, their prayers and dissipation, tittle-tattle, confession, and vacancy!

The chapel was only faded and dusty, having hitherto escaped from the tender mercies of the orange grower; and the part allotted to the Nuns, which is screened off from the rest of the building by a coarse lattice-work, remains in much the same state as when the Nuns were in possession of their convent. It is surrounded by ghastly paintings of departed saints; one of whom sits on a music stool and strums an organ; another, in heavy angel's wings, like one of the sky-group in Garofalo's "Vision of St. Augustine," scrapes an unwieldy bass-viol, while a third sits with a large guitar in her lap.

The garden was in the same ruined plight as the convent. It had been divided into square compartments by low stone walls, and each division was cultivated according to the taste of the sister to whom it had belonged. In some of these, small chapels had been erected; in others fruit trees were planted; flowers in others; and those of the good ladies who had a taste for grapes had covered in the whole of their com-

partments with a trellis-work for vines. But the walls had been partially thrown down, to make way for more profitable orange trees; the crosses and saints from such of the chapels or oratories as had been levelled to the ground were lying in the paths, and the ornamental stone-work and images which had been torn from them, were heaped together to decorate some other place.

The door of one of these small oratories being open, I walked into it. It was a quiet, unpretending place, quite clean, but without ornament; and on the end wall, a plain bronze crucifix had been fixed, on which was hung a small wreath of fuchsia flowers, a mark perhaps of the last act of devotion performed in that place, before its owner was turned adrift upon the world. We endeavoured to purchase a curious crucifix, as a relic of the place; but they would not sell it to heretics; and doubtless they were right, as they seem to imagine Protestants to be pagans.

Besides the vines, which had now left their trellises, and were growing "at their own sweet will," there were some quince and pear trees, and among tangled bushes, ruinous stone walls, and heaps of tiles, fuchsias were hanging their

long pensile blossoms, and white and red roses were blooming, the only beautiful things there. There was no beauty in the architecture, and therefore none in its decay. It was a forlorn, naked ruin; every part reminding the spectator that at a comparatively recent date it had been inhabited. The church is to be spared; but in a few months all the rest will be rased to the ground, and the spot converted by its Roman Catholic possessor, into an orange-garden, to supply desserts for English heretics. Thus is it that Don Pedro has dealt with the convents and monasteries of Portugal. They are turned into gardens and storehouses. Then comes Chateaubriand, and tells us with a certain blindness of heart, akin to vain-glory and hypocrisy, that "the Catholic religion has covered the world with its monuments, that Protestantism has now lasted three centuries, and is powerful in England, in Germany, in America;" inquires "what it has done?" and answers that, "it will show you the ruins which it has made, amidst which it has planted some gardens and established some manufactories."

In the instance of our convent at Villa Franca, any government would have exercised a sound

discretion in putting a stop to the immoralities which were committed there; for, if common rumour is to be believed, the high stone walls which encircled this convent were insufficient for their purposes; and if they had not been so it would have been remarkable, in an island where the whole body of clergy openly break a vow which we Protestants think they have no business to make. In talking on this subject to a Portuguese gentleman of high official rank, he admitted that it was a notorious grievance, but attributed it to the want of the superintendence of bishops over the vulgar clergy of the Azores. In Portugal, he said, there was no such open scandal.

I was told by a friend who accompanied us over the convent, that several years ago the Nuns were reported to have been in so unruly and discreditable a state, as to call for the interference of the home government. Two inspectors were accordingly selected, and were despatched from Lisbon to St. Michael's, to make inquiries into the truth of the reports, and to search the convent and examine the Nuns. They arrived in Villa Franca towards the close of the day, took up their abode within the convent walls, and proposed on the following morning to institute

their examination. An evening meal was prepared for them, of which it is supposed that they partook; and that they soon afterwards retired to rest. Here, however, their melancholy tale ends, for from the time that they entered the convent all trace of them was lost, and to the present moment no one certainly knows what became of them; whether they were secretly conveyed out of the island, or whether they had to choose between poison or the knife. This story may be true; I do not vouch for it; it smacks somewhat of the wonderful. The retired Nuns who had belonged to this convent, whom we met with, were stout jolly personages, whose title-pages did not portray tragic volumes. Florian observed of the Portuguese nation, "ils semblent nés pour l'amour; c'est la grande affaire de leur vie; les plus grands sacrifices ne coûtent rien dès qu'il s'agit de cette passion."

For the last few days the weather has been colder, owing to a stormy north-easterly wind, so that in the evening a fire would have been acceptable. During the day, it is always warmer in the open air than in the house; and to an invalid, a morning of "shapeless idleness" on the sunny shore under the shelter of the rocks, which

screen you from the north and expose you to the south, is refreshing beyond measure. The wind, although somewhat chilly, is not cutting. Thermometer in the room to-night 59°, three or four degrees lower than usual. The pigs, and the little children with only shirts on, or without them, look chilly, and sit or lie down in warm sunny corners.

February 8. — Nickleby and the last Quarterly from England. Who can express the pleasure felt at the "eye-refreshing green" of those fantastic covers, and the grave solidity of the old familiar household brown, in which the other modestly appears: unless he has lost, for several months, that supply of newspapers, periodicals, and the light literature of the day, which forms one of the necessary stimulants and pleasures of civilization; — a weakener of the memory, (as philosophers tell us,) — often an idle excuse for doing nothing, and always a bad substitute for substantial food; — but certainly to be preferred to the common resource of living on the three or four facts a day which have been discovered in an idler's own circle.

Letters from England seem to take it for granted that geraniums and roses, and violets

and myrtles, grow wild in every direction. All that we have seen hitherto, have been a few weakly geraniums spindling up the panes of a window in Ponta Delgada; and the wild flowers are the yellow blossoms of the broom, night-shade, chickweed, the willow, with its honey-scented catkins, flax, a yellow flower like a dandelion, wild mint, thyme, and nettles.

There lives in our street a fat woman, who sits in her balcony and bows daily as we pass. She has the self-composure that the women of all ranks here seem to possess, and showed it very amusingly to-day. As we passed her window, she was in the act of discharging from it a dish of dirty water, in which probably she had just washed her hands; and until the discharge was half finished, she did not see us. But it did not discompose her, nor entirely swamp us: and, with the red earthenware dish in one hand and the balcony-rail in the other, she made as dignified and graceful a salutation as if she had been holding a scent-bottle instead of an earthen pot. This incident is an illustration of two peculiarities of this people; — the summary way in which they rid themselves of their slops, and the unvarying self-possession with which they are

blessed. It is too much the fault of the English poor, to behave towards those who are above them in rank, as if they felt themselves to belong to an inferior race; to lose, when they come into actual contact with their superiors, all proper self-respect, and, by their constrained and uneasy manner, to seem to feel unworthy of sharing with those above them that measure of respectful freedom, which ought ever to be admitted in the intercourse of one man with another. But the poor of these islands, whatever their other faults may be, have none of these. When a poor woman comes into our room, and we desire her to sit down, instead of sitting in the most uncomfortable position she can choose on the edge of the farthest chair, she quietly seats herself where she will be most comfortable, and speaks without hesitation.

Drunkenness is very rare amongst the people of this town. I have not seen more than one person intoxicated; and as a man may easily get drunk for something less than a shilling, this is saying a good deal for the temperate habits of the people. The common wine of the country is a sour, heartless potation, with neither body nor soul in it. But although thin in the mouth and

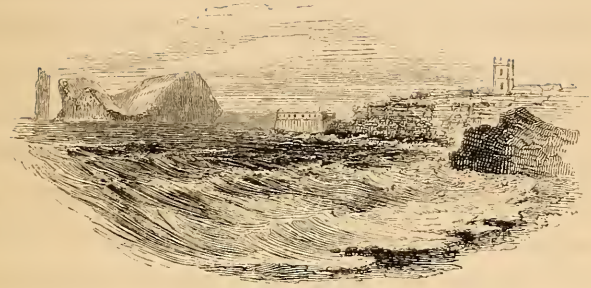
watery, it will be found to flush the face if drunk in any quantity; and when new, as it generally is when consumed, is intoxicating.

February 13. — Looking out of the window to-night, I noticed an unusual light in the sea, and, on going down to the shore, I saw on a grand scale, such as I have never yet seen described, the whole line of coast, as far as the eye could stretch, luminous with mollusca. The night was quite calm, pitch-dark, sultry like summer, and the sky obscured by heavy masses of clouds.

A long reef of black rocks runs for a considerable distance into the sea, near that part of the shore where the fishermen usually launch and land their boats; and over this reef the waves, which even in the calmest weather break across it, were to-night slowly swinging backwards and forwards, and breaking into foam. In doing so, there first appeared a soft fringe of silvery light, as the wave curved over, and as it rose and broke, a gradually increasing line of light sparkled for a moment and was then instantaneously quenched. Another and another wave, at intervals of a few seconds, rolled over the reef, occasionally throwing up a jet of illuminated spray, which quickly disappeared, and then rippled on the shore in a

broad undulating band of bright frosted silver. A quiet little bay beneath our windows was more luminous than any other spot. A ridge of black rocks screened it from the ocean, between which and the shore the water was in complete repose. But every seventh or eighth wave would flash through the rocks in a flood of light, — would be instantly extinguished in the quiet pool, until a minute after the same wave turned over on the sands in a dim phosphorescent bow. The poet Shelley must have watched the ocean under similar circumstances, when he said —

> " I see the waves upon the shore,
> Like light dissolv'd in star-show'rs thrown."



ISLAND OF VILLA FRANCA.

CHAPTER IX.

Because nature has done much, these lazy rascals seem determined to do nothing.

DIARY OF AN INVALID.

Island of Villa Franca. — Funeral. — Priests. — Diet. — Beggars. — Rains.

FEBRUARY 14. — Yesterday we paid a visit to the island of Villa Franca, which lies in front of the town, at nearly a mile's distance from the shore. Our boat's crew consisted of Thomazia's son, —

a wiry, determined little fellow, who, to use an Irish simile, was "like a bladder of brandy, all skin and spirits," — and three sturdy boatmen from the town, who launched us through the surf, and pulled off in a noisy, harum-scarum manner, without order or time. I had just before been reading in the last Quarterly an admirable article on railroads, from the pen of Sir Francis Head, in which the author describes, as no one else can describe, a descent through the great American rapids, where the old Indian, with his "icy cold judgement," and immutable presence of mind, stands in his small bark, issues his quiet orders to his young comrade in a mild tone of voice and short monosyllables, watches with his tranquil beardless face the scene of turmoil around him; and having been whirled in his frail bandbox through the boisterous dangers of the rapids, calmly shoulders his light canoe, and without expressing fear or bravado proceeds along his journey. The contrast between his quiet dignity and the clamour of four chattering Azoreans, each of whom, without regard to age or experience, claimed a right to give his loud opinion on the boat and the waves; who listened to the child quite as readily as to the elderly

man jabbering at the bow-oar; whose flurried faces were covered with hair; who exclaimed aloud at every ominous breaker, — laughed, cheered, when it was right to pull,—and whose boat was as clumsy as the canoe of the Indian was frail, appeared no less striking than the melancholy contrast between the wise and chivalrous simplicity of the Indian character, and the perfidiousness and mercenary cunning of their "civilized" enemies.

The island appears to be the shattered crater of a volcano, and is composed of a soft kind of rock, which geologists very appropriately term "tuff," but which (as that word describes nothing to those who have never seen a tuff) may be resembled to a hardened brown clay, of a coarse texture, lying in thin layers, which in this instance dip in regular lines, towards the cup of the crater. The cup is broken in the inner edge, and, the breach being large enough to allow a vessel of one hundred tons to enter, is occasionally made use of as a place of safety for hauling up small vessels, for the purposes of cleaning and repairing them. The edge most exposed to the sea is much worn by the waves, which in boisterous weather break over it into the basin with

great force, and will probably end in obliterating the barrier altogether, and making a clean breach through the centre of the crater. The island rises abruptly from the sea, without the slightest shore or shallow, is oval-shaped at the base, and at the eastern and western sides rises into two hills, which are united by the thin and broken edges of the crater; so that a fanciful person looking out to sea from one part of the shore of Villa Franca might, if he chose, liken the island as it might then appear to him, to the two humps on a dromedary's back, rising above the surface of the water.

The hills of tuff have a thick covering of pumice, in various stages of decomposition, which, when sufficiently decomposed, affords a hungry soil, where grass and rushes flourish pretty vigorously, and a few stems of the common cane spindle up in a weakly way. But the place is too much exposed to the winds to be worth cultivation; even in tolerably quiet weather, the violence of the waves which dash and roar against it, is tremendous. It is as if they were conscious it was a new comer, and had no right to say to them, "hitherto shall ye come and no farther." Two perpendicular rocks stand detached

and near to this southern side of the island, one a needle rock, nearly four hundred feet high, like a slender and lofty obelisk, but nearly as large at the summit as at the base; the other less lofty and broader. They have been gradually detached from the island by the waves, and will eventually be destroyed by them. Near these rocks, the side of the island is rent and split into deep fissures, at the bottom of which the white foam is "bubbling and troubling, boiling and toiling," gradually doing its destructive work.

A project is on foot for converting the basin into a more serviceable dock, or small harbour; an undertaking of much importance to St Michael's, as at present there are no docks or harbours; nothing but open roadsteads, so that it is necessary to send large vessels, which put in here for repair, to Fayal. The expense would be trifling, and the advantages manifold; but there is but little of the spirit of commercial speculation among the Azoreans, and the project is not warmly supported. A few sheep were browsing among the bright green heath which covered the westernmost hill, and Indian corn had been sown in the loose soil inside the basin.

The town of Villa Franca and the neighbouring coast are seen to great advantage from this island, and the lava which bristles along the shore may be plainly traced for many miles. After an examination of three hours, which was partly occupied in making sketches and plans, the patience of our boatmen, who pointed with melancholy faces to their empty stomachs, was fairly worn out, and we accordingly pulled on shore.

It will be useful to those who may visit St. Michael's in their yachts, to know that the safest anchorage on the coast of St. Michael's is between this island of Villa Franca and the shore. Vessels commonly let go their anchors about five hundred yards within the island. The Menai and Reindeer, R. Y. S. have both cast anchor here. As the anchorage ground at Ponta Delgada is an open roadstead, when the wind is on shore the vessels frequently slip their anchors, and put out to sea; but behind the island of Villa Franca I have seen Portuguese vessels ride out a storm.

We came across another funeral procession to-day, and followed it to the grave-yard. The ceremony partook of the same careless unconcern which characterised the procession the other day.

The same unlettered priests officiated, and the same kind of lookers-on attended. The priests, who stood in rows on each side of the body, twanged out their parts like so many "frozen-out gardeners" in the streets of London. One of them held a large gilded crucifix, and his attention was completely divided between disposing it in such a way as might least incommode himself, and protecting two lanky tapers, that guttered by his side, from the draughts which caused them to flare. Another, who in figure, carriage, dress, and face, resembled a dropsical Portuguese woman, after he had finished his part of the chant, took snuff, and hastily blew his nose, that he might be in time for the next stave. Next to him was a lean old man, "gaping like a defunct oyster," whose thin cheeks, long-hooked nose, and hollow eyes, reminded me strongly of the skulls of some birds. This old gentleman took the service very easy,—just as old stagers at public dinners do the cheers,—by merely opening his mouth into the shape it would have assumed had he imitated his next neighbour. The sexton was as sextons have been since Shakspeare's time, and will be henceforward, a merry fellow that had "no feeling of his business." When the corpse was lowered into

the grave by the bearers, he jumped down on it, tucking it up and arranging the grave clothes, as if he had been putting it to bed, and then, with a final squeeze to the arms, sprang out of the hole, shovelled a few light spadefuls on the body in an impatient way, handed his tool to the by-standers, (each of whom threw earth into the grave,) and, when they were satisfied, began the business of ramming down and filling up.

The priests moved off in knots of three or four, giggling as they went, and glad to be released;

VILLAGE PRIESTS CHANTING.

Et cantare pares et respondere parati.

VIRG. Ecl. vii.

and last of all the sexton, with a handful of extinguished tapers and a white cup of holy water, cleared the ground of the few children who lingered in it, shut the iron gates, and slowly walked away.

February 18.—The diet of the poor is chiefly vegetable. We have had an opportunity of seeing and of tasting a very common dish among labouring people here. A fisherman and his family were at supper in a cottage into which we went a day or two ago, and they were eating out of a brown dish, what seemed to be a somewhat savoury mess. It consisted of potatoes chopped small and in small quantities, cabbages, a few beans, fennel, and a little Indian-corn bread, boiled together with lard, and eaten hot. It was poor heartless compost to rear fine men upon, and yet the men are a muscular race, and often handsome as well as athletic. The beauty of the women also is frequently considerable, and their figures are unexceptionable; but mothers at sixteen — "bone-weary, many-childed, trouble-tried," — with the wear and tear of hard labour, and boundless spirits, cannot fail to lose their figures and good looks prematurely, and to look old, when in years they are quite young.

A message to-day from our washerwoman, who, I presume, is of a religious turn of mind, was rather startling to us Protestants. "She would be much obliged to us, if, as we were making sketches of other things, we would have the kindness to sketch her a picture of the crucifixion."

To-day we have been kept within doors by rain until the afternoon; and it being Saturday, which is a day sacred to beggars, we have had several of them moaning and praying at the door, which they commonly do until they get a copper or a piece of bread. These withered and tattered mendicants, each of whom seems to have collected in her own rueful face and woollen cloak

BEGGARS.

all the outward signs of age and poverty, and might even be suspected of having crossed a broomstick, exceed even Irish beggars in patient endurance. Their strength is to sit still; and they will wait on a staircase or at a gate for more than an hour, in dismal expectation of the smallest pittance. They endure, too, with unmoved patience, the process of standing or squatting for likenesses, — our usual and only *sine quâ non* to their weekly dole of bread or halfpence. The destruction of the monasteries and religious houses has much interfered with the livelihood of these rheumatic and destitute old women.* But we have seldom been detained at home by the rain;

* Able-bodied vagrants are not allowed in the Azores. Such persons are liable to be imprisoned; and on conviction may be transported, or employed on the public works. The decrees by which these provisions are made, have had a useful effect in exterminating vagrancy in these islands. Mendicity is confined to the aged and infirm poor and to the crippled and blind, for whom there is no legal provision. They are therefore dependent on the charity of the wealthy, to whom they make a weekly application and receive alms. Whatever surplus food remained after the Friars and Nuns had dined, was distributed among them at the convent gates; and this continues to be the case at the two or three convents which remain.—(Read's Report to the Poor Law Commissioners, 1834, vol. xxxix, Appendix F. p. 643.)

although this is the season when wet may be expected. Our experience in this respect very much tallies with that of an old gentleman who spent most of his life in St. Michael's, and died at a very advanced age, who frequently said, that although a considerable quantity of rain fell in the island, in the course of the year, he never knew a day pass in which it was not possible to walk between the showers.

CHAPTER X.

Life hath its May, and all is mirthful then:
The woods are vocal, and the flowers all odour;
Its very blast has mirth in 't, and the maidens
(The while they don their cloaks to screen their kirtles)
Laugh at the rain that wets them.

WALTER SCOTT.

Spargens rore levi.

ÆNEID, lib. vi.

Carnival. — Water Sprinkling. — Procession of Terceiros. — Lent. — Sermons.

FEBRUARY 19.—The carnival is over, and we are now in Lent. The amusement of all who are "amusable" has been throwing and squirting water over each other. We were somewhat surprised during the first day of the carnival to see a group of young men attacking a house near a fountain. With all kinds of machines for throwing water, from pitchers to pumpkins, they were besieging the inmates, who, from the balcony, re-

turned the assault with good effect. The contests, however, seemed to be confined to equals. Groups of merry laughing women, whose large lustrous eyes express fun in perfection, stood in their balconies, or at open windows, squirting at such acquaintances as passed, from Indian-rubber bottles, concealed in their handkerchiefs. Boys and hobbledehoys also had these same weapons wrapped up in their handkerchiefs, and slily squeezed them where they could do it unobserved. Countrymen were wetted by women at their cottage doors, who flicked a handful of water out of an earthen dish upon them as they passed. The children in the streets were also armed with squirts, made by themselves from the hollow stalks of cane, with which they either sprinkled each other, or attacked the curs or the pigs. Passing through the village of Ribeira Secca, we encountered half a dozen men and women covered with black masks and sackcloth and ashes, who looked like walking Guy Fawkes's, and were followed by a thick crowd of delighted and dripping children. They ran the gauntlet of water-sprinkling from the whole village, women standing at the doors with pitchers in their hands to duck the maskers as they passed, and groups

of men and girls looking on, heartily amused. At a pleasant waterfall, half a mile beyond, were three girls, who, having come there to fill their pitchers, amused themselves and us with the common sport in the most liberal fashion. From sprinkling with their hands and coquetting with the water, they passed to ladling out whole pitchers-full, and whirling them over each other until they were so drenched to the skin, that their thin white garments adhered as closely to their figures as the draperies on Canova's dancing girls. They made the rocks and woods ring with laughter; and, having at length soaked each other to their hearts' content, filled their red pitchers, and balancing them on their heads stepped from rock to rock, and down the stony and steep lane, with all the grace that belongs to natural and unfettered womanhood.*

* The following passage from the "Travels in South Eastern Asia," by Mr. Malcom, an American missionary, contains an account of a custom among the Burmese, which is so similar to this in the Azores, that it seems probable that both might have had a common origin:—

"The festivities which usher in the new year (commencing at the April new moon) have, for several days past, kept the town excited. Before every Burman house is erected a slight bamboo palisade, six or eight feet long, decorated very taste-

In "the city," I understand, wax lemons filled with scented water, which break without injury, are used by the "puss gentlemen" for pelting ladies who honour them by a wetting.

Shrove Sunday is called "fat Sunday" (Domingo gordo). The day was a very delightful one, the sun hot like summer, with just enough

fully with young palm trees, and pots of water, filled with various beautiful blossoms; the moistened streets send up an enlivening freshness, which, with the odours of the flowers, makes the street like a charming avenue in a garden. The absurd yet amusing ceremony, to which these are preparations, seems peculiar to the Burmans. It is a general *war of water*. Every one is at liberty to wet his neighbour, but the compliment is chiefly paid by women to men, and men to women; the children taking the principal share of the business into their hands. I have just been riding along the principal streets to witness the scene, but no one offered to compliment me, or other foreigners, with a bowl of water. They know that foreigners, whose raiment is not so easily changed, do not relish the sport; though sometimes, out of ill-timed complaisance, they submit to it. Almost universally the people take it pleasantly; but occasionally I saw little fellows chased and overthrown in the dirt who played off on men. It certainly requires some command of temper to show entire nonchalance, when the children project a forcible stream, from large *bamboo syringes*, directly into the eyes and ears, creeping up slily for the purpose, and running off with exultation. Not a native is to be seen with dry clothes; but holyday clothes on this occasion are their poorest."

breeze to prevent languor or oppression. Every one being dressed in holyday clothing; the white linen trowsers, and tight black or blue velvet jackets of the men, the showy handkerchiefs on the heads of the women being mixed with their sombre indigo cloaks, and the heavy snuff-coloured capotes of the few tradesmen — and the bulk of the town population and that of its neighbourhood being assembled in the square,—the day seemed doubly gay. In the market-place numberless groups stood and lounged about in enjoyment of the festival. On the stone steps of the jail a throng of boatmen—some in Scotch bonnets, (for they are lovers of the tartan,) others with hanging caps of scarlet and blue; others with the party-coloured cap of the country, a mixture of brown, white, red, and yellow,—lay dozing in the sunshine. But on the steps of the church of Misericordia the greatest variety had collected. As a kind of centre-piece to this assemblage,—like a patch of poppies in a cornfield,—the clerk to all the churches in the town, a snuffy, grey-headed tailor, flared along in a scarlet gown, surrounded by a crowd of all sorts and sizes, from shrill scampering boys in cotton shirts and brown legs, to grey-headed eld, leaning

on its long stick in silent composure. The young peasants from the country villages, dressed in close velvet jackets, the whitest of white trowsers, and hats with long horns and crimson linings, leaned in graceful attitudes on their long poles, or chatted in groups, or sat on the steps laughing, and acting every word they spoke. One middle-aged man sat in a prominent place on the steps in an entire suit of burnt sienna, — a brown hat, a brown jacket, and brown trowsers,—like a Paris bonbon in chocolate; next to him sat others in blue, and white, and yellow, while the little children who were breeched, wore party-coloured linen suits, and some few, buff jackets and bright blue trowsers, like new numbers of the Edinburgh Review.

At a little distance from this group, and in or near the fountain, was a scuffling crowd of noisier and dirtier boys squirting at and splashing one another; and last of all, remote from the common herd, there paced rapidly to and fro, on the terrace of the principal church of the town, the solitary Villa Franca exquisite, alone in the glory of sky-blue trowsers, frock-coat, bright silk hat, Berlin gloves, and varnished cane, the admired of all beholders. Every one was merry,

some loud in their merriment; and all seemed happy and out for a sunshiny holyday.

The Carnival lasted from Sunday to Tuesday, and fish and fasting were ushered in with the ringing of bells and a frequent and vigorous nasal chant, from the gang of orange-pickers in the room below, of what they call "the Litany." On Sunday a sermon was preached in one of the churches, which is as rare an event here as no sermon would be now-a-days in England. On the day following, the procession of the Terceiros scrambled through the town from the Church of the Penitents, which was formerly attached to the convent of the Friars. Previously to the procession another sermon was preached, which had the effect of cramming the church to suffocation; and the crowd being principally composed of women in their island costume, nothing was to be seen in the whole body of the church but dark blue hoods, and an occasional scarlet or yellow handkerchief on the head of a little girl, or a white muslin shawl over the head and shoulders of a young woman. Before the sermon began, there was much getting up and sitting down for the accommodation of the congregation, and some of these capacious blue hoods would occasionally

GIRLS SQUATTING IN CLOAKS.

turn deliberately round and show a face in deep shadow, and eyes whose own light was sufficient in their dark caves without any other borrowed from without. A few women wore "mantas," but these were the *crême* of Villa Franca society; and, fortunately for the scene, the *crême de la crême*, who occasionally indulge in English bonnets, were either hidden or absent. The number of old and elderly men and little boys greatly preponderated over that of young men, of whom

there were very few. A figure of Christ dying on the cross, the living size, and illuminated by a long line of tall tapers, was placed in a shrine before the altar, and partly concealed by a thin gauze curtain; and the pulpit was hung with brocaded silk. The priest who preached had what is not invariably the case here, an intellectual expression; he used much but not vehement action with his arms, and was not ungraceful. He wore a tufted square cap, which he removed occasionally; and two or three times during his discourse he paused for a considerable time, and turned round in the pulpit, either to wipe or wash his mouth. When he had nearly come to the close of his harangue, whilst describing the sufferings of Christ, the curtain concealing the figure was suddenly drawn up from the shrine, and the image exposed to view; a *coup de théâtre* which produced a sudden effect on the persons assembled, who, as he repeated the words "misericordia, misericordia," in a wailing tone, struck their faces and breasts with their hands in such a manner as to resound through the church like the applause at a public meeting. One old man near me, who soberly listened to the preacher and seemed absorbed in what he

THE SERMON.

said, was much affected; tears trickled down the withered skin of a decrepit woman who knelt near me, and all except some light-hearted children appeared serious and attentive. At the conclusion of the sermon (which was the whole service) the people left the church, and the women either went home to view the procession from their balconies and windows, or sat on the steps of the churches, or stood in knots in the street to see it pass. The Terceiros led the procession. They were clad in black cloth gowns, fitting

tightly to the neck and reaching to the feet. A cord was drawn round their waists, a triangular piece of coarse sacking masked their faces, concealing every part but the eyes, which might be seen blinking through two slits in the sackcloth, their feet were bare, each carried a wooden cross, and each was crowned with thorns. The boys at the church door giggled and pointed as they came out. They walked two and two, to the number of thirty, preceded by a black banner, and followed by wooden images, waddling priests, and four little girls dressed out like May-day mummers. These pretty children (chosen because they were so) were intended to represent angels. With this view they had been dressed by some of the ladies of Villa Franca, who had lent jewels of gold and jewels of silver for the occasion. The principal of the four wore a crown of silk or satin, on which rings, brooches, and other trinkets, and real and artificial flowers were fastened. Behind her back a pair of solid satin wings projected; and beneath them a more doubtful projection from before and behind, gave her the appearance of having jumped through a gaudy *papier-maché* tea-tray. Ear-rings, gold chains, bracelets, rings, brooches, pins, and other trinkets were

stuck and sewed to this projection, so as almost entirely to cover it. Round her little neck several massive gold chains were wound; she wore heavy gold bracelets on her wrists, and sprinkled about her dress was a profusion of flowers, real and artificial. With the tea-tray, however, the angelic part of her person was supposed to end; and her legs and feet appeared below in the worldly dress of muslin trowsers, white stockings, and kid shoes. The child seemed deeply impressed with the dignity of her position; and with child-like gravity carried off her finery without awkwardness or boldness. A humorous old man, with a red face and merry eyes, had charge of this jewelled child, while the others, who, except the jewels, wore the same dress, found their way as they could among an admiring crowd of youngsters of their own age.*

* Ridiculous processions like those above mentioned, would seem to have been usual in England, as late as the year 1542, when Henry VIII. by proclamation in council, put a stop to many of the foolish ceremonies then commonly observed. The concluding clause of the proclamation runs thus: — "Whereas heretofore dyvers and many superstitious and chyldysh observances have been used, and yet to this day are observed, and kept in many and sundry places of this realm upon St. Nicholas, St. Catherine, St Clements, and

Among the numerous wooden images, first came the figure of Christ, the natural size, covered with ghastly wounds, borne by four men in sackcloth, and attended by four others in scarlet gowns, each carrying a forked pole to support the image during the pauses of the procession. Five or six other figures followed, one of which was dressed in dusty silks and stuffs, reminding you of Gray's criticism on some tragedy of his day, which he compares to an antique statue painted white and red and dressed in a *negligée* made by a Yorkshire mantuamaker. Another figure was that of a saint, rolling in agony, among rose-bushes. This was Saint Francis, who, in order to subdue a strong temptation, rolled naked among brambles, which were suddenly changed to rose-trees in full bloom, in token of divine favour and approbation. Another image represented the same saint kneeling before the cross,

Holy Innocents, and such like holydaies, children be strangely decked and apparayled to counterfeit priests, bishops, and women, and so ledde with songs and dances from house to house, blessing the people, and gathering of money; and boys do sing masse, and preache in the pulpits, with such other unfitting and inconvenient usages, which tend rather to derysyon than any true glory to God," therefore let them be discontinued.

with red cords from the wounded hands, feet, and side of Christ, according to the legend that He imprinted wounds similar to His own on the saint, in order to make him in all respects like Himself.

The procession paraded the principal streets of the town, returning to the church from which it started, after a disorderly ramble of a couple of hours. The people had previously swept the streets with branches of a large heath (their brooms), a ceremony usually left on other days to the pigs, dogs, and fowls, which are excellent scavengers.

Although the procession was postponed until Monday, a crowd of town boys, who were determined not to be disappointed of their day's amusement, had arranged a procession of their own, on Sunday afternoon. As we were walking to the church, we came across this juvenile imitation. Twenty or thirty of the most ragged urchins of the place had met together, and having crowned themselves with thorns; (that is, having wound round their dirty caps, branches from bramble bushes;) they scampered down the hill on which the church stands, hallooing and screaming as they went, in high mirth at having

but narrowly escaped from the grasp of an old man, from whose hedge they had stolen the thorns. The first impression of this strange commemoration of the most awful mystery of our faith, by a parcel of noisy boys, who had stolen the brambles for the occasion, was extremely painful; but in fact this "imitativum pecus" no more knew *why* they wore their crowns, than English children who wear oak-apples on the 29th of May know of the Restoration, or than the boys who go through England on Good Friday crying,

"Hot cross-buns,"

know that they are commemorating the most solemn event that ever happened in the world.

CHAPTER XI.

Grant that by this unsparing hurricane
Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,
And goodly fruitage with the mother spray;
'Twere madness wished we, therefore, to detain,
With hands stretched forth in mollified disdain,
The "trumpery" that ascends in bare display—
And yet not choice
But habit rules the unreflecting herd,
And airy bonds are hardest to disown.

WORDSWORTH.

Processions.—Confession.—Sermon.—Cottages.—Physiognomy.—Gales.—Alderman Wood.—Books.—Prison.—Hammers.

FEBRUARY 25.—Yesterday, being the second Sunday in Lent, another sermon was preached in the church of Misericordia. The priest who delivered it, was more vulgar, energetic, and impassioned than the one we heard on the previous

Sunday. His vociferations, which lasted half an hour, increased in noise as they proceeded, until he became so loud as to be almost unbearable. He raved, struck his breast, shed tears, and expressed with his face a coarse, violent, exaggerated grief. He "tore his passion to tatters." Less effect was produced than might have been expected from such exertion upon people so easily excited, and who strongly express in their countenances every passing feeling; from which I suspect he had not much real eloquence, but merely a "vociferous" power. As far as I could understand his discourse, it consisted of a description of the merits of our Saviour as a mediator with God for man, principally addressed to the imaginations of his hearers; the bodily sufferings which He had undergone upon the cross being depicted with coarse vehemence. It was brought to a close with the following emphatic sentence, uttered in a loud scream; — "And He died, Sinners, for whom? for what? — for whom and for what did He die, Sinners? He died for the Devil." A dead pause followed; the priest repeated to himself a short prayer; and at length the elderly countryman on the pulpit stairs, who had slept soundly through the

sermon, opened his eyes and stared about him, and then sidled down;—the women rustled and coughed, the men scuffled on the pavement, and the congregation was in all the bustle and confusion of breaking up. A full church, like a full head, being a long while emptying, it was some time before the Misericordia was cleared; but at length, the last old woman having crept out, the procession began. It is called the procession of our Lady of Peace. There were men in yellow and in red, chanting priests in scanty black gowns and white tippets, priests of a higher grade walking in embroidered silks beneath a canopy (if a thing like a faded green-baize table-cloth, supported on washing-poles, could be so called), and long strings of lads and boys in pale lemon-coloured gowns. One image of Christ, the only image in the procession, dressed in a robe of crimson silk, and weighed down by the burden of a heavy wooden cross, was borne on the shoulders of half a dozen men.

In various parts of the town small buildings have been erected, which have the outward appearance of ornamented gateways, surmounted by a stone cross. To-day they were opened, and

we found that each was a little chapel, decorated with silk hangings and rude paintings and prints of Christ and of saints, gaudily coloured in the same taste as the pictures in English cottages of the Prodigal Son, or the Princess Charlotte, or of some hero who has had his day of prints and sign-posts. Truth was duly disregarded for effect, and the Virgin Mary was in one instance represented by the Azorean artist (who had probably confounded her history with that of John the Baptist and the daughter of Herodias,) holding the head of Christ in a bloody cloth. Each altar was lighted by long flickering tapers; rushes were strewn over the pavement, and as the women passed before them, they stopped and knelt on the rushes for a few minutes, and then walked on. The procession also, as it advanced through the streets, halted at each chapel, while the priests chanted a short prayer. It was followed by a rabble rout of men, women, and children, who crowded, hurried, and precipitated down the street in noisy disorder. Indeed the whole affair, from the beginning to the close, was a scene of entire confusion. At one time the canopy was over the host, at another it covered in young children several yards behind. One while it was to the

right, and the silken priest to the left; at another it was so low that he was obliged ignominiously to duck his reverend head. Children were allowed their usual licence. A tribe of these took possession of the Faya boughs, with which the chief altar had been decorated, and amused themselves, (while solemn virgins and quiet matrons knelt and prayed at the altar,) with a boisterous chance-medley, until every leaf had been stripped from the branches.

The detail of these processions is poor. To an unaccustomed Protestant eye they are often grotesque and ridiculous; but the people here regard them as very beautiful, and, in general, seem serious and reverential when they pass. And yet even to a Protestant, the scene in the square, when the image of Christ first made its appearance, was striking. The square is a large one, having the church of Misericordia and the adjoining hospital on the western side, and the principal church, with its esplanade and long flight of steps on the north. On these steps, between one and two hundred women, dressed in the indigo cloak of the country, and having their heads tastefully covered with white handkerchiefs, coloured shawls, or dark hoods, quietly knelt in

attitudes of prayer. Men behind them, and children, scattered everywhere, were on their knees, with heads uncovered and their hands clasped before them. In the square below, and on the long steps of the church, with their solemn prayerful faces, all converging to one common centre, the same gay assembly as that on the steps and esplanade knelt in silence. The day was as bright as an unclouded sun could make it; and the stillness at this moment was like midnight. Associating as we do the hum and bustle of confusion with a large assemblage of persons, there is an impressive solemnity in a crowd suddenly motionless and mute. All — from the silver-headed old man to sleek curly-pated boys — waited in reverential attitudes, with a show of mute submissiveness, which impressed me by its apparent sincerity. But the sensation was a transient one; for no sooner had the image disappeared, than instantly the five hundred dumb figures quickly rose, covered their heads with scarlet caps and blue carapuças, and as suddenly resumed their every-day gesticulating gossip; while the crashing church bell once more rang out its clanking jargon, as if to sympathise with the nasal jabber in the square underneath.

This is the time for general confession. A woman, who came to-day with her sick child, had just returned from "making a clean breast" in the principal church. She confesses once a year; others confess twice; others three times; and those, she said, who were "very good," four times. I asked her what questions the priest put to her. She laughed, hesitated, and at length said that he inquired whether she was faithful to her husband? what lies she had told in the past twelvemonths? what she had stolen, and of whom? whether she had slandered others? and how often she had cursed and sworn, or called on the "diabo?" All this she told him, I fancy, without mental reservation, and appeared light-hearted and relieved.

Although we are now in Lent, and people above the common sort wear black, small attention seems to be paid to the observance of a fast. A person living in a neighbouring street, on whom we called yesterday, said, in answer to necessary questions concerning her diet, that she ate fish, flesh, fowl, and beans, with rice and wine, for her dinner, (which, in common with the people of her rank, is generally eaten at noon,) and that

her breakfast and supper were, as usual, of bread and butter, fried eggs, and coffee.

"But it is Lent! does not Senhora make some little abatement in her diet?"

"Oh! dear, no," was the laughing answer; and then, to save her catholic reputation with heretics, she added through her interpreter, "At least there is very *little* difference in what I eat."

Previous to the revolution, when the clergy were powerful, they looked narrowly into the habits of their flocks; and would, we were told by a Portuguese gentleman, have visited with their displeasure any undue excess during Lent; but since the new state of things, the observances are much less rigid; and flesh and wine may now be indulged in during Lent without the same fear of church censures. The priests, however, have been attending diligently to their municipal duties in making lists of all such persons as are capable of confession; all inhabitants of Villa Franca, that is, who are above the age of seven years.* The

* Each person pays to the priest about two-pence sterling for the Bull of Confession. This is the only direct compulsory payment towards religious instruction, the clergy being paid by the government.—(See Read's Report to the Poor Law Commissioners, 1834. Appendix F. p. 646.)

town, like all others in the Azores, is divided into districts, each house or cottage having its appropriate number. A proportion from each of these divisions goes daily to the church in which the priest sits, whose duty it is to examine them; and the process of examination lasts for more than a week. As every person makes a point of putting on his best clothes on this occasion, the time of confession is quite a gay one. Even Thomazia, whose tawny feet, when she does wear shoes, are generally encased in wood, has appeared to-day in brilliant white stockings and green velvet slippers. Her brisk and joyful face is clearly expressive of relief; and indeed, as she is one of those who confess once only in the year, it seems to indicate that she may have got rid of a perplexing and wearisome burden.

The priests strike each person's name off their list as he returns from confession, and, I understand, *insist* on every individual of proper age within their districts attending at the church, until at length the whole sins of the Villa Franca population, from the first untruth of the little child to the premeditated debaucheries of the wasted *roué*, are safely locked in the breasts of

the dozen men who form the priesthood of the place.

February 26.—We visited a poor woman who was ill. She lived in a small low cottage, built of rough unplastered clinkers; some broken steps led to the door, the upper half of which opened, in order to light the room in which the sick person lay. Beyond this was an inner and smaller room, unplastered like the rest; the floors of both were of dark earth, and the whole establishment equalled in appearance and comfort a stable in one of the small farm-yards of the New Forest. It must have been under other circumstances a gloomy hole; but to-day, a chattering group of merry women, squatting, in Moorish fashion, on a yellow mat, and dressed in crimson and yellow holyday shawls; their black satin-like hair, and high tortoise-shell combs, arranged with consummate care, and themselves as clean as their consciences, (for they had been to confession,) gave to their black lava room as cheerful an appearance of comfort as that of a well furnished drawing-room. The cheerfulness too was increased by a warm afternoon sun, which poured a stream of yellow light through a hole in the thick wall,

which, with its wooden shutter, constituted the only window. It was quite an oriental group, and wholly unexpected, in what seemed an abode of gloomy poverty. The furniture of the room consisted of a clean bed, with its coverlid of quiet lilac print and muslin fringe to the pillow, a huge chest, (which Genevra might have hidden and died in,) smaller boxes for clothes, wooden chairs, and a reel for winding yarn. The place was dry, which is not the case with some of the cottages of the poor here. I have been in many of the most poverty-struck of these island cottages, but have seen none so utterly miserable as Irish cabins, or even as some few in England; such, for instance, as may be found near Minestead, in the New Forest, which, for unmitigated wretchedness, cannot be exceeded. These instances, however, are few: the smiling neatness of English cottages is proverbial, and the comforts of the poorest cottagers are greater than those of any of the same class in Europe. There was much truth in the beggar-boy's answer to the English traveller, who asked him if he thought there were no poor in England: "They are all rich poor in England; in Italy we are *poor* poor." What

English paupers would eat any other bread than that made of wheaten flour? Here they are fully content with the rough and almost nauseous Indian-corn bread. Riches and poverty, however, are, of course, entirely comparative: there is the poor lord, who has only 5000*l.* a year; and the poor Irishman, who, for thirty weeks each year, cannot get more than two-thirds of a sufficient number of bad potatoes. He can only be said to be rich who has few wants, and can supply those few; for, as luxuries increase, so do our necessities; and the man who has long been used to luxurious living, suffers as much when deprived of it, as the poor Hibernian when compelled to stint himself on potatoes. Every cottage in England has now its tea-pot, and its white loaf; a century ago these were luxuries which no one of those who were then living on barley-bread and beer ever dreamed would become necessaries. Now, every washer-woman looks forward to her tea, like the opium eater to his pipe or his pill, or the drunkard to his dram; and it is as necessary to produce feelings of bodily comfort as either of these. It seems very probable that this change of luxuries into

necessities, is a curse which parents transmit to their offspring. The stock of the Durham cattle, which from their birth are highly fed for the London markets, absolutely require, in the course of two or three generations, similar over-feeding to keep them in a state of health; and, for the same reasons, the diet which rears the infants of the poor Irish, or hardy Highlanders, would be insufficient for children whose parents and forefathers have, for many generations, been high livers. More sins of the fathers are visited upon the children than perhaps we are aware of.

* * * * *

The islanders call themselves Portuguese, and talk the language of Portugal; but the Spanish having had at one time possession of the islands, the breed has been crossed, and the mixture of Moorish blood has improved it. They are handsomer and more graceful than the Portuguese. But although the island is small, and the peasants have a general cast of features which characterizes them, the difference of physiognomy in different parts of the island is so great,

that a special character of face may be said to belong to almost every town. Some of the finest and most strikingly marked faces I have seen were from the neighbouring town of Allagoa; but the men look like banditti, and are said to be turbulent, passionate, and revengeful. The women, in common with the men, have large mouths; and they widen them still more, and deform their lower lips, by the constant use of their "spinning jennies." Sitting or standing at their cottage doors, or walking in the sun, the women and girls may always be seen in the active

GIRL SPINNING.

use of distaff and spindle;—twisting and wetting the silky flax with the same rapidity and ease as the Italian peasants. The flax is continually between their lips and teeth; and the consequence is, that their lower lips are in many instances turned downwards until they grow blubber or wry. In more senses than one they may be said to live "from hand to mouth."

The people in this town, instead of being turbulent, like the inhabitants of Allagoa, are remarkable for their mildness and quietness, and, in this respect, are said to excel the other islanders. Good temper, however, although occasionally dashed with revenge, seems to be a characteristic quality of the whole people, who at the same time possess the failings of mere good temper;—selfishness and insincerity. The poor have as much *finesse* as if they had been a highly polished people, and might even prove themselves to be courtiers, if Touchstone's test *be* the true one;—"I have been politic with my friend; smooth with my enemy." There is also a difference between the physiognomy of the natives of each island in the group, even more apparent than that which may be noticed between the inhabitants of separate

districts; and their characteristic distinctions may here be illustrated by a collection of heads indiscriminately taken from our sketch-books, in which the faces and head-dresses peculiar to all the islands we have visited—namely, to St. Michael's, Fayal, Pico, St. George's, and Flores and Corvo, —have been correctly represented.

February 28. — Last night and to-day it has been blowing a gale from the south-west, such as we have not yet experienced since our voyage. The waves, as they roll in, curl over like waterfalls, and the colour of the falling water, before it breaks into foam, is a light yellowish green. In a bay to the west, single waves broke in an uninterrupted line of a mile in length, and the bay was filled with foam, which looked like drifted snow, rather than water. Some of the thundering breakers, that are booming against the little island opposite to our windows, dash their spray completely over its side; a height of three or four hundred feet. A poet, I think it is the Corn-law Rhymer, has likened this glorious booming of the stormy ocean on a rocky coast, to "A dreadful ode on Ocean's drowned."

Leaving the shore for the town, we looked into several cottages and chatted with their good-humoured inmates. In one of these I saw, to my great surprise, a print of Alderman Wood fixed to the black lava wall. The print, which was as big as half a newspaper, was a coarse woodcut, changing the respectable aldermanic face, which cannot fail to belong to so worthy a functionary, into a visage so ungentle and grim as almost

to justify the woman's answer to my query of — "Whose face is that, Senhora?" — "Ah! Senhor, he ó diabo."—(Why, sir, 't is the devil.)

March 1. — There is not a single book-shop in St. Michael's, and we are told that not one is to be found in either of the islands. Those who buy books send to England, or America, or Lisbon for them. The British and Foreign Bible Society in England sent some Portuguese Bibles here some years ago; but it is said that they remained in the custom-house until they were decayed, (which, as the custom-house is near the sea, and things easily spoil by damp, might speedily be the case,) and that they were afterwards removed, it is not known where. Certainly, with the exception of my own Testament, which I lost, very unaccountably, soon after landing, I have not seen a single Portuguese version of the Bible since I have been here. In a cottage into which we went the other day were a beautifully printed French copy of Virgil, an odd volume of the Odes of Horace, with a French prose translation, three grammars of the French, Latin, and Portuguese languages; one or two theological works in Portuguese, with as many short stories of no apparent religious or political tendency,

and a French translation of Æschylus. They belonged to some pains-taking youth, who might probably have been reading for the church, and who, with this tendency upon him, begged of us, through his servant, a pair of gloves of "a sad colour," to wear in the Good Friday procession.

The most efficient way of distributing the Scriptures through the Azores, and one which, if within the scope of Bible societies, should be adopted in preference to such a fruitless consignment of books as appears to have been made in past years, would be to employ well qualified persons to make excursions through the islands, for the purpose of reading the Scriptures themselves to the poor. We were told by a lady who had given a Portuguese Testament to one of her servants, that when they had leisure they handed the book to one of their number who could read best, and listened with eager avidity to some of the simple Scripture narratives, particularly to the parables, and the description of the sufferings and crucifixion of Christ; exclaiming frequently, "how beautiful!"

March 2.—The prison-window of the gaol in this town opens on the street, and as the men within appear to be amusing fellows, it is a

lounge for idlers during the greater part of the day. Incarceration here seems to be both an amusing and a healthful condition, — there are no clogs on the body or the spirits, — no daily tread on an undershot wheel, — no dead lights or boarded funnels, — no simple views of blank walls and infinite space; but, in place of these, the graceful and amusing society of friends, a free circulation of air and ideas, an interchange of civilities on equal terms between the bond and the free, an uninterrupted prospect of a lively wine-shop and frequented streets, the news of the day from authentic sources, and the same supply of nuts and good things from those outside the grating to those within, as entertains the prisoners of the genus *simia* in other parts of the world; in fact, there appear to be so many agreeable comforts attending a prison life, that a gaol in Villa Franca is just the sort of place in which a decayed Portuguese pauper might laudably wish to end his days. I have before mentioned the universal and punctilious politeness of the Azoreans, "Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris." But at this gaol window it is carried to its ultimatum. The prisoners who gaze and gossip through the bars bow and bend as

respectfully, and are capped in return with precisely the same deference as they would be if they walked the streets. Imprisonment seems to be neither a disgrace nor a humiliation to them. There is no diminution in the every-day round of salutations; but the "hat-worship" (as George

PRISON WINDOW, VILLA FRANCA.

Fox called it) is observed with unaltered gravity, and the world is quite as much their friend now, and as full of smooth pretence, as when they lived on the honest side of the grate.

March 8. — To-day has been a day of considerable festivity in this little town. The churches have been open from the early morning, and one of the principal inhabitants of the place, in imitation of our Lord, has been washing the feet of several poor men, who attended the church for that purpose. Besides these religious demonstrations, every little boy and girl we meet has a small wooden mallet, like an auctioneer's hammer, either in the hand or sticking out of his jacket or breeches' pocket; and although these hammers must in all probability have been at one time intended to commemorate some sacred event, they are of course nothing more, in the hands of the village children, than very amusing toys. While the service was performing, the boldest of them hammered the church doors and steps, to the serious annoyance of a few elderly women who were seated at the edge of the congregation, and to the absolute dismay of several outraged servitors, who watched behind the doors in the vain attempt to catch

them. While these contests were going on without, almost as untractable a set of children within stood or knelt near the high altar, taking advantage of the pre-occupation of another aged servitor to hammer every coigne of vantage within their reach. This formal old man, who wore a scarlet gown and took large quantities of snuff, was occupied at such intervals of leisure as his duties at the altar would allow, in squeezing down this tribe of refractory children into postures of devotion, picking them up, and setting them on end, as they tumbled and rolled about, like top-heavy nine-pins. As the evening came on, the time arrived when legitimate use might be made of these hammers; and accordingly men, women, and children, each produced a mallet, and with the assiduity of trunk-makers kept up an uninterrupted din on the wooden floor of the church, while the priests, by the light of numberless tapers, and as if they prayed by machinery, chanted their gruff service. The later it grew the more stunning did the din of hammers become, until at length it rose into a roar like the dock-yard clatter of coppering a ship's bottom, and forced us to escape into the open

air, and through several quiet streets, to a very different scene. At the end of a small church in the outskirts of the town, a few people had collected who were kneeling in perfect silence at the shrine. There were no hoarse priests nor growling music; the few men and women, in sombre clothing, knelt in the dim light, in attitudes of earnest prayer; every sound was hushed, the night was clear and calm, and the moon full and bright. On a black screen before the altar, the cross, ladder, nails, hammer, reed, sponge, with the cup, and a sprig of hyssop, were represented in wax; under which were an image of the Virgin Mary, and a figure of Christ lying in the tomb. The last, as a work of art, was good, and the wounds and blood had been represented in such a way as not to offend. It was seen through a gauze veil, by the light of a few tapers. On coming to the altar, a woman, anxious that we should see everything, lifted the veil from the body, which proved a signal to the small congregation to press forward for the privilege of a nearer view; and I shall not soon forget their earnest expressions of pain and sympathy on seeing the wounds. They gave vent to

their feelings in different ways; but all appeared affected, and it was impossible not to sympathise with them. I doubt whether any form of speech, which their language could afford, would have produced upon them so strong an effect as this waxen realization of the sufferings of Christ.*

* A similar custom exists among the Jews. Can it have been borrowed from them, and applied as a mark of detestation to Judas Iscariot instead of to Haman? "The feast of Purim is celebrated on the 14th and 15th days of the month Adar, in commemoration of the deliverance of the Jews from the cruel machinations of Haman. On this occasion the entire book of Esther is read in the synagogues of the modern Jews. All Jews, of both sexes, and of every age, who are able to attend, are required to come to this feast, and to join in the reading. As often as the name of Haman occurs, the whole congregation clap their hands, stamp with their feet, and exclaim, 'Let his name be blotted out! May the memory of the wicked rot!' The children at the same time hiss, *and strike loudly on the forms with wooden hammers made for the purpose.*" Horne's Introduction to the Critical Study of the Holy Scriptures, vol. iii. p. 342, 2nd Ed. The month "Adar" synchronizes with the latter end of February and the beginning of March.

CHAPTER XII.

Don Quixote found that Don Diego's house was spacious, after the country fashion, having the arms of the family carved in rough stone over the great gates; the buttery in the court-yard, the cellar under the porch, and several earthen wine-jars placed round about it, which, being of the ware of Toboso, renewed the memory of his enchanted and metamorphosed Dulcinea. Here the author sets down all the particulars of Don Diego's house, describing all the furniture usually contained in the mansion of a gentleman that was both a farmer and rich.

Don Quixote, Part II. Book II. ch. 1, Jervis's translation.

Morgado's House.—Sick Poor.—Friar.—Children.—Cottage-literature. — Education. — Hospital. — Meals. — Mills. — Eastern Customs.

March 13.—A sick person who asked for assistance, was a paralytic old man, living two or three miles off at his country house, who sent a civil request that he might be allowed to call on us at any convenient time, or that, if we would

prefer calling on him, he would send asses for us. He is one of the Morgados, or owners of entailed estates of the island, has a family of children, and, in the estimation of the islanders, appears to be a wealthy man, and "the squire" of this part of St. Michael's. As the inside of his house would, in all probability, afford us more entertainment than an interview with him in our own, we paid him a visit the other day in his own abode. In the course of the ride, his servant, with that pardonable love of lying "for the honour of the family," which characterizes faithful old servants, from Caleb Balderson downwards, told us with solemnity, that his master spoke the English, French, and *American* languages with the same facility as he did the Portuguese.

The house of the old man, which, with its chapel and out-buildings, stands, according to the invariable fashion among the Azoreans, close to the road, is a long shambling range of buildings, in a state of bad repair; the mouldy walls, rusty balconies, faded doors, and grass-grown court-yard of which called to mind one of those melancholy houses in England described to be "in chancery,"—a place usually as fatal to the good appearance of the house, as to the coat and pantaloons of the suitor. The building, which

was long and narrow, was one story high, the basement being used as store-rooms, where corn, wine, and lumber, were stowed away in much confusion, while the first floor, containing a long suite of rooms, opening one into another, without any passage or gallery to connect them, and lighted by French windows, was used by the family and servants. The narrow court-yard in front was shut off from the road by a high stone wall, in the centre of which were the iron gates that admitted us to the house, and above them were armorial bearings roughly carved in black stone.

Two or three idle men and boys, in the common undress of the country,—linen trowsers, bare feet, tight jackets, and falling caps,—were lounging about the entrance, a brace of mongrel sporting dogs, "half wolf, half alligator," as Colonel Crockett might have said, were whining in their couples at the doorway, and large wine casks, smelling strongly of the wine, with empty baskets, water-pitchers, pack-saddles, bridles, and labourers' jackets, were piled round the bottom of the dirty stone staircase which led to the rooms above. At the top of the staircase, a servant, while he prepared another, showed us into a side room. This was a disorderly, unfinished place, like a

moderately empty broker's shop. Adjoining was an apartment of the same size, where half-a-dozen noisy servants were eating their dinner of stewed beans and Indian-corn bread, which was afterwards to be washed down with the contents of an ample flagon of wine that stood on the ground beside them.

The inner room where the patient was to be seen, (which adjoined this servants' hall,) seemed to be the drawing-room; and as the best apartment in the house of an Azorean country gentleman, it deserved a moment's perusal. Except that the coat of yellow sand was wanting, it somewhat resembled the common room of a neglected road-side English inn. There were, of course, neither carpets nor curtains, these being luxuries seldom met with, even among the wealthy inhabitants of the Azores. A more unattractive sitting-room could hardly have been conceived. The crazy windows, the rickety doors, edged with the dirt of master's and servants' hands, opening in the middle, and grating on the floor, with walls spotted by mildew, and a strong damp smell, (I could almost write a stronger word,) called to mind the rooms of the Villa Franca convent; and gave to the inside of the building, the same unwealthy

look of melancholy that was observable from the road. Add to these symptoms of dirty decay, also, the discoloured doors, — the weak and inefficient paint on which had once been white, but now had turned to yellow or black, or had soaked in, or flaked away, — the whitened walls, "picked out with green," — the three mirrors, black with damp, — the wretched prints of Don Pedro and his predecessors, hanging each awry, — the naked cane-bottomed chairs, squeezed into a row by an unwholesome horse-hair sofa, looking English and out of place; the hollow click of a lanky pendulum clock, three hours wrong, with painted face and gaudy figures to strike the quarters; and, last of all, the heavy chest of bed-room drawers, crested with one dry and dusty goblet for gold fish; and some idea may be formed of the discomfort and ugliness of the Morgado's room.

The old man was paralytic; and his attendant's cheerful honest face, quick attention to his master's wants, lively eye, vigorous health, and robust frame, were in perfect contrast with the querulous impatience and dejected expression of the helpless invalid. We were subsequently told, that, although wealthy, he was rather a specimen of the past than of the present morgados of St. Michael's.

The front of the house faced the sea, and on the opposite side of the road was a square artificial pond, surrounded by so lofty a wall as almost to intercept a fine view of the coast and the ocean. Taste in building, when this house was planned, had certainly not extended to the island.

March 8.—The people here have found out my vocation; and as English medical men are much esteemed by the Azoreans, and there are none in this town, I am likely to see most of the diseases of any standing of the inhabitants of this part of St. Michael's. Our room in the morning is nearly filled, so that I am almost smothered in blue cloaks: some women sit on chairs, others on boxes and portmanteaus, which make the low seats they like, and a few squat on the ground. In the street there is a long line of asses, with their high pannels and bright "housings" of carpet. Some of the women are decorated with gold rings, and ear-rings, or imitation diamond ones of much size and glitter; but many of these live in huts with earthen floors, without glass windows, and share the room with pigs and chickens, who make as great a noise if they happen to be shut out when it is cold and wet, as if they were much wronged. The fees I get, whether from morgado or peasant,

are abundant thanks and blessings; such as, "I hope the peace of our Lord will rest upon you!" and "You have done this for the love of God." All the women, even the poorest, are quietly self-possessed, and very ceremonious; bowing at entering the room, on taking leave, and turning again to repeat the obeisance before they shut the door; all of which salutations are performed with cool deliberation. What with their ceremoniousness and slowness, they waste your time most unconcernedly. Time with them is without value; they think nothing of their own: they wait with exemplary patience, but, unfortunately, they estimate your moments as of just the same value.

March 9.—In our walk yesterday we were accosted by a slip-shod Friar. His dress did not indicate his order. He wore a dingy linen jacket, reddish-brown fustian trowsers, the extremities of which were tucked into the tops of old Wellington boots, with a hat of high antiquity, now napless and rusty; and his mouldy-looking beard, joined with a moist oystery eye and a nose of intemperate tendency to red, called to mind the Spanish proverb that "there 's many an old cloak that covers a good drinker." In his sitting-room were a few books:—a well-used

Breviary in four volumes, one or two Latin prayer-books, an almanack, and a Portuguese work on Christian morals. On some of the volumes was an ancient crop of green mould that had flourished for a length of time in perfect peace. A snuff-coloured cloak hung in flabby folds from the same peg with his hat and sea-green umbrella ; and below it a gallon flask of wine stood on the floor, with a goodly tumbler to drink it from. It had been made by his own hand from the grapes raised in his own garden, and was the best island-wine I had tasted in St. Michael's. He frothed it out from the flagon with a liberal hand, and with the expression of one who loved good wine, "comme fait tout homme de bien." He showed us every thing in his house, from his bacon and wine-casks to the plot of flowers and sweet-herbs in the corner of his garden, and led us even to his bed, spread upon a mat on the floor, which partook of much of the slovenliness and dirt of its owner. Within arm's reach of the pillow was the plainest, and indeed the only proof of our Friar's lingering attachment to the church, in the mouth of a London porter bottle, wherein was stuck, until by constant guttering it had glued and buttressed

itself to the neck, a stout fragment of one of the solid wax tapers from a neighbouring altar. Although his abode was destitute of comfort or neatness, there was at the same time no indication that the abolition of his order had plunged him into poverty.

He talked of England,—or rather of London, for that was his word for Great Britain; inquired with a sort of incredulous expression,—like Miss Tabitha Bramble when she asked the Scottish lieutenant if his Indian squaw was a Presbyterian,—whether the English believed in Jesus Christ? in the Holy Spirit? in the Conversion of St. Paul? and looked surprised when he was told that they did. He asked if we had confession, and on the reply being made "Yes, to God, not to priests," he took his Breviary, and at once referred to the texts which he considered confirmatory of his views of confession, and of the authority of St. Peter's successors. His knowledge of England was about as extensive as our ignorance of his native place; an ignorance participated in by a large class of persons, ecclesiastic as well as civil, within the compass of her Majesty's dominions. For example, (if indeed the reader of this sentence be not an

example) a clergyman, formerly appointed to the chaplaincy of these islands, on taking leave of his diocesan,—a learned bishop, since dead, one of the most "learned" on the bench,—was stopped at the study-door with the question, "One moment, my good sir; you must pardon my ignorance; but pray where *are* the Azores?" So, also, a grey-headed traveller gravely assured me that he had landed on one of these islands on his way to the Brazils. He had not time, he said, to see much of them; but they just landed at Teneriffe. A young lady, too, with characteristic fondness for a scarlet coat, asked "What regiment was quartered there, now?" and an old gentleman, an officer who had been through the Peninsular campaign, referred to his cyclopædia, and said he understood they were islands where there were no venomous reptiles, "no toads and that sort o' thing." Farther down the scale, a respectable seller of St. Michael's oranges, who was asked how the mail-bags were sent to the islands, civilly replied, that "he believed the letters went first to Lisbon by steam, and were then forwarded to St. Michael's overland." As this seemed unsatisfactory, application was made to the General Post-office in St. Marylebone,

when the man at the shutter, in his pert Jack-in-office way, answered, slapping to the slide, "The Azores are not in *our* list."

Our interview ended in a sturdy attack from the Friar on the unlawfulness of marriage among English clergy, pronounced with amusing gravity; and as the *fact* could not very well be denied, and he appeared to slight St. Paul's comparative approval of the marriage state, we ventured good-humoredly to remind him of the Catholic Padre in the Square, with his pleasant housekeeper and family of young children; and then left him at his door to digest the discrepancies between the theory and practice of a celibate life with priests of vigorous constitutions.

March 10.—This is an unexceptionable climate for children: those who can just walk, by supporting themselves with their hands, toddle about all day long, with their lower halves naked, their shirts being pulled up behind waist-high, and gathered into a knot; a fashion which suits the little ones of this town, whose stock of clothes seems, for the most part, to be confined to one shirt; and when this is washing the lively brown-skinned urchins run and jump about stark naked. The infants here, who are dressed in the same

loose way, form a singular contrast to those compact rolls of child-flesh to be seen on the backs of Swiss peasants; pins and swaddling clothes are never used, not because they are hurtful, but because they are dear. All the children seem kindly treated, and are allowed to amuse themselves as they list; that beautiful precept, being unconsciously followed; "Puisque le jour peut lui manquer, laissons le un peu jouir de l'Aurore."

We looked into a church in passing this afternoon; it was dark and gloomy, candles were burning before an altar, and a few scattered men and women knelt on the pavement. The effect was solemn and serious, but was sadly marred by their setting up a loud, discordant, and grating chant. It was probably the piteous and dismal chant intended to express the fear which was felt by the Apostles when our Lord was seized, which is ordered in the services of the Romish church during Passion week. It was somewhat like the funeral howl of the Irish.

March 11.—The poor show much taste in some things. The washerwoman strews the clean linen with orange flowers; and a countryman, as a mark of gratitude, brought me to-day a small basket of eggs, which he had placed among roses.

The usual exclamation of the poor, on seeing our tables covered with a few, a very few, books and papers, and writing and drawing materials, is, "How many things! How many things!" We found the reason of this on going into the houses even of the richer inhabitants. The Azoreans are not yet a reading people, and the absence of books, papers, writing materials, and everything connected with literature, is in striking contrast with England. In the cottages of the poor you never meet with ballads, which even a century ago, were the belles-lettres literature of English cottages, but have since given way to Bibles and tracts, not to speak of questionable fruits of that great tree of good and evil. In the rooms of those above the poor the furniture usually consists of a multitude of cane-bottomed chairs, arranged close together round the room, with a bare table in similar proximity to the wall; the floors are carpetless, and the rooms large; the windows open on balconies and have no curtains; and as fires are not used, the blankness of the bare walls is increased by the absence of a fireplace. In some houses a few engravings of saints or of departed kings of Portugal and Brazil are to be seen, with a lithograph of Don Pedro, and of Don Pedro dying, amidst a crowd of men and

women, in all the forms and modes and shows of grief into which the endeavouring artist can put them; but others of the island families who furnish their houses after European fashions, are much in advance of these. Their children are educated; some of them talk French and English, and read in their own language the "Panorama," a well-conducted "Penny Magazine," published in Lisbon, as well as French translations of some of Walter Scott's novels. In addition to these sources of information, two weekly newspapers are published in the principal town, which convey to their different readers both the foreign news of the day and much personal scandal. Some of the younger branches of these families have been sent to England and France, and bring back French boots, and English coats, as well as "more enlarged" views and wants. Indeed, among the wealthier classes, a wish to give their children a good education is so general, that the foolish conduct of one of their number (a morgado of considerable wealth), who will not have his daughters taught to read for fear they should imbibe bad notions, nor to write lest they might indite clandestine love-letters, is a subject of unqualified condemnation.

March 14.—To-day we have seen the hospital.

The building was formerly a convent; but the government of Don Pedro, instead of selling, very wisely converted it to its present use.

In the absence of the hospital surgeon, who, having been appointed and paid by the Crown, is quietly spending his winter at Lisbon, a young man, who was preparing for the priesthood, and undermining his health by sitting still and acquiring imperfect French and Latin, showed us over the place. There are two excellent wards, lofty and tolerably clean, one of which is occupied by men, and has, at present, twenty patients, with beds for a dozen more; and the other, of equal size, is occupied by seven women. One of the inmates was a lad with leprosy,* which, though so common a disease in the neighbouring island of Madeira that a lazar-house has been purposely built for the reception of those afflicted with it, is by no means frequently met with here. The entire stock of medicines for use in this Villa Franca hospital was contained in a scanty row of vials on the shelves of a small cupboard. An English hypochondriac might have swallowed the contents of the whole of them in a single week.

March 15.—The hours at which the meals of the poor are taken here seem to correspond with

* Elephantiasis tuberculata.

those of the ancient Romans. Like all nations, that are not wealthy and live in warm climates, the poor go to bed when the sun goes down, and get up when he rises, — they cannot afford to be "lucifugæ." If you walk through the town after dark, you see no light beneath the doors or window-shutters of the houses of the poor, and in not many of those above them. Their principal meal, indeed the only one they sit down to, is their supper, — their "cœna," at about six o'clock, or later in summer. It consists chiefly of boiled vegetables. The dinner, like the "prandium" of the Romans, is eaten standing. It is a piece of Indian-corn bread, and a pod of capsicum to make it savoury, such a meal as Seneca would not have washed his hands after, "post quod non sunt lavandæ manus," for, like Seneca, they use their fingers; and knives and forks are seldom seen. If the weather is stormy, and the fishermen cannot work, neither then do they eat. I shall not soon forget Thomazia's surprised look, when, on inquiring for one of her boys, I asked whether he was at dinner. "He has no dinner but a bit of bread," was her answer. Sometimes the fishermen take their full meal in the middle of the day, and fast at supper-time. They have no breakfast, worthy of the name. Even the richer classes

hereabouts eat little or no breakfast; the women of the family may drink a cup of tea or coffee and a biscuit, answering to the "jentaculum" of the ancients; and they make up for this abstinence in the morning by two large meals, — dinner and supper, after both which they sleep.

March 16. — There are many water-mills in the neighbourhood for grinding corn. Their construction is primitive. A horizontal water-wheel, immediately beneath the small building, is connected by a straight axle with the millstone above. The millstones are made of the most porous, (or scoriaceous,) basaltic lava, — a rock which is superlatively hard, although its cut surface is honeycombed. On this account it is exceedingly well-adapted for grinding, much better, I should think, than the notched millstones used where this kind of rock cannot be obtained. The stream of water to turn the wheel is conducted (sometimes for a considerable distance) in small aqueducts; — narrow, open, stone channels, about a foot and a half square, raised several feet above the ground (when necessary) by walls of stone, which, as they speedily become overgrown with moss, are soon deprived of their original formality. The stream of water rushes from the end of the aqueduct, and falls from a considerable

height on the flat wheel below, which usually stands exposed under the arched foundation of the mill. Being slightly concave, and provided with small notches radiating from its centre to its circumference, the wheel spins round with much velocity by the force of the falling water, and, in so doing, spirts the stream with boisterous splashing and hubbub in a circle round the axle, and revolves the millstone (which is simply fixed to the opposite end of the spindle) with corresponding velocity. Women occasionally attend to the mill, and groups are often to be seen squatting on the ground within it, or at the door, chatting and laughing, or patiently waiting until their turn comes for grinding the cloth-full of maize, which they have brought upon their heads.

The poor sometimes make use of a hand-mill for grinding maize in their own houses. It consists of two small millstones, made of this same cellular rock, each about two feet in diameter, and from four to six inches thick. A mat and a cloth are spread on the floor, and in the centre is placed one of the stones, which is stationary; the other, which is put upon it, has two wooden handles fixed perpendicularly into its upper surface, and is furnished with a hole in the centre, which is filled from time to time with the corn. Two women

sit upon the ground opposite to each other, each taking hold of the wooden handle opposite to her; they then rotate the stone very rapidly, and the yellow flour escapes at the edges, and is caught on the cloth. Here is another instance of the similarity of the customs of this island with those of the East: "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left."

Another eastern custom is that of clapping the hands when you wish to call a servant or an acquaintance. As there are no such things as bells fixed in the houses, and only a sprinkling of knockers, it is not uncommon for a caller to clap his hands at the bottom of the stone staircase, until a servant appears on the landing.

The use of embroidered handkerchiefs is likewise oriental. Doves, hearts, Cupids, wreaths of flowers, and love mottoes, are commonly embroidered on muslin handkerchiefs, and worn by young men and young women. There are many other peculiarities, recalling habits and customs which poems and tales have made even those who have never been in the East familiar with. The sumptuous gilding of the mosques is emulated in some of the churches here, in a style which, considering the comparative poverty and insignificance of the islands, may almost merit

the same epithet; showing a similar disposition to that waste of ornament and labour which marks all the works of the orientalists. Then the wearing of charms by all, the love of costly gold earrings and other gold ornaments, even amongst the poor, and the habit (which until within a few years was universal) of sitting cross-legged on mats upon the floor, are all equally oriental. There is also the same love of rhyming, in which the Arabs still delight. Balls (as they call them) are very frequent in the cottages of the poor, and one of the dancers accompanies the guitar with an extemporaneous song, in which the performer contrives to versify in doggrel rhyme, the topic of the day, or some circumstance which is passing at the time.

March 21.—The orange trees are now covered with their light-green spring shoots, and with bloom. Their delicate waxy flowers make the air passing sweet, particularly in the evening, when they diffuse their delectable fragance to a great distance. It is one of the most perfect of scents; sweet and almost luscious, yet uncloying: if elegance is applicable to odours, the orange flowers deserve it. On many trees the new flowers and the ripe fruit hang together.

CHAPTER XIII.

Many a courtesy
That sought no recompense, and met with none
But in the swell of heart with which it came,
Have I experienced; not a cabin door,
Go where I would, but opened with a smile.

ROGERS.

Villa Franca.—Baths.—Cheap living.—Overwhelming of Villa Franca.—Discovery of the Azores by the Portuguese.—Origin of the name Azores. — Post-office peculation. — Orange gardens.—Nun.—Vegetation.—Hair-dressing.—Nicknames.—Leaving Villa Franca for the other islands.

MARCH 22.—One of the many conveniences of this town of Villa Franca to invalids is, that baths of the mineral waters of the Furnas can be procured during the winter, when a residence in the valley is out of the question. I have a hot bath from thence every morning. A man brings the water in barrels on an ass, and

as it is at the boiling point at its source, it reaches this place at from 100° to 110° Fah., so that I am often obliged to wait until it is cooler.

The Furnas is about twelve miles off, — four hours' journey, — and the path is up and down the sides of steep, and at night most gloomy and lonesome, mountains. The man goes from this town, and brings me the water, for rather less than eighteen-pence each bath.

A heavenly day, worth all the winters of an octogenarian, — and, if he has known what the condition of body is that makes a man "tremble at an east wind," worth many of his summers too.

March 23.—This is the place for cheap living, though not for an epicure. We live chiefly on poultry, fish, and eggs, so that our dinners have about the same variety as Harry the Fourth's suppers, — poulets à la broche, poulets en ragout, poulets en hâchis, poulets en fricassées. Poultry is very abundant: fowls, one shilling; chickens, sixpence; ducks, one shilling and sixpence, of the Muscovy breed, with a round and angry patch of red flesh, like the wattle of a turkey, encircling their eyes; they waddle in the streets and before cottages, looking like debauched, in-

temperate fowl; but the poor here are so anti-commercial in their notions, that they rarely will sell them. Bread is two-pence a loaf, weighing about a pound; beef and mutton, such as they are, may be procured from Ponta Delgada at three-pence a pound. Hams, four-pence a pound. Eggs, three and four a penny. Milk, two-pence a pint. Butter, one shilling a pound. A fish, the size of a two-pound trout, is three-pence or four-pence, according to the market; but the fish is washy and mediocre. Servants' wages are very low, so are porters', messengers', and any services requiring the mere human strength of arms or legs. We hire a woman-servant to officiate as cook, bed-maker, &c. (which consumes all her time,) for four shillings a week. The hire of a man-servant in the house (who will live upon Indian-corn bread) is eight shillings a month. Fire-wood is cheap. The wine ("Vin du pays,"—genuine juice of the grape, but not palatable or drinkable, except occasionally,) is two-pence a bottle; "a pot o' the smallest ale" would be more acceptable. A sweeter wine, called "passado," may be had from Fayal for a trifle. Good tea is more expensive than in England, but is very good; so is the chocolate.

The common tea is bad. Coffee is very fine and reasonable.

There is a tradition that this town was formerly the principal one in the island, but that it was almost wholly destroyed by one of those "écroulements" which sometimes happen in mountainous countries, the mountain suddenly slipping from its place;—almost literally fulfilling the strong metaphor of the Psalmist: "The mountains skipped like rams." Such a slip took place in Switzerland in 1806, when Mount Rusfi gave way, and in five minutes completely overwhelmed a fertile valley, adorned with little villages, and full of secure and happy farmers. The torrent of earth and stones was more rapid than that of lava, and its effects were as irresistible and terrible. The tradition that a somewhat similar cause overwhelmed Villa Franca, is partly confirmed by the fact of buildings being occasionally found very far below the surface. It is said, also, that an iron ring, such as boats were fastened to, was discovered attached to a post or stone beneath the ground, some way inland. In one of the deep lanes, a considerable distance from the shore, there is a stratum containing pumice pebbles, which seem to have been

rounded by the action of the waves. Of course, in this volcanic country, an earthquake or a volcanic eruption might have been the cause, though the traditionary one is not improbable. A small white church on the top of a neighbouring mountain, called "Our Lady of Peace," was built, like the church of St. Maria della Salute at Venice, as a peace-offering, by the survivors.

March 24.—To-day, the atmosphere being particularly clear, the Island of St. Mary (which is about sixty miles off) is distinctly visible, rising high out of the water, and of the light blue colour which is given by great distance. Most observers of the weather are aware that a peculiarly clear state of the atmosphere, which causes distant objects to look nearer and more distinct, often precedes rain. Here the people foretell rain, when they can see St. Mary's; and since we have been here, the prognostic has proved correct. This Island of St. Mary was the first of the group which was colonized by the Portuguese; but according to Candido Lusitano, a Portuguese author, their existence had been previously known, and laid down in a map. The Portuguese, it is said, became acquainted with

them in the following manner :—Don Pedro, one of the sons of Don John I. of Portugal, set out on his travels in 1424, and returned in 1428. In the course of his wanderings he visited the courts of the Grand Turk and of the Sultan of Babylon, from whence he returned to Rome, and proceeding thence to the Court of the Emperor Sigismond, he visited Hungary, Denmark, and England, where he was invested by Henry VI. with the Order of the Garter. He was also well received by the Kings of Spain and Arragon. The tradition is that he became possessed, while pursuing his travels, of a map of the world ; that he brought the treasure home with him and presented it to Don Henry his brother ; that Don Henry discovering in it unknown territories, directed his subject, Francisco Gonzalo Velho Cabral, "to sail towards the setting sun, and on discovering an island to return with an account of it." Cabral obeyed his orders, but finding nothing but a cluster of rocks which he called Formigas, or Ants, he returned to Portugal with much disappointment. The Prince, however, having confidence in his map, despatched him again the following year. Accordingly he once more set sail, and on the 15th of August 1432

discovered an island which he named Santa Maria. The Prince was delighted, and conferred the lordship of it on the discoverer. "Some persons," says Lusitano, "were inclined to attribute the confidence with which the Prince spoke to divine inspiration; but, for my part, I am rather inclined to the Prince's having received from Don Pedro, on his return from his travels, *a map of the world.*" Where this map could have been procured is doubtful. Venice was rich in maps of all the known world. But the earliest is thought to be that of Andrea Bianco in the library of St. Mark, dated 1436, and on which all the Western Islands are laid down.

It was not until several years after St. Mary's had been colonized, that a Negro who had run away from his master discovered from the top of a mountain another island. The truth of the story was soon ascertained, and communicated to the Prince, who "found that the thing agreed with his old map." On the 8th of May 1444 Cabral landed on this island, and gave it the name of St. Michael's. The other islands were discovered as a matter of course. They were all without human inhabitants, and from their abounding with hawks were called Azores or

Hawk Islands. Such is the account given by Lusitano in his life of Don Henry, third son of John I. of Portugal, and for it I am indebted to a writer in the "Quarterly Review," for 1814, who appears to have been well-read in Portuguese history, and was personally acquainted with these islands. He is reviewing a "History of the Azores," a fair and full-sized quarto, hot-pressed, cream-coloured, and dedicated to the Earl of Moira by "Captain F. A. of *the* Light Dragoons;" and the reviewer takes more pains to prove the book to be trash, than perhaps he would have done had he known its history. He suspects it is the compilation of one of those gentlemen who write travels by the fire-side, and perform their voyages up "four pairs of stairs;" but he is wrong. The writer, according to tradition here, was an unprincipled, roving, military man, who visited the islands many years ago, and spent some little time at St. Michael's. After various adventures in several parts of the globe, he found a resting-place in the King's Bench prison; and to employ himself profitably in his confinement wrote this history, in which, without the slightest regard for truth or any fear of detection, he seems to have indulged his own

taste for humbug, whilst providing such a book-ful of wonders as would have suited most novel readers, before Walter Scott improved their tastes. It is a bombastic fiction, founded on a few facts; somewhat amusing when read on the spot, from the cool impudence of the writer, who takes for granted in every page the enormous gullibility of his readers.

March 25.—A lad on an ass, bringing a parcel of home letters, which had arrived at Ponta Delgada yesterday, arrived here at day-break, and assiduously rapped against the windows until he had roused us. Such of the letters as came by a ship direct from England were three weeks old, but there were others which had been sent through the Post-office to Lisbon, and they had been *four months* on their passage. The post-office keeper in this island is a most vexatious knave: he has farmed the office for a certain term, and having, probably, like his brother Autolycus, "flown over many professions till he hath settled only in a rogue," he seems resolved to make as much from it as possible. He therefore has insisted that all English newspapers, which are brought gratuitously by English vessels, shall pay by weight, so that we are charged for any

which get into his possession as much as the papers themselves cost in England. There is a parcel of newspapers now waiting for us, at the post-office, for merely getting possession of which this fellow has the impudence to charge two guineas; and this, too, in the teeth of a regulation agreed on by the English and Portuguese governments, that a postage not exceeding a halfpenny shall be charged for each paper.*

One of the advantages of this island as a place of residence, is the constant intercourse with England during the orange season, that is, from December to April. You may write to England every week, and hear from it at least every fortnight; that is, if your letters are sent through a London merchant's house, and are not entrusted to the post-office.

March 26.—Accompanied Senhor B—— to several of his orange gardens in the town. Many of the trees in one garden were a hundred years old, still bearing plentifully, a highly-prized thin-skinned orange, full of juice and free from pips.

* We have been since informed by a Portuguese gentleman of rank, holding office under the present Portuguese government, that if this post-master's knavery were reported in the proper quarter, he would be deprived of his situation.

The thinness of the rind of a St. Michael's orange and its freedom from pips, depend on the age of the tree. The young trees, when in full vigour, bear fruit with a thick pulpy rind and an abundance of seeds; but as the vigour of the plant declines the peel becomes thinner, and the seeds gradually diminish in number until they disappear altogether. Thus the oranges that we esteem the most, are the produce of barren trees, and those which we consider the least palatable, come from plants in full vigour.

Our friend was increasing the number of his trees by layers. These usually take root at the end of two years. They are then cut off from the parent stem, and are vigorous young trees four feet high. The process of raising from seed is seldom, if ever, adopted in the Azores, on account of the very slow growth of the trees so raised. Such plants, however, are far less liable to the inroads of a worm which attacks the roots of the trees raised from layers; and frequently proves very destructive to them. The seed or "pip" of the acid orange, which we call Seville, with the sweeter kind grafted upon it, is said to produce fruit of the finest flavour. In one small garden eight trees were pointed out which had borne

for two successive years a crop of oranges which was sold for thirty pounds.

March 27.—Went this afternoon to see a sick Nun. Her rooms were ornamented with a multitude of small images of saints, in glass cases and glazed lanterns. Her habits are perhaps a specimen of those of the middle classes here. She rose as early as six, took a very light meal at eight, hardly deserving the name of breakfast, dined at twelve on vegetables, bread, fish or fowl, with wine, supped substantially on the same kind of eatables at eight, and went to bed soon after the evening meal. Since the Nuns were ejected from their convents they have been pensioned by government, and those I have met with seem to be in comfortable circumstances. She was elderly and stout, by no means coming up to the ideal of poetasters and books of beauty.

April 3. — Broad-beans in full bloom, scenting the air in all directions; yellow broom in full flower, so also the evergreen honey-suckle, roses, flax (in one field), orange-trees, lemons, limes, (lime-punch limes, not those "at eve distilling odours,") nettles, strawberries, fuchsias (in the convent-garden), and in sheltered spots the fig and vine in full leaf, and in other places

thinly leaved. This is the state of vegetation in Villa Franca on the third of April. Lupines are also in full blossom. These are used in their green state for manure; by being ploughed into the soil when they have grown from one to two feet in height. They also serve, like vetches in England, as green fodder for cattle. The beans, after being sodden in boiling water, are eaten by the peasants in the same manner as they are by the Italians of the present day, and were by the Roman peasants in the days of Pliny. In addition to these, there are spring onions, lettuces, and good green peas. Vegetation goes on with great rapidity; a field which a fortnight ago was ploughed and immediately after sown with wheat, is now green; and the flax-crops grow like seeds in a hot-house. The flax is a beautiful crop at this season of the year; the colour of the leaves a light, pale, tender green; the plants themselves slender and delicate; like feathers bending their heads towards evening in graceful curves, with light blue flowers like the hare-bell.

* * * * * *

The processions and jingle of bells, with the eating and drinking of Easter-tide, have passed

by; and we have not been forgotten. We have had presents of that description so highly prized by Charles Lamb, "the digestible;" which, agreeably to the custom of the place, are distributed between persons of all grades, at this period of the year. Amongst others, Thomazia, with an air of triumph, put down on our breakfast-table a present of her own manufacture. Three eggs were set in a solid bed of sweet dough, and being secured and partly covered by a pair of handles, were strapped down with a band, baked a goodly brown, and slightly perfumed with frankincense. Biscuits and pancakes are also sent as presents, and every child you see is munching one of them.

Watched and sketched some women dressing their hair. They take considerable pains in the process, and sit in pairs in their door-ways while they go through their toilet. A part of this consists in such searching examination of the the head of one good woman, by the damsel who sits by her side, as may be seen performed with grave humour by one monkey in the fur and skin of another; and it seems in general not to be a fruitless examination, but attended with the like fatal results. When this preliminary has

been properly performed, the hair is combed and larded, with what is called in England "bear's grease," and in St. Michael's *manteiga dos porcos*, "butter of pigs;" and being smoothed, and glossed, and plaited, but not brushed, is braided over the forehead with simple good taste, and gathered into a knot behind.

April 7, Sunday.—Our neighbour Francisca, who suffers much and long from a bad husband, has apparently been undergoing her usual Sunday morning torments,—her husband being at home for the day. From his irregular Satanic temper he is not inappropriately called by the townspeople Francisco do *Diabo*. This habit of nicknaming is very common among all ranks of people in these islands; and thus the poor, who generally have no surname, not unfrequently acquire some fitting nickname, which, if once appropriate, sticks to them and their heirs for ever, with the same tenacity that Sheepshanks, Ramsbottom, or Hog, has stuck to the well-made and temperate heirs of crooked or greedy Englishmen. Thus it has been with Antonio Bicho. Bicho, in Portuguese, signifies a worm, and more generally all kinds of small vermin: this was applied to Antonio's father, either on account

of his complexion, a reddish brown like an earth-worm, or from his having been a *mauvais sujet*, the Portuguese synonyme of which is "worm." On this point, however, the native genealogists are doubtful; but be this as it may, it is now applicable to the complexion only of the present possessor, who is a worthy upright fellow enough. Our thin, wiry, elastic ass-driver "Spider,"—Aranha—was so called from his spider-like look, and the name has stuck to him and to his children. The amiable, tranquil old man at the Furnas, being, like Sancho, "a peaceable tame quiet man," was called "John Quiet" by his master, and he and his children and grandchildren are known by no other name.

Two Christian names are not uncommon among the women, and the addition of Jésus or the name of a saint is generally made, as Thomazia de Jésus. The wealthy, however, add name to name, until at length when you approach the throne and a royal infant is to be baptized, it takes the breathless priest (say the newspapers) a tedious half hour to stammer through his foolish list of "Christian" names.

April 9.—At length, as the weather is sufficiently settled to make it pleasant to knock

about between island and island, we have determined to start for Fayal by the next vessel which sails. Accordingly we paid a visit yesterday to the municipal chamber of the town to procure passports; for as small jealousies exist between one island and another, we were recommended to provide ourselves with these, to avoid unpleasant hindrances. The process occupied rather more than one hour, talking included. This is the Villa Franca fashion of getting through business. There were no copper-plate forms, ready-made to fill in, or sharp clerks to return short answers, or red-tape alacrity; nothing to indicate that time was a commodity, or that, if it was one, it was worth saving; but, on the contrary, a pair of leisure men, able and willing to gossip with you for any length of time, and full of politeness, courtesy, and curiosity. While the passport was copied from a greasy duplicate, one of these leisure men detailed all the distressing symptoms of his dyspepsia in a limping mixture of English, Portuguese, and French; politely refused the customary payment for the passport, went through the necessary bows at parting, and wished us a pleasant voyage among the islands and a safe return to the baths.

We shall leave Villa Franca with something like regret. We know every one in the town, and the insides of half the cottages; and in every degree of rank in the place, from the Morgado in the square to the poorest cottager in the outskirts, we have met with cheerful, unvarying civility. The substantial kindness of our good friend Mr. Hickling also, whose hospitality has supplied us with an excellent house during the whole of our stay at Villa Franca, deserves a warmer expression of thanks than it would be agreeable to him to read in these pages.

CHAPTER XIV.

Here scatter'd like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrass'd look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer.
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!

WORDSWORTH.

Caldeiras Ribeira Grande. — Maria. — Bathing. — Manoel Pascheco. — Caldeira Velha. — Starting for Fayal.

APRIL 13, Saturday night.—On Wednesday morning, which was as bright a day as ever

shone, we at length bade adieu to the town of Villa Franca, and started with our ass-driver "Spider" and his active Jacks, for the caldeiras at Ribeira Grande. We had a large party to see us off. There were as many as twenty patients on the stair-case, clamouring Senhor Medico for advice, and mixing noisy thanks with entreaties as they pressed upon him, when he came into the street. "Spider" and his men were strapping beds, baskets, carpet-bags, and hat-boxes on the back of one grunting ass, which, as he was swayed backwards and forwards by the vehement tugs of his master, scraped acquaintance with five or six other Jacks, patiently waiting for their sick riders on the shady side of the way. Thomazia looked sad as she said her last "viva;" her gipsy-faced daughter, with a brown bantling in her arms, taught the child to make its little bow; a group at the bottom of the street waved their hands with their parting "vivas;" several heads bowed and viva'd from as many balconies and doors; the asses clattered over the paved streets, with a sharp iron jingle; the good-tempered Nun, from her wooden balcony, gave a cordial good-b'ye, and asked rapidly when we should return; others whom we passed,

made like inquiries of our hasty drivers, until at length, the fountain and church being passed, and the stream crossed, having threaded along the deep pumice lanes, and sandy sea-shore, and stony cliffs, and sudden defile on the old road to Villa Franca, we turned inland in a northerly direction, towards the town of Ribeira Grande. The road and lanes through which we passed, bore a very English aspect. They were edged with turf and brambles, carved into deep ruts, and hedged in with grass banks, on which grew willows and bramble-bushes, with lank grass, and occasional fringes of fern, just as may be seen in rough drives and lanes at home. Near Ribeira Grande, we came to a valley filled with rugged lava turned grey with lichens, which stretched before our path for a couple of miles in a westerly direction, having cultivated ground behind it, and in the distance a long line of truncated conical hills, and the dim mountains of the "Seven Cities." Except that they were on a smaller scale, and composed of volcanic formations, these grey ruins must have borne a strong resemblance to the barren portion of the valley of the Mississippi, (described in De Tocqueville's first volume on America,) where, "as you

approach the mountains, the soil becomes more and more unequal and sterile ; the ground is, as it were, pierced in a thousand places by primitive rocks, which appear like the bones of a skeleton, whose flesh is partly consumed: the surface of the ground being covered with huge irregular masses of stone, among which a few plants force their growth, and give the appearance of a green field, covered with the ruins of a vast edifice." Such was the impression produced by this St. Michael's valley of stones.

The day being hot and clear, the distant mountains were softened down by a light blue mist, which blended their tops with the sky; and the calm Atlantic glistening in the sun, except where flaws of wind had turned it a deep blue, swung heavily to and fro, and seemed as hot and lazy as every thing on shore. Nearer the town we passed a small green common, where a few sheep were calmly nibbling their afternoon meal ; and leaving them we came to a lively flock of long-horned black goats, which clambered along the steep banks of the narrow lane, starting, jumping, and shaking their beards, when disturbed by the scuffle of our asses ; or waiting higher up to scratch an ear with a hind

leg, or to take an impudent and self-satisfied look at our movements down below. These goats, which have singularly long and pointed horns, are kept in considerable numbers among the mountains of the Furnas, where small cheeses are made from their milk. Smaller flocks may also occasionally be seen in other parts of the island. Almost as soon as the drowsy tinkle of their bells had become indistinct, we turned into a broader road, and entered the outskirts of Ribeira Grande.

Little business seemed to be going on in the town, the streets of which were wider and cleaner than those in Ponta Delgada, and the houses better kept. A priest or two, in scanty black petticoats, an idle group hanging over and leaning against the parapet wall of the bridge, a linen-draper, in his orange-coloured jacket, gaping in his doorway, a tribe of men eating parched beans at the wine-shop, a lazy Morgado leaning over his balcony in dingy shirt sleeves, asses, pigs, cocks and hens, begirt by their soft lemon-coloured broods, with the dignified blue cloak of some "hussies of womankind," sauntering in the sun, were the same street accompaniments as we had left behind us at Villa Franca. The town,

however, appeared colder than Villa Franca, and the orange trees in the neighbourhood were more backward.

We found that the Caldeiras were three miles distant from Ribeira Grande, and that it was necessary to lay in such a stock of provender as might be required where nothing except goat's milk could be bought. The path which leads to the hot springs, passes along the bed of a mountain stream, and then diverges into a narrow way, between two hard walls composed of pumice, dust, and scoriæ, which rise above your head to a height of twenty and thirty feet, and, except where a rich red lichen grows upon them, are of a dull and gloomy stone colour. Having toiled along this narrow alley for upwards of a mile, we suddenly turned into open day-light, and found ourselves among cultivated ground, commanding a view of the town and the villages bordering upon it. Ribeira Grande lies close to the sea, in a plain which is shut in by a long series of conical hills, curving in an irregular semi-circle from shore to shore, east and west of the town. The Caldeiras are among the mountains forming this irregular curve; and until we came close to them, no habitation was to be seen.

They are placed in a small crater of an extinct volcano, round the sides of which some low and shabby houses have been built for the accommodation of persons who come for baths. At this season of the year they are tenantless; the dingy red doors and window-shutters are closed, the whitened walls are green with damp, and every thing is the picture of desolation. But there was in the midst of this dull seclusion a joyous specimen of humanity, who soon dispelled the dulness, and made this green wilderness a cheerful place. We had despatched our drivers, and had taken up our quarters in the house allotted to us; the man was clinking out the crockery into a bare, empty room, the wind howled and whistled through the crater, the deserted houses looked as dismal and blank as those of the city of the plague, wet mists hung about the very house-tops, and shut out every gleam of sunshine, a flock of sheep feeding, "like one," occasionally gave a mournful bleat; the homeless, outcast shepherd-boy, shrammed with the cold, sat, shivering through his rags, in the doorway of the baths, and now and then, like Wordsworth's dog, sent through the vale a "lonely cheer," when at length a woman's voice was

heard, and a moment afterwards was followed by the merry soul herself, who came laughing and singing into the room, dispersing to the four winds of heaven the whole host of dismals with which the place was peopled. Maria is her name, varied according to circumstances, and her own imagination, into "Maria of the Caldeiras," "the Child of the Mountains," "Maria the Shepherdess," and other such descriptive additions in suitable abundance. She is quite a girl, a lively and excitable being, with olive complexion, quick eyes, dark hair and fine teeth, dressed after a fashion of her own, in a round straw hat, lined with green silk, a smock-frock of printed cotton, (between a petticoat and shooting-jacket,) and across her shoulders she wears a white linen pocket, like a game-bag, wherein she carries the keys of the baths and houses of the Caldeiras. She has taught herself to play on a guitar; has an excellent ear, is a wonderful mimic both of French and English; and sang the Marseillaise, as she had heard it from the lips of a fat-throated Englishman, as cleverly as Matthews could have done it. She said that Senhor Some-one had endeavoured to persuade her to go to England, and try her fortune there; but nothing would

induce her to leave the Caldeiras, where, with her father, she will spend the remainder of her days. She could say a few words of English; and among them the emphatic sentence which expressed her determination never to leave St. Michael's; "Nāo, Senhor; me no go bode sheep; nāo, Senhor."

She is well fitted to be a guide to the beauties of the Caldeiras; and a more willing or more cheerful one it would be difficult to find. She directed us to a dripping cavern in the mountains, to which the islanders have given the appropriate name of Lagrimas, or Tears. The roof of the cave was lined with delicate ferns and fine moss, from the ends of which the purest water dripped and trickled, falling like rain upon a thick bed of moss, where it formed a small crystal rivulet, flowing down the mountain side into the Ribeira Grande, which pursued a noisier and rougher course, over stones and pebbles in the ravine, and, after passing through the town of that name, was lost in the sea. The spot was very solitary, except that the cheerful hum of the stream beneath our feet abated somewhat from its loneliness. But, besides this, there was nothing but the light morning sky, chequered with

thin mists, the sober green mountains, and the dull grey sheets of lava which intersected them. Even the few mountain paths, winding their lonely way up the sides of the ravine until they were hidden by the heath and box through which they passed, were destitute of a single ass, with his green burden and merry driver.

Maria and her father, and the old man who attends to the baths, are the only persons who live in the Caldeiras at this period of the winter. There is a very marked difference between the climate here and that at Villa Franca, or even at Ribeira Grande, which is dry and free from rain, while we are dripping from the cold mountain showers. In the summer-time the inhabitants of Ribeira Grande, who own houses in the crater, come here for the benefit of the baths, instead of going to the Furnas; and even now a party of noisy young men with towels in their pockets, have ridden over to the baths in the afternoon; and, after enlivening the spot with their own voices, and the congenial bray of their "dapples," have spread their towels on their own backs to dry, and have trotted back again.

The bath-house, which has been built by the town's-people at Ribeira Grande for the good of

the public, and is open at all hours of the day for their accommodation, is a long building, like a double coach-house, and is divided into four compartments, in each of which a bath, six feet by three, has been sunk in the floor. Each apartment is paved, and each bath lined with a rough, honeycombed, scoriaceous stone, which time and water, and the backs of bathers, have worn sufficiently smooth to suit all but the most fastidious skins. Above the baths is an oval pond of white mud, which is filled partly by hot water rising in the mud, and partly by means of hot, and tepid and cold springs in other parts of the crater, the waters of which are collected in a smaller pond, and let into the larger to warm, as occasion may require. When pond, number one, is filled for use, the contents resemble warm milk and water, wherein gas and steam are blowing constant bladders, which float lazily along the surface, and at length burst and form a creamy scum. Old Manoel Pascheco, the bathing-house keeper, who seems to belong as completely to the little crater in which he lives as if he had been cast up among the lava and pumice when the volcano was opened, is the person who officiates for you. He walks with

his hoe on his shoulder to a stone shutter in the larger pond, removes or loosens a plug, and draws off into a stone gutter the requisite quantum of liquor. He then retraces his steps to the bath-house, and, by the time he has arrived there, the stream, which has flowed along a small channel at the back of the building, is tumbling and frothing into the bath. Manoel doffs his roomy and untanned leather boots, descends into the water, and, with a rough broom of green heath, sweeps the sides and bottom of the bath, scrapes the grits into the corner, closes the hole with a turf and stone, hoists his knee over the edge, crawls out, takes his seat in the sun until such time as the bath shall be ready, and slowly resumes his boots. The bath being at length filled, he shuts up the plug, removes his carapuça, and politely tells you that your bath is ready, and, moreover, is a very good one. This is the process which old Manoel contentedly repeats day by day, as fresh bathers come to the springs; occupying the intervals of his daily labours by banking up the sides of his pond with mud and turf, keeping clear, with his well-worn hoe, the streams which supply his pond, gossiping with Maria and the work-people, eating his frugal

meal of Indian-corn bread and warm vegetables, and sitting in the sun twirling straws.

" Cur valle permutem Sabinâ
Divitias operosiores ?"

MANOEL PASCHECO AND MARIA.

The accommodations for bathers are coarse and clean, and, in this moderate climate, sufficient. In one corner of each room is a raised bench, on which you may dry and dress yourself. Manoel,

as he goes out, closes behind him a pair of tall folding-doors, having a semicircular opening above them, through which the light and wind find their way, and chinks which were not detected outside become apparent. But when you have subsided into your bath, you listen to the gusts of wind that sweep through the crater, and shake the tiles above your head, with the same feelings of complacent defiance with which you regard from a warm English bed the "windy suspirations" in your bed-room chimney-pots. The slight fanning of the wind upon your face, so far from being unpleasant, is an agreeable accompaniment; and as the sulphur-water stimulates the skin, and, instead of depressing in the least measure, invigorates the whole body, so as to make shivering impossible, you become quite insensible, on stepping out, to the few draughts and eddies that blow about the room.

The sulphur-waters of these Caldeiras are not so luxurious as those at the Furnas; and the supply is comparatively small and inefficient. They are more acid, and less soapy; but quite as invigorating. In taste they resemble smoky warm water which has been slightly acidulated. The acid which the waters contained seemed,

from the taste, to be free sulphuric acid, and thus they differ considerably from the sulphurous springs at the Furnas, which are alkaline; these corrugate the skin, instead of giving it the silky smoothness produced by the Furnas waters. I had no means of testing it, except by taste. Sulphuric acid does exist in a free state in a few mineral springs. One of these is in the mineral waters of Byron, Genessee county, ten miles south of the Erie canal, which are called there the "Sour springs." It also exists with free muriatic acid in the cascades of Vinaigre, in Columbia. The gases which rise from these Caldeiras are probably carbonic acid gas, with a small quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen; there is the "boiled egg" smell of the latter. The samples which we collected extinguished flame.

In addition to the sulphur springs, there is one strongly impregnated with iron, which supplies one bath. This may be taken at a higher temperature than the sulphur baths. It dyes the bottom and edges of the pond in which it rises a deep orange colour, and is extremely rough, and almost rasping to the skin.

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There is a set of small plates in this house, imported from England, or from the United States, with "Poor Richard's" aphorisms printed round the edges. These precepts must be to Azoreans, unintelligible philosophy. What can they imagine is the meaning of "Time is money?" A truth in America, (though degradingly stated,) but utterly false here. It would have been a better place for old Gonzalo to carry out his theories, than for Franklin.

> "Had I plantation of this isle, my Lord,
> And were the king of it, what would I do?
> No kind of traffic
> Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
> Letters should not be known; no use of service,
> Of riches, or of poverty;
> No occupation, all men idle, all;
> And women too.
> All things in common Nature should produce,
> Without sweat or endeavour."

Were such a "Lubberland" possible, it might be tried here; for, in some respects, it already comes up to the old man's model; in others, it may rather deserve the gibes of his companion, at the fate of the inhabitants of such a Utopia. But "no further seek their merits to disclose."

April 13.—To-day we have seen the Caldeira Velha, or Old Caldeira. Our jacks being pannelled, and their drivers carapuçaed, Maria bade us good morning in very fair English, and away we jogged for the mountains. This boiling caldron is situated in a direction S.W. of the Caldeiras, and, as the crow flies, is probably little more than two miles distant from them. But, in order to reach the spot on an ass, it is necessary to make a two hours' circuit through the mountains. After jerking along the path which leads to Ribeira Grande, and winding through fields bordered with stone walls, brambles, and tall canes, the asses turned into the gloomy pumice alley by the hole in the bank, and three minutes afterwards emerged into broad day-light on the other or southern side. The country here was fresh and green; the broad and rapid brook of Ribeira Grande, winding its way and sparkling as it went, sang a merry morning song in the valley, flew through lumps of lava, eddied under banks and slabs, and undermined the borders of the stream which had toppled and fallen into it in various places; and the broad-leaved evergreens that overhang the river, like other trees planted by rivers of water, were more than

usually verdant. A blue ploughman and two red oxen were tracing and retracing their steps across the distant field that bordered the shallow brawling ford by which we passed the stream; and after the drivers had stepped lightly from stone to stone, and the asses had paused, as they ever will pause, when once their feet are in cold water, and had strained and scrambled out of the brook, we threaded a rough path, through which, by great coaxing and goading, and steadying by the tail, the beasts were cautiously led, scuffled along field-paths and lava roads, and at length trotted over the open mountain ground, where heath, fern, and fine grass grew in fresh summer beauty. We then struck off to the right along a narrow path, which was to bring us to the object of our journey. Here we had the first intimation of the kind of place to which we were coming. A strong mule, followed by his barefooted and cheerful driver, (who ate his beans as he walked along,) and laden with a pair of reeking bean-sacks slung across his back, trotted through the green. The beans (which had been duly boiled in the sacks in the Caldeira) were now on their way to the town of Ribeira Grande to be eaten; and, as they passed us, the

hot steam which blew in our faces and enveloped the mule in a cloud of mist, had a savoury and farinaceous smell. The poor eat these beans in considerable quantities, and this is their economical way of cooking them. The Caldeira is situated beneath a perpendicular cliff on the southern side of the torn and irregular crater in which it stands. It is difficult to convey an idea of the place. It lies quite among the mountains, of which the broken edges of the crater may be said to form the peaks. Imagine a hollow cup-shaped crater to have been formed in what we may consider the ordinary way; by successive eruptions of lava and pumice, followed or preceded by showers of scoriæ, which, as they would have arranged themselves upon or about the walls, would have been heaped into pointed edges in some parts, and have fallen in hollows in others, would have been divided into sections, and have been sealed down or crusted over where the pot of lava had boiled up; and, as pumice and scoriæ again succeeded, and the caldron bubbled over once more, would have added fresh teeth to the already serrated border. At length the eruption has ended, and the whole bottom of the cup has been fastened up and flattened with

the rubbish, and skinned over with lava. Then must follow a swinging earthquake, the walls of the crater topple down and fall in, huge masses of lava, snapped off or crumbled down, roll in shivers upon the floor; a wide opening—the lip of the crater—is made towards the sea; and what was confused before becomes seven-fold more confused. Centuries elapse and all is clothed with green, except, indeed, the rough serrated masses of gray stone which appear through the heath on the south-east and west, and the craggy lumps which strew the bottom of the valley, and have no other covering than a small silver lichen. Springs and rivulets trickle down and form themselves into a stream, which, judging from its deep and torn bed, must sometimes be a torrent, and the water escapes over the lip of the crater into the lower ground, whence it finds its way into the broader stream of Ribeira Grande, and thence into the sea. At this opening we entered the crater of the Caldeira Velha, and here we left our asses, the men saying it was dangerous for them to go further on, as some beasts and men, they said, had died from the poisonous vapours; none of which, however, inconvenienced us. A cloud of

white steam rolled up from the boiler and dispersed over the mountains, but beyond this, and a solitary sea-gull, which sailed through the crater, and, after giving a peevish cry, sailed back again, there was nothing moving to attract our notice.

The Caldeira is a pool of white muddy water, thirty feet by twenty, not altogether unlike the smoking lime-pond which bricklayers make when preparing mortar for a house; and in nearly every part the water boils six inches and a foot above the surface, with the same waving motion which is observable on the top of any other boiling caldron, and accompanied by the same clouds of steam. No pumping or rumbling sounds like those at the Furnas are noticeable underground, but the caldeira hurries about and tumbles over in active ebullition with about the same bubbling hubbub which a brewer's copper, filled with brick-bats and water-gruel of a "thick and slab" consistency, might readily be supposed to make. Towards the edge the caldeira is shallow; and even in the centre, as far as we were able to sound it, it was not more than from two to three feet in depth. The water was a little below the boiling point. The eggs

which we cooked in it remained in the pot more than ten minutes; and were then in the semi-gelatinous state of *scalded* eggs; and on taking them out, the water was hot enough to scald the fingers. The perpendicular cliff above it, which rises to a height of about a hundred feet, and the soil for some distance round, are whitened with a sulphurous clay. There is a smell of sulphuretted hydrogen, and no vegetation very near to the caldeira survives. The stones in and near the water are coated with a white fur. The water does not flow over the edge of the caldeira in any abundance, and indeed while we were there no water escaped; but there were marks of its having done so in small quantities shortly before. This might have been occasioned by the rains of the previous day and night, which had swollen the neighbouring streams and swamped parts of the crater. The bottom appeared to be composed of loose lumps of lava through which the water was continually pumped out and sucked in; but in consequence of its muddy state it was not easy to ascertain through what medium the constant boiling action was kept up.

Through the broken edge or lip of the basin a faint view may be had of the distant town of

Ribeira Grande with the tall white tower of its Camera, or town-hall, and veil of wood smoke; and the scattered villages in the outskirts may also be seen, marked by their humble belfries of variegated black and white. The surf, too,—that never-failing accompaniment to a St. Michael's sea-view,—flickers to and fro upon the coast; and the ocean and the sky fill up the picture.

Sunday, April 14.—A message has just arrived from Ponta Delgada with the news that a Portuguese vessel sails to the Island of Fayal tomorrow. During the winter months communications between the islands are uncertain and few, but during the rest of the year there is more frequent intercourse.

FAYAL AND PICO.

CHAPTER XV.

Strenua nos exercet inertia, navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.

HOR.

Guide our Bark among the waves,
  Through the rocks our passage smooth,
Where the ocean frets and raves
  Let thy love its anger soothe,
All our hope is placed in Thee
  Miserere Domine!

WORDSWORTH.

Voyage to Fayal.—Passengers.—Cabin.—Tortoise.

ISLAND OF FAYAL, Horta, April 18.—At six o'clock on Monday evening (the 15th) we were put on board the vessel which brought us to this place. She was a rough schooner, belonging to the islands, of about sixty tons, crammed with passengers, and disorderly beyond measure.

The last of her cargo,—empty wine casks,—had been put on board, when we came alongside; the bulwarks at the gangway were still unshipped; and passengers' beds, trunks, chests, and hat-boxes, casks, ropes, spars, and sails, were scattered on the deck in all imaginable confusion. In the middle of these, upon his own chest, and guarding with watchful care his hat-box and bag, while at the same time he eyed ourselves, sat a stiff-necked Portuguese Jew. He wore over a red night-cap an American straw-hat with ample brim, and conical crown, which he had tied under his chin, with a bright green ribbon. Under the eaves of this hat were a shaggy pair of grizzled eye-brows, keen black eyes, stubby grey whiskers, blue beard, sallow cheeks, and long upper lip,—all expressive of sharp cunning. He spoke the broken English of a Jew upon the stage, and seemed from his questions to take a livelier interest in our movements, and the reasons for them, than he met with in return. By his side was another straw-hatted passenger, with a face as round and glossy as a Portugal onion, occupied like the Jew in cautiously defending his trunks and bed from the sailors. Presently a soldier, in soiled green regimentals;

a fat father, and his slim tripe-visaged son; the Custom-house officer, with long mustachios, gilt buttons, and blue coat, and a few friends to bid them good-b'ye, came on board. Then followed a few more men, a wasted soldier, apparently in the very last stage of a consumption, with his old grey coat hanging in loose folds about his limbs, accompanied by the captain in his gaudy shore dress. When all these piebald passengers, with their beds and baggage, had been tossed and tumbled upon deck, it may be well imagined what a mess we were in. The wind was blowing fresh from the N. E., the sky looked stormy; the sea was rough, and all were in a hurry to get under way. While the passengers came on board, the crew, consisting of half a dozen men and lads, sang a nasal song as they hauled up the anchor; and while hoisting the sails, indulged in the unruly noise, and fuss, and loud-talking that seems so natural to an Azorean sailor. Over all their voices, however, the captain's predominated; his commands were (after the manner of these talkative people) vehement and lengthy harangues, rapidly delivered with much action of his hands and stamping of his feet. He was a good-looking fellow, but his sea-dress

was a white handkerchief tied round his head, and a grey caped great-coat, like an English soldier's. The crew were, with one exception, ill-favoured raggamuffins, dressed in brown pea-jackets or long coats, reaching half way down the thighs, and tied round the middle with a rope or sash; all were without shoes and stockings, and as unsailorlike in look as a similar number of men would have been, chosen indiscriminately from an encampment of gypsies on an English common.

At last the Custom-house officer, with the visitors, went over the side; we slipped our hawser and set sail. The sun was going down, and with it the spirits and colours of the passengers. Then began lamentation and woe, and groanings, and sighings, and invocations to saints;—

> "Dire was the tossing, deep the groans! Despair
> Tended the sick."

The slim young man who had come on board with his father, looked full of fear and discomfort. He began the voyage by repeating some short ejaculatory prayers to God for a safe passage ("for folks in fear are apt to pray"), but he repeated them in so alarmed a key, that it

was difficult to bring yourself to think, he entertained any belief in their efficacy. They were said in the drawling, whining tone of chicken-hearted distrust. By his side the green-coated soldier hung over the side in tears, waving a red cotton pocket-handkerchief to his friends on shore. His face became tallowy, and he soon disappeared.

When the evening had closed in we followed him through a hole in the deck, by a short ladder conducting us into the middle of the cabin. It was ludicrously small, and as rough a place as a coarse weather-boarded wood-house. The unpainted, unfinished dirty boards,—none of the wood-work having been smoothed by a plane,—formed the most absolute yet entertaining contrast to the neat finish and complete cleanliness of the vessel we had last been in. Instead of the pale blue paint and French-polish of the berths and cabin of the English schooner, a shelf of rough wood ran round the cabin, two feet below the beam; and instead of the neat brass-fitted compass, there dangled a pound of tallow candles; a mouldy cask's head protruded from the hold in room of a bright mirror; and the head and shoulders of a dingy sound-sleeping Azorean

trader occupied the place of the grated and silken doors of the cabin bookcases. On the shelf the passengers' beds were stowed; and as the accommodation depended wholly on the numbers the captain chose to take (and he took as many as he could get), it is only reasonable to suppose that we were sailing with the usual complement of cabin passengers.

On one side of the cabin lay ourselves, two deep on the shelf; on the other were the father and his son; while on the transverse shelf snored a fifth, with his head to our feet, and his heels behind the heads of our opposite neighbours. The ladder had been removed, and on the floor one large bed was made up, in the middle of which, in full dress, lay the odoriferous Jew. On one side of him, a grimy, bony-faced Portuguese tossed and sweltered beneath the coverlet, with his coat off; and to match him on the other side, the slim mustachioed soldier slept in his green regimentals, as quietly as a child. Above the three was a supernumerary on the locker; his feet resting on the ends of one of the empty barrels which jutted into the cabin from the hold; while his head lay a couple of feet below his heels, bolstered up with a bundle and a basket.

In this position he slept through the night, and far into the morning, despite the rolling and pitching of the vessel, as soundly as any brewer at the back of his dray. The rest of the lockers were filled in with baskets, cloaks, bundles, a candlestick, and "the mail;" and above our heads, in the companion, amongst candles, brimstone, oil-cans, and cotton, the cabin lamp, with its iron crucifix, threw just sufficient light to reveal what I have described. But this was not quite all, for there was no division between the cabin and the hold. Now in the hold the poor consumptive soldier, who came as a deck passenger, had been stowed away for charity's sake; and there he lay coughing and moaning, and calling upon "Jésus" in very piteous tones (an invariable custom with the Azoreans under all circumstances of fear, embarrassment, distress, or even surprise). Notwithstanding these noises, I never slept more soundly.

The next morning was fine and clear; we were "slicing along 'twixt froth and foam," and the sea which was "well up" looked so brisk and refreshing, that I felt no wish for the voyage to come to an end. The Islands of Terceira and Graciosa were in the distance, and in the after-

noon we came in sight of Pico, and St. George's; Fayal being hidden by Pico. The appearance of Pico, which is a very lofty conical mountain, was singular. Its summit was above the clouds, which rested upon its sides in vast rolls; and the atmosphere above being clearer than that near the sea, the apex was of a blue black colour, much darker and apparently nearer than its base, which was shadowy and indistinct.

We lounged about on the empty casks, — sketched the sailors, — talked to the Jew, — watched the eggs while roasting, — made tea for ourselves and the qualmiest passengers, — fed the consumptive soldier with eggs and wine, — climbed in and out of the cabin, — watched two fowls that screamed in the stern sheets of the boat, as a tub rolled backwards and forwards, and endangered their lives, — saw them killed and picked, and turned into weak broth for the benefit of sailors and passengers, — and, finally, as the evening shades prevailed, scrambled down the companion, turned into the shelf, slept uninterruptedly through the night, rose the next morning, and found that we were under the lee of Pico, and had so little wind, in consequence,

as to be becalmed, and obliged to lower the boat and tow.

The day was passed much in the same way as the previous one. Every one had brought his own provisions, or trusted to come in for a share of what others had provided. These were cooked in a galley abaft the main-mast. The galley was a mere wooden box, open at the sides, lined with tin, and furnished with two holes in the top to let out the smoke. The fire was made of wood, the pot tilted on the embers, and the cook squatted by, blowing with his mouth from time to time, and sliding in fresh fuel as it was needed. Here he roasted eggs, made soup, and boiled water. There was no kind of discipline in the arrangement of the men. They obeyed their captain's orders, to be sure, in the management of the vessel, and never disputed them, any more than it seems the right of these sailors to do; but they chose their places on the deck just where it suited them, without regard to fore-castle or quarter-deck, or the convenience of passengers, or anything but their own pleasure; and as it happened that they preferred the stern to the fore-castle, the whole crew lay there,

in the warmest and most comfortable places, whistling, singing, laughing and talking, just as they pleased, no one daring or wishing to make them afraid.

In the early morning (for there was every inducement to early rising,) Pico was free from clouds, and finely bronzed with the early light. During the day the clouds hung about it like drapery, always changing. The coast appeared in the distance like a steep wall of black lava, and from its edge the land rose gradually to the summit of the mountain, which appeared to be coated with the same black lava, the lower part variegated with patches of delicate green, and dotted with white houses and cottages.

Numbers of the bladder Medusæ (physalia) floated about in the calm blue ocean; and their transparent oval bladders, tinged like the blue waters, sparkled in the sun with much brilliancy. They seemed to be passively enjoying themselves, and were as different from those which we found soiled with sand on the shore at Villa Franca, as a wreck is from a new vessel with all her sails set in a breeze.

While we were idly towing under this southern side of Pico, one of the sailors discovered a red-

dish lump floating on the water, without knowing at first what it was. It proved to be a turtle basking in the sun. The crew in the boat slipped their tow-line, and rowed very quietly round him, until they came alongside, when a man in the bows pounced on him, and turned him on his back in the boat. Like a moderate joke in a court of law, (especially if it come from the judge,) the taking of this turtle was a considerable excitement to us all. No turf-man ever watched the Derby with greater interest than we did this turtle-race; and when at last he was handed on board, the examination of him occupied a large share of our spare time. He was smaller and fiercer than those amiable beings which we turn into soup. When on his back, he showed an irritable contempt for his enemies, unlike the simple gestures of those innocent green-fatted creatures. Instead of just waving his fore-arms, and gently turning up a mild eye, as they do, he bit at every thing that came near him, — every instrument of annoyance with which the sailors and passengers pestered him,—with violent and savage anger. When his face was in repose he had a grave expression, somewhat akin to that of the princely eagles

caged in the gardens of the Zoological Society in London, whose look of haughty pride seems hardly broken by the years of dismal confinement to which, for the benefit of science and the delight of children, maid-servants, and Sunday fashionables, those noble birds have been subjected, for so many years. Moreover, our turtle had a hooked beak and bright irascible eye, which reminded me strongly of a melancholy vulture in those gardens, who pines his days away on a perch, looking either as if he had been confined there for insanity or had been driven mad by his imprisonment. But with the turtle's head his resemblance to vultures ended. His fore legs or fins were like the naked pinions of a plucked turkey, and these he flapped about in ungraceful fashion, while he struggled backwards with the hind legs as if he were swimming. A thoughtless cabin boy, by way of mitigating his imprisonment, then wedged him into a small bucket, and threw water on him. Poor fellow! he had exchanged the glorious liberty of the whole Atlantic Ocean for the cook's tub of a Portuguese schooner! At last he attracted no more attention, we were getting near to Fayal, and it was time to make arrange-

ments for landing; and, after struggling to get out of his tub, and finding how useless it was, he at length subsided into a semi-quiescent state and merely looked defiance at his persecutors.

Shaving and washing now began for the first time among the passengers; the Jew polished his dull boots; and dingy, lack-linen men, with worn elbows and greasy hats, were suddenly transmuted into smug citizens, decked out in the variegated frippery of Portuguese dress.

CHAPTER XVI.

The rocks and shores, the everlasting hills
Smiled in that joyful sunshine; they partook
The universal blessing.

WORDSWORTH.

Island of Fayal. — Horta. — Custom House. — Swine. — Pico Peasants. — Boarding-house. — College of Jesuits. — Church. — Lolling out of window. — Gardens. — Flemingos. — Orange Trees. — Grotesque Garden. — Market-place.

APRIL 19, Horta.—We dropped our heavy iron cable in the Bay of Horta about three in the afternoon; and as soon as it had jerked and clanked its way to the bottom, and the sails were furled, a boat put off from the shore to see that we had no disease or tobacco on board, and to give us leave to land. While this was doing we had an opportunity of examining the town of Horta, the appearance of which is more com-

manding than that of the other island towns we have visited. Its situation is the best that could have been chosen, both for commerce and natural beauty. The bay, besides being screened by high shores, has the Island of Pico in front; which, acting as a breakwater, secures the roadstead from southerly winds; while the more distant Island of St. George's gives protection against gales from the north-west, and makes the harbour of Fayal a place of greater security than can probably be found in the other islands. In this respect its advantages, as far as commerce is concerned, are considerable, and in point of natural beauty it is equally fortunate. The town of Horta (or rather the city, for Don Pedro made a city of it,) is built close to the shore. A long broad line of white chimneyless houses, among which churches, convents, and public buildings are conspicuous, extends the breadth of the bay. Behind this line, the houses which form the outskirts of the city are built among orange gardens and evergreens; beyond is the flat conical mountain into which the island rises, which, when we landed, was slightly shadowed by a canopy of clouds, and coloured bright by the warm afternoon sun, while in front of the city the water

of the bay, which in the afternoon sun was so tender a blue that it almost seemed to have a bloom upon it, rolls up on a sweeping beach of dark grey sand, divided towards the centre by a fort and landing steps, which project from the shore on a ridge of lava. On each side of the town, and of this sweeping beach, are the two bluff points of the bay. They rise high above the level of the town, and are richly covered with red and brown scoriæ and rough dark lava, upon which the sea and weather are constantly acting; —the sea, by washing down the loose cinders and showing a fresh red surface;—and the weather, by staining the lava and watering the lichens. One of these points, at the back of which is Port Pim, bears a considerable resemblance to the Island of Villa Franca at St. Michael's, both in shape and materials. It is composed of a dark brown tuff, very similar to that found in that island; the strata dip in like manner, and the rounded form of the hills, which are smoother and more regular than others near them, make the resemblance more striking. The tuff, which is a soft kind of coarse stone, is used for pavement and for building. It is easily worked, but not durable.

By the time we had made our observations, the visit-boats had boarded us and we were at liberty to land. Bewhiskered and mustachioed men in blue coats and brass buttons bowed and scraped upon the deck, disappeared below, rose again, bowed and scraped once more, smirked, went over the side and rowed ashore. These were some of the officials of Fayal who came to see that we were in proper health and that we had no contraband goods on board. Having landed, we found that more formalities were to be gone through; that after this preliminary examination it was necessary first to get a license to land the luggage, and in the next place to carry it to some other fountain of justice, there to undergo a separate examination. Although the vessel had merely come from one island to another, both being under the same government, these perplexing impertinences were indispensable. In coasting from London to Edinburgh, or crossing from Dublin to Liverpool, no such hindrances are met with, and the intercourse between England and the United States of America is almost free from difficulty; but this little spot upon the ocean's surface asserts its insignificancy by a pains-taking effort at im-

portance, just as the shortest and weakest man in a crowd is the noisiest and most fussy. De Tocqueville has acutely said, "that a small state supplies the place of those great designs which it cannot entertain, by a vexatious and impertinent interference in a multitude of minute details."

In the evening we left letters at Mr. ——'s. The sound of well-known music, children dancing, rooms furnished with the refined comforts of Europe, tables covered with light recent literature, fair children and agreeable women talking our own tongue, were unexpected and most pleasant enjoyments. We have passed the last five months in a small, isolated, Azorean town, where every thing and every body were some hundred of years behindhand, and can at once contrast it with as bright a scene as modern civilization furnishes, — a large family party at home in the enjoyment of the benefits of the present matured condition of highly civilized man. If civilization has a dark and a bright side, which it, as well as all other human conditions, assuredly has, the richer and the educated classes have not to complain: their number of refined plea-

sures is manifestly increased. Few of them but will say,

> " Prisca juvent alios: ego me nunc denique natum
> Gratulor. Hæc ætas moribus apta meis."

The poor, alas! and especially those multitudes in large cities who " are mechanized into engines for the manufactory of rich men," may with more justice lament a simpler and more genial state of society.

April 19. — The principal street in Horta runs the whole length of the town in a gently curved line. It is clean, has many well-built houses, is well paved, and free from the swine and donkeys which abound at Ponta Delgada. This banishment of hogs has been made by a recent decree of the governors of the island, which, although merely ordering that these useful animals be confined to their sties for the future, " that they might not pass between the wind and their nobility," has, in fact, operated as a sentence of death on all the *poor* swine in the city, all those, that is, which had no other sty than the cottager's own hut; — so true is it of pigs as of men, " that the poor is hated

even by his own neighbour, but the rich hath many friends." Our landlord tells us that the pig of the poor Azorean is of great importance to him; in fact, that the comfortable shelter he used to get in his master's cottage, after the day's ramble in the streets, might have been afforded him on the same ground as the Irishman gave for housing his pig with his wife and children, "For it's him that pays the rint;"—and the serious consequence to the poor of this town has been, that those of them who have no other means of keeping hogs, now that the streets are cleared of them, have been deprived of one of their means of subsistence, and naturally complain. But the Solons of Fayal have so decreed; and there being none of that old-fashioned clemency to swine here, which existed where "vetus indulget senibus clementia porcis," the poor porkers have pretty generally fallen victims to the offended nostrils of the rich.

There is an appearance of respectability about the houses of Horta, which is not seen to the same extent in the other islands. Glass windows are much more common in cottages than they are in the outskirts of Ponta Delgada; and, to a certain extent, there is an air of comfort about

them which may be looked for in vain at St. Michael's. Latticed windows are not so frequent here as there, although latticed balconies are more numerous, and the cottages are better built. The streets are wide enough for all the purposes of business, but they are not spacious, and appear narrower than they are, from the height of the houses on each side. Some of these are very lofty, others are low; private houses are mixed with shops; and public buildings, churches, and convents break the uniformity of the line.

There is considerable bustle in the streets; and they are much enlivened by the costumes of the country-people, and of the poorer townsfolk. A constant intercourse is kept up with Pico, by means of large ferry-boats, which ply backwards and forwards every day, whenever the weather will permit; and as the dress of these islanders is different from that at Fayal, a considerable variety may occasionally be seen in the streets.

Some of the Pico peasants are dressed entirely in red. They have a red short-jacket of linsey-woolsey, waistcoat and knee-breeches of the same, with gaiters buttoning over the feet. These are either bare or covered with a leathern sandal,

knotted over the toe, on which the hair of the animal is not unfrequently left. But the fear of ridicule, it is said, keeps these men away from Fayal, where their dress excites so much attention, and gives rise to so much fun, that they seldom like to pass through the ordeal; and, as it is in one part of Pico only that the inhabitants so dress themselves, they are not commonly seen at Horta. We passed one of them the other day, the only specimen that has appeared, and he was an old man, whose long grey hairs showed that he was too aged to change his habits and dress, or to care much for what others might think about them. He had, too, in common with many of the islanders of Pico, an air of respectability about him,—like a gentleman of the old school,—which probably tended to shield him from ridicule.

The absence of donkeys from the streets of Horta is much more to be regretted than its freedom from hogs. Of these donkeys there are very few in Fayal, compared with the numbers at St. Michael's: private individuals are in general the only persons who keep them; and, in consequence, they are not to be hired. To those who visit the island without introductions this

might prove an inconvenience, unless they were willing to make the circuit of it on foot, or went to a Portuguese who keeps a sort of inn, or boarding-house, in Horta, where English and American sailors, captains of vessels, and the like, resort, and who told us that he thought he could procure asses for us. Here it was that we first bent our steps on landing. His house stands in one of the dullest parts of Horta, and is as unattractive and prison-like a place as his enemy could wish it to be. Its outside appearance is not altogether unlike that of a spunging-house. But it is the only lodging-house in Horta; and the proprietor is a willing person enough, and ready to give all the accommodation that his dwelling can afford. It partakes of that look of naked emptiness which belongs to many of the abodes of the Azoreans. You enter by a stone staircase, lighted by a grated window. The sitting-room is like a dismantled bed-room. The chest of drawers, the tables, and half-dozen wooden-bottomed chairs, which grate on the carpetless floor, the execrable print of Don Pedro's death-bed, the thermometer and useless barometer that hang on the walls, are far from sufficient to clothe its nakedness. The owner of this

house and furniture is rather an amusing specimen of his class. He possesses that mixture in his nature which Bacon sets down as so useful in going through life,—"A little of the fool, and not too much of the honest." At meal-times he thinks it necessary to bestow his tediousness upon his guests; sitting at the head of his table, and amusing us by his cunning simplicity of manner, while he dispenses his weak tea, and fried liver and stale eggs, among his customers. He is a punchy man, with a rather high forehead, thin hair, smirking face, and small, dark, cunning eyes. He generally runs over with good-temper, (when there is nothing to cross it,) and his face has settled down into an expression of childishness and youthful glee, which, in a man, is not unfrequently associated with slyness and knavery. He speaks broken English rather amusingly, and as, owing to the kind hospitality of our friends, we rarely have had any other meals than breakfast with him, he has been, for awhile, rather an entertainment than a bore. He speaks with complacency of his possessions; his lands, cornfields, potatoes, and beans; and is so well-informed on every little matter in which travellers need assistance, that, in the absence of a guide-

book, he can supply you with almost all the facts to be found in one, — and, indeed, a million more; for, as a gossip, he has at his fingers' ends all the current scandal of the day, together with his own opinions and those of other people on the present government and the last, on the town-rulers and their acts, and those of his fellow-townsmen, — all very amusing in their way, and, probably, quite as authentic as such information usually is.

One day while sitting at his breakfast-table he gave us a short estimate of the character of his countrymen, which, at the same time that it was low, tallied so entirely with what we had heard, and observed to be too true of them, that there was more of reality contained in it than he would have been ready to admit in a longer explanation. He had been making his daily bargains at the market, and feeling annoyed, perhaps, at meeting with the same propensities among the market-women as they might have discovered in himself, had spoken sweepingly — like David in his haste — of the lying habits of the islanders. This led us to ask him whether the Portuguese *ever* told the truth? I shall not soon forget the simple-minded

gravity of his answer. He showed no surprise at this question, nor any wish to avoid it; but merely stopped for a moment the stream from his tea-pot, to consider what he should say; and then, tossing back his little head, and scraping his feet under the bars of his chair, he said quickly, and with great drollery, the single word "Some . . . times."

This disregard of truth, a want of plain-dealing, and love of *finesse*, are the principal defects in the character of the islanders.

Built as the city of Horta is, on the side of a hill, the houses and public buildings are seen to great advantage. Among the latter is the College of Jesuits, with a church in the centre. It is the most conspicuous building in the city, and possesses considerable architectural merit. The college (which is now used as barracks and government offices) is simply a plain row of lofty buildings, running right and left of the church, which may be considered as the centre-piece of which the college is the wings. Here we went during mass, and found the interior decorated with much taste. As it happened to be Whit-Sunday, more pains than usual had been bestowed upon it. The walls were partly co-

vered with long crimson hangings; the pulpit and altars were dressed in rich brocade, and the priest officiating at the altar wore his most costly garments. There were suspended from the roof several silver lamps, which, from their chaste and classic elegance attracted our attention, as soon as we entered. The principal of these, before the high altar, was gently swinging to and fro, while a gleam of light that glanced upon it, brightening the silver and deadening the flame, threw into dim shadow the altar-piece, with the priest before it, inaudibly performing his devotions.

In the spirit of that noble precept,

> "Give what thou *canst*, high Heaven rejects the lore
> Of nicely calculated less or more,"

the Church of the Jesuits has been built in a style of substantial excellence, far beyond that of any of the churches of the islands; and the massive silver lamps, the censers and candlesticks, surpass even those we met with in Lisbon.

There is an air of permanence about the architecture of this building strangely in contrast with the fate of that remarkable body of men by whose energies it was constructed. For as a moral

phenomenon, showing what could be effected by a band of highly educated men, rigorously self-denying, renouncing all pleasures, and devoting all their energies to the cause in which they were embarked, the disciples of Loyola must be ever conspicuous. "I cannot," said Lord Bacon, "contemplate the application and the talent of these preceptors, in cultivating the intellects and forming the manners of youth, without bringing to my mind the expression of Agesilaus to Pharnabazus 'Being such as you are, is it possible that you should not belong to *us?*'" And on looking at this monument of their designs,—a magnificent *college* built in an obscure island in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean,—it is impossible not to regret the ambition which prompted these men to endeavour to be rulers as well as teachers of mankind.

The church was filled with people, all quiet, and cleanly dressed. The women, in addition to dark blue cloaks and hoods, wore showy handkerchiefs of a great variety of colours, which, although gay and even gaudy, looked well. It may be the darkness of their complexions, or the difference of costume, or the climate we saw them in; but from some cause or other, colours

that would not be tolerated with us in England, if our servants or the poor were to wear them, decorate the heads of the women here, and strike a foreigner as being chosen with appropriate taste. The arrangement, perhaps, has something to do with it. The handkerchiefs are generally raised on a high comb, passed plainly across the front of the head, and made to fall in folds over the shoulders: the comb gives a squareness and angular finish to the head-dress, which is extremely becoming, and indeed indispensable; for, deprived of it, the handkerchief falls into round and slovenly folds. Much time is bestowed on the proper arrangement of this head-dress. It might be supposed that it was thrown over the head, and carelessly turned below the chin. No such thing. I have watched an Azorean girl, while occupied before her glass, in the management of this part of her attire; and the care taken in folding it, in bringing it to its resting place on the comb, smoothing it across her hair, turning it by her ear-rings that they may not be hidden, securing it below her chin, and carefully repeating the whole process that the handkerchief may not shift its place, is as deliberate and finical as that of any French waiting-maid, in the

disposition of the most difficult part of her mistress's toilet, or as that of the "busy sylphs," and "inferior priestesses," that fluttered and officiated round Belinda's head.

The shops and stores in Horta, like those in the other islands, have no windows, and consequently no display of wares. They are lighted from the door, on which a case containing a sample of what is on sale within is occasionally fixed, and here and there may be seen a single small window filled with a curious variety of goods. Generally speaking, however, the doors which are high and wide, supply the place of windows; and thus instead of the variety we meet with in an English street, where the silks and satins of the draper, the chymist's flaring bottles, the shining metal of the silversmith, protected with clear glass, and labelled with glittering brass, enliven the streets, and give them a furnished appearance, in the High-street of Horta nothing more is to be seen than a long row of open doors, with shelves and counters inside. On Sunday the greater number of these shops were closed; and the long line of green doors looked as blank and dull as a row of shop-fronts on an English Sunday. This is an observance of the

Sabbath day very different from that in St. Michael's, where, after the morning mass had been performed, it was as busy as any day of the seven.

Above the shops were many latticed balconies, out of which inquisitive women peeped at passers-by. They sat upon the floor, in the squatting Moorish position; and when any person passed whom they wished to see, lifted the small lattice shutter, leaned their heads a little forward, and gratified their curiosity or love of gossip. There being more latticed balconies here than at St. Michael's; and the shades of green and white, and dingy red, in which they are painted, being likewise more varied, the streets, which, even if deprived of them would possess little or nothing in common with those in England, wear a still more foreign appearance.

In some of them, small chapels are erected, similar to those at Villa Franca, which, on certain festivals, are decorated with flowers and saints, and illuminated with rows of tapers. When closed, they resemble plain old doorways, surmounted by a pediment and cross, and are so shallow as only to contain the altar; while a very few are of sufficient size to hold a

few worshippers. Like those of St. Michael's, the houses here are covered with deep guttered tiles, built of stone, and usually plastered white, the edges being left of their original dark grey colour; and the occupants seem particular in keeping the outsides of their houses in a very creditable state of cleanliness. In a few instances the walls are tinted a warm yellow; and in such houses as belong to wealthier men the light grey stone is left unplastered; and the sober, unpretending appearance, and respectable solidity of these pleasant exceptions to walls of glaring whitewash, make a European wonder that such materials should ever be disfigured with plaster, or that the richer sort should use any other material in building their dwelling-houses. The stone-work is frequently well cut, and many of the old families have their coats of arms carved on the key-stone of the door-ways, or in the front of their houses; and in one instance, some simpleton, with several long and unrememberable names, had painted them up the whole length of his scrambling abode, in characters like those of WARREN or DR. EADY on the walls about London. This, however, seemed to be a fashion peculiar to himself, for I saw no

other house, not even that of a shopkeeper, the owner of which seemed to be so ambitious of notoriety.

The private dwelling-houses, except where they are detached and surrounded by gardens, are not confined to any one part of the city; but, as was formerly the case in England, are mixed indiscriminately with shops and cottages. Some have gardens behind, with cisterns for rain-water; none possess any sort of enclosure in front, but stand close to the road-side, or the street, with no fence of any kind before them. The fashion of lolling out of window, so much esteemed by the Azoreans, will probably do much to prevent them from building their houses at a distance from the road-side. It would cut off much happiness, more especially from the women, who, instead of the excitement of the last novel, or a new magazine, or the Morning Post, derive a quiet enjoyment from leaning out of their windows, or over their balconies, bowing, chatting, and laughing with friends that pass, and picking up from them the news that is afloat. Great gossips they are, and great talkers about their own and other people's affairs. Small matters seem to amuse them; and little things are

great to them. In this respect, perhaps, though certainly not in the number either of their philosophers or gods, the quiet Azoreans may be said to resemble the Athenians, of whom it is told, that "they spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing."

The gardens in Fayal, so far as we saw them, though laid out in a formal French style, with rectangular intersecting paths, possess considerable beauty, and, in this green-house climate, the flowers and plants with which they are stored are as fresh and clean as those in a conservatory. There is a tender delicacy about them which we do not find in our variable climate. In an equable temperature like this, resembling the finest summer weather of the south of England, and better suited for gardening, perhaps, than most countries, you meet with plants from all quarters of the globe, flourishing with the vigour of a perpetual spring. In the same plot of ground that produces geraniums, fuchsias, roses, and carnations, you may gather oranges, lemons, limes, and guavas; the palm-tree, the sugar-cane, and the banana, flourish with the tobacco and Indian-rubber plants; the glossy-leaved Camellia Japo-

nica grows into a tree like our laurels, and the oleander, with its flesh-coloured blossoms, is a lofty flowering shrub. But, in so describing the *capabilities* of the climate, it must not be supposed that such plants and flowers are commonly found, that geraniums grow wild in the hedges, or that orange-trees are to be met with everywhere. On the contrary, they are only to be seen in the gardens of the wealthy, where the care and taste of the owner have brought them into cultivation. Cottage-gardens are hardly known here. The land belonging to the poor is generally turned to purposes of profit; and, beyond some rose-bushes, or a small raised plot of earth, which the cottagers occasionally devote to a few pinks, souadades, sweet herbs, and flowering thyme, I have not seen a cottage-garden in the islands. If the cottagers have the taste, probably they have not the means, of turning a part of their small plots of ground to such a purpose. Orange and lemon trees are frequently seen round cottages, but garden-flowers rarely.

A tract of ground, several acres in extent, which rises into a hill above the centre of the city, has been planted with orange-trees, and laid out with much taste by the present Consul for the

United States, Mr. Dabney. The path among the orange-trees leads to a steep ascent, where geraniums, roses, and various coloured flowers grow wildly on each side of the zigzag path, with here and there a mass of lava jutting through the soil. The hill is crested by a small tower, overlooking the town of Horta, the bay, and roadstead. Pico, with its cap of clouds, was looking gloriously when we halted at the top to breathe; and the quiet valley of Flemingos lies behind, backed by the gradually sloping mountain, which forms the centre of the island. This valley, as the name denotes, is said to have been a colony of the Flemings. The scene is in perfect harmony with the quiet serenity of their character; and, in walking through the village which stretches along the valley, I noticed many girls and children with blue eyes and flaxen hair. Looking from the tower, we saw the blue wood-smoke hanging over the cottages and dimming the distant hills. The flat bottom of the valley is marked out by regular well-cultivated fields, among which the little village straggles, dotting out with spots of white the course of the path which leads towards the mountain. There are no hedge-row trees in Flemingos, and indeed

nothing to break the simple pastoral uniformity of green fields. It is shut out from the town of Horta, by the ridge of rising ground, on which the tower stands; and, except on the side that opens towards the sea, is nearly encircled with hills. There was nothing to disturb the secluded quiet of the place. The pale church tower was the most conspicuous object; and no other sound besides that of its tinkling bell, ringing out the evening summons to prayer, could be heard in the valley. "All was peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest and most becoming attire." Although the Azorean bells, which have escaped being coined into half-pence by the needy government of Don Pedro, are, when heard near, harsh and unmusical, the fluctuating sounds of this distant monitor, undulating across the valley, on a moderate breeze, were far from unpleasing to the ear; but it must need a very strong imagination, or a very long education in the grating, frying-pan clatter of these jingling bells; jerked, as they generally are, by the perfunctory hand of a sexton, who hurries over the work, without method; to make people believe in the common inscription on their edges, "Dum sonitum clamo vox Patris aure sonat."

The treatment of orange-trees in Fayal differs from that in St. Michael's, where, after they are planted out, they are allowed to grow as they please. In this orange-garden, the branches, by means of strings and pegs fixed in the ground, were strained away from the centre into the shape of a cup, or of the ribs of an open umbrella, turned upside down. This allows the sun to penetrate, exposes the branches to a free circulation of air, and is said to be of use in ripening the fruit. Certain it is that oranges are exported from Fayal several weeks earlier than they are from St. Michael's; and, as this cannot be attributed to greater warmth of climate, it may possibly be owing to the plan of spreading the trees to the sun. The same precautions are taken here as in St. Michael's to shield them from the winds: high walls are built round all the gardens, and the trees themselves are planted among rows of fayas, firs, and camphor trees. If it were not for these precautions, the oranges would be blown down in such numbers as to interfere with or swallow up the profit of the gardens; none of the windfalls, or "ground-fruit," as the merchants here call them, being exported to England.

The neighbourhood of Fayal has many pleasant field-walks, where limited views may be had of the city, and whence the towering cone of Pico always bounds the sea-prospect. In the course of one of these walks, we turned into the ruined villa of a former Spanish consul, who built, in the outskirts of the town, a fantastic house of considerable extent, and, after expending large sums of money in Dutch tiles, old china, and foreign shells, with which his taste led him to encrust the walls of his garden and terraces, died, leaving behind him a family too poor to keep up the place. In consequence it has fallen into complete decay. The formal garden into which we walked had been laid out like a Catherine's wheel. The walls were covered with blue and white Dutch tiles, on which disproportioned men and horses were represented in the various occupations of awkwardly fishing, riding, galloping, and fighting. It would have broken the heart of any maiden collector to have seen the china-plates and saucers which had been plastered into these walls; the figured fragments of cups and dishes, chipped into diamonds, circles, and squares, and arranged in lines, or diverging from a centre-piece like the spokes of a wheel. Some of the

plates had been picked out by unscrupulous visitors, and were carried off, others having rotted out had fallen on the ground; the paths and beds were overgrown with coarse weeds, through which many flowers showed themselves; and in the middle of the garden a grotesque fountain, covered with glistening shells, china, tiles, and other gimcracks, had long ceased to flow, and, dusty and faded, was, like the rest, falling rapidly into ruins. Each triangular or rectangular flower-bed was walled in by a small row of tiles, as formally as the mason's rule could lay them; and every pains having been taken to deform natural beauty, Nature, as if in revenge for the outrage, was now asserting her power, and slowly but surely turning topsy-turvy the tasteless plans of the gardener.*

* Gardens similar to this may be common in Portugal. The author of Vathek has described one in the Convent of San Josè di Ribamar. "The fathers would show me their flower-garden, and a very pleasant terrace it is, neatly paved with chequered tiles, and interspersed with knots of carnations, in a style as ancient, I should conjecture, as the dominion of the Moors in Portugal. Espaliers of citron and orange cover the walls, and have almost gotten the better of some glaring shell-work, with which a reverend father encrusted them ten or twelve years ago. Shining beads, china plates and saucers,

A house and garden in this transition state are as dull a sight as I know. Just enough remains to show what the place has been;—the flowers that have survived seem to laugh at the general decay, carelessly gay, like young children amidst scenes of distress. There is not enough of dignity in the bald, unornamented walls, to excite feelings of respect; and there are none of those pleasures of memory which are linked with ruined abbeys or decayed houses of the great.

In returning to the city we passed a row of young oaks, that seemed out of their element in this climate. Instead of the rough, gnarled strength, so characteristic of the branches of an English oak, they appeared tender and delicate; and no wonder, when they had, in point of fact, been shut up in a large green-house all their lives.*

turned inside out, compose the chief ornaments of this decoration. I observed the same propensity to shell-work and broken china in a M. de Visme, whose quinta at Bemfica eclipses our Clapham and Islington villas in all the attractions of leaden statues, Chinese temples, serpentine rivers, and dusty hermitages."

* Fayal was visited in September, 1589—two hundred and fifty years before we were on it—by the intelligent mathe-

May 11.—I strolled early this morning into the market. It is held partly in a covered building, and partly in the street. Elderly

matician Edward Wright, already spoken of in a note, as having accompanied the Earl of Cumberland in his expedition against the Spaniards. The following are some of his observations on the island. His account is given in Hakluyt, vol. II., p. 158. He was a very accurate observer.

" This Fayal," he says, " is the principall towne in all that island, and is situate directly over against the high and mighty mountaine Pico, lying towards the west north-west from that mountaine, being divided therefrom by a narrow sea, which at that place is by estimation two or three leagues in breadth between the isles of Fayal and Pico.

" The town conteyned some three hundred households, their houses were faire and strongly builded of lime and stone, and double covered with hollow tyles, much like our roofe-tyles, but that they are less at the one end than at the other.

" Every house almost had a cisterne or well, in a garden on the backe side; in which gardens grew vines, (with ripe clusters of grapes,) making pleasant shadows, and tobacco, now commonly knowen and used in England, *wherewith their women there dye their faces reddish, to make them seem fresh and young:* pepper, Indian and common; figge-trees, bearing both white and red figges; peach trees not growing very tall; *orenges*, limons, quinces, potato-roots, &c. Sweete wood (ceder I thinke) is there very common, even for building and firing." It appears, from this account, that there can have been little change in the houses, and in the method

sun-burnt women from Pico, in black cloaks, and wearing on their heads a white handkerchief, surmounted by a round straw hat, were sitting on the ground before piles of small milk cheeses, biscuits, and eggs: others sold rolls of linen cloth made in the island, and conical caps of various-coloured worsted. There were pale bakers, with baskets of wheaten and Indian-corn bread; butchers, the colour of their meat, squatting on their heels behind lumps of mangled beef; country people, with baskets of potatoes, cabbages, and onions; and fishermen, with fresh fish, caught that morning. The street and market-place were thronged with people, and, of course, all were talking loudly, energeti-

of collecting the rain-water, since Wright visited the Azores. The device, however, of making their women seem "fresh and young" has become obsolete; perhaps, since the government has prohibited the cultivation of tobacco. It serves to show, likewise, that oranges were then well-known here and cultivated. Indeed, trees were shown to us in St. Michael's which were said to be two hundred years old.

The same boisterous winds also blew then as blow now. A gale of this description drove Wright and his party out to sea; and he says, "Some of the inhabitants comming aboord to us this day, tolde us, that alwayes about that time of the yeare, such windes west-south-west blew on that coast."

cally, and simultaneously. Some of the women muffled their heads in the deep, projecting hoods of their cloaks, with the additional security of a white muslin handkerchief tied round the lower part of their faces;—a concealment frequently adopted here, but which we have not seen before in the other islands. It is very disfiguring, as it gives an impression of ill-health, and also interferes with the dark shade—so suitable to these women's complexions—into which their faces are thrown by the deep-blue hood. This is the "muffler" which was common in England in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

As I passed through the principal street I was surprised at meeting several blind persons slowly led along by others, and on reaching the quay I found as many as seventy poor women, chiefly elderly, sitting in front of the office of the American consul. They were wrapped in the common hooded cloaks, and those who possessed a better garment than the rest had so adapted the hood as to conceal entirely their faces; but the poorer, who had known poverty longer, and perhaps had known nothing else, exposed fully their pale and withered features.

On inquiry, I found that each of them was allowed a weekly stipend by Mr. Dabney, the American Consul, who, in this munificent way, obviates, in some degree, the miseries necessarily following the want of a legal provision for the poor.

CHAPTER XVII.

Alone thou standest, monarch of the scene;
Thou glorious mountain, on whose ample breast
The sunbeams love to play, the vapours love to rest.

SOUTHEY.

Pico. — Madelina. — Barber's basin. — Physiognomy. — Vineyards. — Bleachers. — A desert Island. — Miss Sedgwick.

PICO, May 8.—Left Fayal at noon in a passage boat for the Island of Pico. It was a large boat, rough and unfinished within, with two lateen sails stretched on spars that looked like mere barkless branches of trees. A fresh breeze carried us across in about an hour to a small beach of black sand, in a quiet nook between masses of black lava and ridges of huge clinkers, which extended along the coast as far as the eye could reach. The house, which, through Mr. Dabney's kindness, was put at our disposal, stands just

above the landing-place; and the change of quarters is contenting. We have left a narrow street in a dull part of a small town, with no view but the roofs and sides of houses, a parallelogram of grey sky, dripping tiles, and drifting rain,—no sounds but the constant screaming and creaking of ox-waggons or the tiresome saw and hammer of an industrious cooper, or "the minute drops from off the eaves," and a landlord who considered it a part of his duty to bestow his company as well as food upon his guests, and whose provoking good-humour made it impossible to get rid of him;—for the sound of the waves breaking among the rocks below our windows, the sight of the ocean, the clouds, and the mountains, a private house and liberty. The Island of Fayal is immediately before us, not so distant as to be of an almost uniform grey colour, but sufficiently near to distinguish its outstretching white city, conspicuous churches, green fields, and orange-gardens, all varying in their colouring with the constant changes of the sky, according as the sun shines upon them, or as the clouds momentarily intercept the rich light, and throw over parts of it their deep shadows. Its shape is somewhat conical, the

hills rising gradually from each side to the central high ground, and upon it the clouds rest as if they loved to lie there and stretch themselves at their ease. Boats with the picturesque lateen sails are passing and repassing, and larger vessels standing in and out of the bay. The windows look towards Fayal, and a small terrace upon which the door of the room we are occupying opens, gives us views of the top and sides of the mountain at whose base we are living. This island is more obviously and strikingly volcanic than any other in the group which we have visited. It may be almost likened to a sifted heap of cinders, the large ones having rolled down to make the rough and craggy coast at its base.

We walked into the neighbouring town of Madelina, the chief town of the island, by a path which led over a heavy sand between the rocks which lie along the coast on the one side, and on the other a succession of black vineyard walls of rocky cinders. The irregular praça (or square) in the centre of the little town, having in the centre a church without tower or turrets, and resembling a deserted store-house more than the well-kept churches of these islands; the raised

terrace round it; the "chamber" for public business, with its ample prison windows and rusty iron bars; houses of unequal shapes and sizes with dingy red shutters and doors;—gave a mean, comfortless, and dismal appearance to the town. Several streets open into the square, having in them a few substantial houses which are now uninhabited, the windows being boarded up, while their owners, who only reside here during the vintage, are in the opposite Island of Fayal. At this time of the day, when the townspeople were either at their moderate dinners or sleeping after them, there was so dead a calm in the place that the melancholy streets seemed as dull and blank as if they had been swept by a pestilence. A few sleepy countrywomen were squatting on the ground behind loaves of Indian corn, small cream cheeses and baskets of new-laid eggs, patiently waiting for customers; and as we entered the square, one solitary person crossed it who deserved a more attentive perusal, and that was the village barber,—a square lively man,—with shaving tools and brass basin beneath his arm;—the basin being the self-same Mambrino's helmet that shone on the head of the Spanish barber in the days of Don Quixote, which, as Sancho

says, "being new scoured, glittered half a league off, and was the reason why Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple grey steed, and his basin for a golden helmet." The glistening brass basin of our worthy Pico barber, and doubtless that which was mistaken by Don Quixote for the golden helmet of Mambrino, were shaped precisely like the formal hat, with round top and broad brim, of a rigid and elderly quaker; the only difference being, that a semi-circular slice is cut from the rim of the basin, for the purpose of more conveniently fitting it round the neck of the sufferer whilst the barber washes off the soap. This sweeping cut from the rim will explain Don Quixote's meaning when he says, "Doubtless the Pagan, for whom this helmet was first forged, must have had a prodigious large head; and the worst of it is, that *one half is wanting;*" a deficiency which, without some such explanation, seems scarcely intelligible.

May 9.—There are neither horses, mules, nor asses to be hired in this island, so that no stranger, unless he is a good pedestrian, can make the circuit of it, and even then he must run the risk of getting neither bed nor shelter at night, as there are no inns nor lodging places.

A mule was lent us to-day very politely by a Pico gentleman living in a neighbouring house. It had such a saddle as Don Quixote might have sat on, with a high square bow and prominent back, and was covered with chamois leather and edged with brass nails.

I rode to one of the numerous conical hills, which, although it looked at a distance like a mole-hill when compared with the peak of Pico, proved, on reaching it, to be a crater of no inconsiderable size and height. It was covered with loose scoriæ, among which were large coarse fragments of iridescent felspar, and fine black crystals of augite. The crater, which was shaped like a horse-shoe, was partly covered with vines and heath; the concavity which was less exposed to the sun being partially planted with potatoes. Returning by a different road we passed a village, all the cottages of which were built of rough unwhitewashed lava, of so black a colour as to look dull, even in the brilliant sunshine, and attached to most of them were little yards for pigs. Women, in blue jackets and petticoats of home-made cloth, stood at many of the doors, making a cheerful contrast to the black walls, and relieving the gloom, as women generally do.

The physiognomy of the Pico people on this side of the island (the western) differs altogether from that of the other islanders I have seen. The prevailing expression of the women is mild and amiable: their faces are round, soft, and delicate, with light brown eyes and thick long black eye-lashes—the light eye and black eye-lash adding much to their mild expression. Their hair, which is generally brown, is drawn upwards from the forehead and fastened in a knot behind, so as to accommodate itself to their low-crowned straw

PICO GIRLS AT A WELL.

hats, beneath which the knot projects. Theirs is quite the beauty of youthfulness, not that of feature which remains when the early bloom is rubbed off; and accordingly those women who have passed their youth are plain, and even ugly. The men are well-looking, having frequently the same mild expression as the women, and universally a far less allowance of jaw bones than falls to the common lot of most of the other islanders.

May 10.—A garrulous old boatman walked into our room this morning, and volunteered his services in showing us over the vineyards near our house. I have before said that at this season of the year when the vines have not put forth their leaves, the base of the mountain appears, when seen from a distance, to be covered with a coarse black net-work, which, as you first approach the island by sea, might easily be mistaken for a bare trellis-work of dark wood, erected for training the vines. When, however, you near the shore of Pico, and objects become more clearly visible, this trellis-work is found to consist of low stone walls of black lava dividing the vineyards into small compartments; and you discover that these compartments are the meshes of the network which appears to overspread the

mountain. It was into the reticulations of one of these nets that our talkative guide beguiled us.

To a stranger's eye it appears almost as miraculous a phenomenon that green vines and fresh grapes should be produced from the barren stones of this mountain, as that pure water should have gushed out of a rock. Wherever you cast your eye, hardly any other objects than stones meet it. No vegetable soil is there in the vineyards. Neither mould nor decomposed pumice, nor clay nor tuff, nor any other single substance deserving the name of soil. If Pico had been the original heap of cinders that must have accumulated round Vulcan's furnace, it could scarcely be more black and barren than are the stones and scoriæ in which the vines are planted. Imagine the scoil or refuse of a stone quarry spread over the foot of the mountain, and divided into square compartments by walls of from two to three feet in height, composed of the same rough materials, or of the slags from a furnace; and then fancy a single dry vine, just sprouting with fresh early shoots, planted in the centre of each division, and the whole vineyard of twenty or thirty acres surrounded by a high wall of loosely

piled stones; and an idea may be had of what a Pico vineyard in the month of May really is. A gap is left in many of the intersecting walls, to allow of free access to each vine. Up one of the alleys so left we walked. The sun was quite powerful and the heat much increased by the darkness of the stones and the protection afforded by the walls. A thin carpeting of grass grew over the stones. The branches of the vines are kept in their places by laying loose fragments of lava upon them, and the young shoots which are trained over the walls are secured in the same way; but few plants had put forth shoots of sufficient length to train in this manner. Notwithstanding the unpromising stones among which the vines are planted, they are productive, and yield better wine than is made in the other islands.

Various experiments have been made in preparing wine; and amongst them an attempt has been made to produce champagne. A specimen of this which I tasted, although not like champagne, was equal to moderately good Hock, which in appearance and flavour it much resembled. A wine resembling second-rate Madeira is also manufactured here in small quantities;

as well as an execrable liquor, hot, fiery and intoxicating, like brown sherry in colour, and in flavour, more hot and less dry than Cape, which is called estufa wine, (from its being evaporated in a stove or estufa,) and is exported to England and America in considerable quantities. In our country, although known to the importer as Fayal wine, it more frequently finds its way into the stomachs of injudicious consumers, under the agreeable name of sherry; and is bought by tavern-keepers, and for ships and stores. In addition to these, the common wine of the country, which is only exported to the other islands of the group, is manufactured to a great extent.* When good, it is not altogether an unpalatable liquor; and may readily be distinguished from that produced in St. Michael's, which is more sour and muddy. This difference is probably to be attributed to the nature of the climate and soil of this island, rather than to an improved way of making it. There is besides a pleasant sweet wine called "passado."

Everything at Pico betokens greater dryness

* It is said that 25,000 casks of wine are annually sent to Fayal from Pico for exportation.

and warmth than are noticeable at St. Michael's or Fayal; just as the slags and coke round the doors of a gas-furnace look drier and warmer than the perpetual green of a water-meadow. The walls of the houses are not merely less damp than those at St. Michael's, but perfectly dry; the endless walls of gloomy stone appear the same. There are no patches of green moss upon them, nor accumulations of grass on the housetops, nor wet-weather stains. The air is drier and clearer; less rain would seem to fall, and the rays of the sun have more effect (as those may feel who venture out at noonday) when absorbed in the dark lava than when reflected from lighter objects. As a proof of this, the people at Fayal send large quantities of linen to be washed and bleached on the shore of Pico —which they probably would not do, if the climate of Fayal were equally suitable for those purposes with that of this island.

The groups of bleachers employed in the laborious business of wetting the linen while it dries in the sun, are very enlivening to the shores of this pleasant Isle of Stones. While the blue sea is tossing and tumbling to and fro among the rocks, where, at the ebb of the tide, it has left

a few shallow pools, you may see as many as twenty or thirty women and children engaged in the processes of washing and bleaching. Three or four elderly dames and as many young damsels, with their petticoats tucked tightly round them, so as more to resemble knee-breeches than the flowing garments which women wear, stoop barefooted in the pools; banging, flapping, and twisting the linen which by-and-by is to be laid out to dry. Chattering and laughing as they work, others are dipping their buckets in the water, and bringing them up the beach on their heads to whisk and whirl over the long lines of linen which have been spread on the shingles above high-water mark. The children are opening the screws of linen, and are fixing them down in the sun with dry stones. The younger ones are playing, and scaring away the fowls. There are yellow handkerchiefs, scarlet shawls, and showy petticoats spread in the same way all along the beach.

Having left our guide at the wine-shop, where was a small party of moderate winebibbers eating their noonday dinner, we strolled along the shore, and through these laughing linen-bleachers, who were returning to their cottages; some with

their buckets lightly balanced on their heads, others with heavier bundles, and others with nothing more than their broad-brimmed straw hats, kept on the head by a single lump of stone.

Among those who were drying clothes, there was one most graceful girl. She was full grown, and was dressed in a very full petticoat of coarse blue linsey-woolsey, and a white bodice, which tightly fitted her bust but left her arms bare. As she stepped, with her naked feet, over the sharp rocks, collecting on one arm the clothes which were lying there to dry, while with the other she drew forward her full petticoat when it was in her way, I felt the force of the Frenchman's aphorism, "Combien de l'art pour rentrer dans la nature."

Pico, May 10. — Fayal, seen from the roadstead or from Pico, is an incomparable island. It would be difficult to realize an image of more rich and fertile beauty, than the mountain presents when viewed, glowing through a hot morning mist, from the opposite shore. When Milton described Satan visiting the earth, and winding his oblique way among innumerable stars, which seemed,

> " Happy isles,
> Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,
> Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,"

he may have realized in his inward eye, some such island as this. But there is an old adage, everywhere applicable, that there is no disputing about tastes. A trading American captain, who had either been thrown into Fayal for provisions, or had come there on matters of business, and was detained at Horta by illness, gave to a friend a short opinion of it, which showed that a very different impression had been made on him. He was a native of Nantucket, an island on the coast of New England, as bleak and barren as its name is harsh and cacophonous, with no more natural charms to recommend it than may be found in our own Isle of Dogs; and with the image of this place in his mind, and the love of " his great and independent country " strong upon him, he told a gentleman, who may almost be said to be a native of this place, and who, from his connexion with it, as well as for its own sake, is naturally attached to it, that he trusted he should recover; " For," said he, " I cannot bear the thought of dying upon a desert island!" On his eye all this beauty produced no more effect

than if it had not existed; it was to him a mere desert. The sense of the beautiful was a faculty lying dormant, uncultivated;

> "A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

How different in this respect from the captain of the English schooner that brought us to St. Michael's, who, although as rough and rugged a man as might be expected to be found in the class who have passed through the gradations of cabin-boy, cook, sailor, mate, and master, on board Sunderland colliers, had still studied the works of a master-mind, which had developed faculties in his own, other than those necessary to his mere existence; and, while they at once raised him above his vulgar-minded associates, had given to him higher kinds of pleasures, and refined capacities of enjoyment.

Pico, May 21.—There is no tree or shady thing here, so that we are necessarily much confined to the house; but, through the kindness of our friends at Fayal, we have a parcel of light books to beguile the time. Mrs. Jameson's

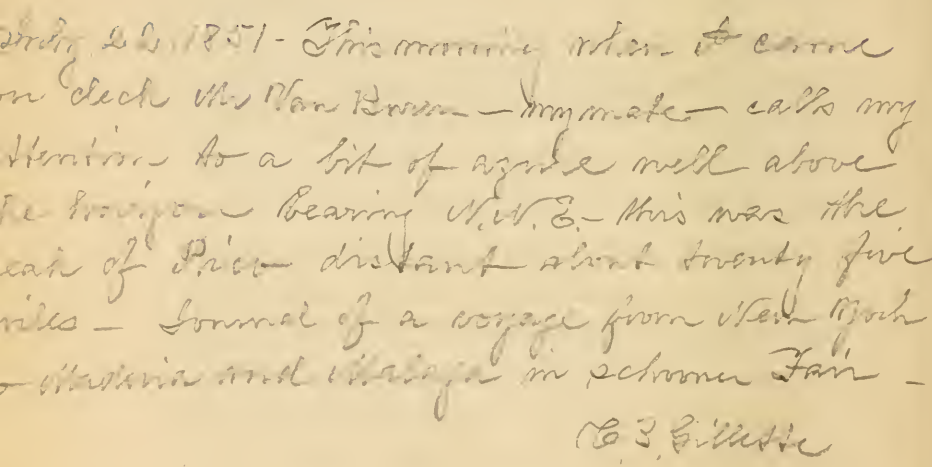
"Winter Studies and Summer Rambles" was published in the winter since we left England, five months ago; and now in the spring we are reading an American edition of it, on a small island in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean: such is the power of vapour and machines! Oliver Twist, too, from America, with its "Bill Sykes," and "Artful Dodger," and "Fagin," and its powerfully impressive pictures of villains and villanies, such as could be produced only in the hot-beds of large cities, where men are congregated in "masses;" evils attending on civilization like its shadow. Such characters could not exist here; not that villains and villanies do not exist wherever men are, but none of this kind are to be found in these islands. Neither has Bill Sykes's dog his fellow here;—there is not an animal of such character or worth in the whole group of islands.

I have also skimmed through several of Miss Sedgwick's little tales, written with a moral purpose, which are very popular in America. It is almost a pity that so clever a person should adopt a form which spoils her books as novels, and makes them frivolous as essays. Sometimes she leaves the economical and the useful, and shows

that she has an intense love of nature, and can both observe its beauties and describe them like a poet. Thus; "the brook winds through a lovely meadow, and then stretches round a rocky peninsula, — curving in and out, and lingering, as if it had a human heart, and loved that which it enriched." She has herself evidently a human heart full of kindness, and her morality is most pure and benevolent; — the only uncharitable feelings it seems possible for her to show, are towards England; — comparisons and allusions, discreditable to the "old country," in stories chiefly intended for the amusement and instruction of children, are not unfrequently made. Our countrymen and women have much to answer for, in making ill-natured, satirical observations on America; but, thank God, they at present confine such to books and newspapers, and reviews for the reading of adults; they have not yet adapted them to the purer minds of children.

Miss Sedgwick says, "The open-hearted communicativeness of our people is often laughed at; but is it not a sign of a blameless life and social spirit?" Of a social spirit it may be a sign, but not of a blameless life, as these is-

lands witness; but who ever laughed at "open-hearted communicativeness," whose laugh Miss Sedgwick would be vexed with? Inquisitiveness into your neighbour's, and secretiveness in your own affairs, have been ridiculed and ought to be deprecated.



CHAPTER XVIII.

A peak
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows
Inscribed, as with the silence of the thought,
Upon its bleak and visionary sides,
The history of many a winter storm,
And "living" record of the path of fire.

THE EXCURSION.

Ascent of Pico.— Guides.— Different views of the mountain.— Shoes.— Night's rest.— The peak at dawn.— The Bul-bul. —Descent.— General appearance of the mountain.

MAY 11.— Yesterday morning I started, with a couple of guides, to walk to the peak of the mountain; and I sit down at once to my note-book: for memory, as Gray has somewhere said, is ten times worse than a lead-pencil, and half a word from the spot is worth a cart-load of recollections. One of my men was a native of Pico, who had lived long enough in America to speak

English,—to have lost all love for his country,—to have contracted a mercenary spirit and a thirst for dollars, and to have had all the simplicity of his island character knocked out of him in his collision with English and Americans. The little respect he ever felt for his own religion and for its ministers, seemed merged in the high regard he expressed for the clergy of the United States; and in the place of what he had lost, nothing remained but discontent at the poverty of the island of Pico, and a hungry craving to get back once more to the flesh-pots and dollars of the United States. He was a bachelor, which might possibly account for his returning to his native place; was well made and handsome; and had been educated up to the pitch of being ashamed of the land he was born into. My other guide was a married man, who had also been among Americans and could speak a few words of English, but who at the same time was less spoiled by contact with foreigners than the bachelor; retained more natural simplicity; and would have been more like an unsophisticated native had it not been for a desire to imitate his experienced companion. With these men to guide me, a small barrel of wine, a basket of

provisions, a blanket, and a Mackintosh, I started off at 10 o'clock to make the ascent of the mountain. It is necessary at this season of the year, in order to secure a clear view from the peak, to sleep half-way up the mountain, and to accomplish this it was advisable to start early. The road lies along the coast for rather less than a mile, and is rough and stony. On your left a high black stone wall shuts out the view of the mountain; and on the right is a rugged coast of huge stones, rounded by the boundless force of the waves, which dash through and over them unceasingly. A few women and children who sat among these stones, watching the linen which they had spread to bleach in the sun, asked where we were going, and foretold bad weather and difficulties; in which the men willingly acquiesced. We then struck inland, and soon afterwards began to ascend the mountain. After leaving the shore, the road led over undulating slabs of lava resembling a broad asphaltic pavement, on which were scattered a few loose stones; and in the cracks of the lava thin veins of grass and green weeds, with here and there a bramble-bush, were the only indications of vegetation: everything besides looked black and dingy. The lava pave-

ment was iron-grey, and had been worn into regular channels by the wheels of the ox-waggons; the stone walls on each side of the road were of the same sombre colour; and in front, receding as you approached it, the mountain itself, overspread as it is with a net-work of black stone walls, stretched up into the clouds a sullen olive colour. Unfortunately we were soon among floating mists and clouds, which, like a medium of ground-glass, entirely obscured the view, and fell for some time in so thick a fog as almost amounted to rain. We passed a well at which were many girls drawing water in horns and in buckets, and emptying them into the larger wooden tubs which they carried off on their heads. Some were pretty, and all looked quiet and good-tempered; but they were extremely shy, much more so than those in St. Michael's or Flores and Corvo. They stopped the mouths of their conical buckets with a bunch of fern, to keep the water cool. Beyond the well was a church and an ugly straggling village more than a mile in length. The church bell was tolling for the death of a priest who had died in the previous night, whose body now lay in an open coffin in the church, with a constellation of tapers burning beside, and four of

his brethren in their ordinary black robes standing and chanting by the side of the corpse. They looked out of the church as we passed, continuing their chant over the dead man, and thus exposed to view the pale hands of the corpse, which were clasped over the breast and held a small black crucifix. The face was covered with a shawl, and the stiff body and limbs dressed in their every-day suit of black, appeared through the side bars of the bier. Little brown children played about the door, and now and then cautiously peeped into the building. We took off our hats on passing the church, and continued our walk through the village; but the Americanised bachelor "fired with raw notions of Transatlantic freedom," kept his hat upon his head.

We stopped for a few minutes at the comfortable cottage of the married man, to lay in his stock of clothes and provisions. His abode was a clean and commodious one, well-floored, having a glass window, a sitting-room and bedroom, with boxes, chairs, and minor comforts; and possessed a piece of furniture, without which, it has been said, no house is properly furnished,— a prattling child of three or four years old, grave

and shy at first, but afterwards cheerful and sociable. The race of children in the Azores, although they may strike a stranger's eye at first landing as sallow, will be found handsome, strong, and healthy.

As soon as the provisions were bought and the men had procured warmer clothing, we moved on; and after getting clear of the village came to steeper ground beyond the warm region of vineyards. This part of the mountain reminded me of the neglected shrubberies of a country place in England, long suffered to run waste. The walls on both sides of the road, which had been broken down in places, were grey with lichens; and behind them there grew a profusion of the healthy ornamental plants that are usually to be found in shrubberies; such as the Faya, putting out its tender shoots like the arbutus; laurels resembling our bay-trees; heaths growing into an arborescent shrub; the box, varying in size from small bushes to trees four or five and twenty feet high; and a few dwarf cedars, all which were growing luxuriantly, and seemed to enjoy the damp and warmth of their position. The ground was carpeted with moss and grass, intermingled with our common forest fern; and

owing to the recent mists, as well as to the constant damp of this part of the mountain, every thing was of so fresh an emerald green as to contrast most pleasingly with the cinder-coloured village and the dull walls of the vineyards I had left.

On turning round, after a steady ascent of several hours, to look at the lower part of the mountain, a remarkable change was visible from the spot I had then reached. Instead of the coarse lattice-work of black stone walls, which at this season of the year darkens the sides of the mountain, and gives to its base an appearance of gloom and barrenness which the small interstices of green are insufficient to remove, the whole face of things was changed. The mountain, from where I was standing to the water's edge, appeared thickly planted with vines, and not a wall was to be seen. This singular effect was owing to the height of my position enabling me to look directly into the compartments where the vines were planted; while a spectator who stood below would only see their sides. In the one case, each lower wall shut out the view of the compartment next above it, and in the other no wall interposed;—just

as a man standing on a high flight of steps sees nothing but their tops, while another at the bottom only sees their sides ; and should these be dirty and the tops clean, both might go away with directly opposite impressions of the same steps, and might angrily dispute about it like the "proud conceited talking sparks" in the well-known fable of the "Chameleon," and like them might "both be right, and both be wrong."

Beyond these plantations we halted to refresh, and then came to pastures where flocks of sheep, cows, and oxen were feeding. By this time it rained so steadily, that my guides, who entertained a cat-like aversion to water, were sadly indisposed to go farther ; and some girls who passed us on their way down the mountain, and who brought bad accounts of the paths, seemed to confirm the men in the conviction, that as they had been walking five hours and were saturated with wet it would be better to halt where we were for the night.

Here I would stop a minute to give my reader, should he ever go up Pico, a piece of advice. It is to provide himself with a thoroughly substan-

tial pair of shooting shoes. These were what I wore. They were tipped and cleated, and had a treble row of hob-nails down the soles. I have heard it objected that these are too heavy. I can only say that I did not find them so; they are lighter and cooler than boots, and the complaint to which they are open, namely, of being slippery on stones, is quite counterbalanced by the additional strength of the iron. The sandals of one of my guides were torn in several places before he reached his journey's end, and the home-made shoes of the other were entirely knocked to pieces before we finished our first day's march; while my clouted English ones, although they cast a few nails and had seen service in the other islands, remained after the ascent and descent as useful as ever. A midshipman who went up with a party some time before, lost his shoes, I was told, in making the ascent;—sailor-like, he had thoughtlessly set off in his thin ship shoes, and returned miserably foot-sore. Some people have taken a tent with them, but this is entirely unnecessary. A light-box, an even temper, a blanket, a stout stick pointed with iron, plenty of wine, and a basket of more provisions than you think you want, are all that a

man need carry with him. Those who like it can procure milk in the morning, but not at night, the practice being to milk the cows in the mountains at an early hour and not to drive them home.

After an hour of discomfort the rain ceased, the clouds rolled off, and it became somewhat clear. The men then prepared a small hut, used to shelter young lambs and calves, as a sleeping place; and having lined it with heath, they thatched it in, made it water-tight, and wove a sort of rough hurdle for the door. But the place was so small and damp that I resolved on a different way of spending the night, which I can confidently recommend as the best. Bidding the guides make a good fire and collect enough dry wood (of which there was plenty near) to last through the night, they cut away the tree heath which grew near the fire, and with it fenced the windy side. The bank round the fire they covered with short heath, on which was spread a cloak, and with a blanket and Mackintosh the night passed away with moderate comfort.

The guides were both full of foolish fears; one dreaded the witches, of which he said he knew there were great numbers in Pico,—that they

made fires on the mountain at night, — that these last he had seen, and that he had also heard them screaming. The fears of the other were principally for his own convenience; but being a married man, with the concomitant carefulness of self which marriage seems to induce, he folded himself to slumber by the fireside as if he had been at home, and speedily snored out a plain intimation of undisturbed comfort.

About midnight we were all roused by the barking of our dogs. Their ears or eyes had discovered something which we could neither see nor hear, and it was long before they could be composed; at length, however, they ceased growling, and the solemn stillness of the mountain became more striking.

At a very early hour this morning, when the first symptoms of dawn became visible, the weather being promising, we started for the peak. It was three hours' hard climbing before we came to the top. The last part of the mountain is nothing more than a heap of gritty cinders, bound together in places by dwarf heath and fine moss. The footing here is so insecure that the feet frequently sink ankle-deep into sharp

brittle scoriæ, which roll back as provokingly as the steps of a treadmill. Meanwhile the guide plods on far above with certain steps, — his feet being long used to tread over such ground. The small cups and basins in the lava which had been filled by the dew of the previous night, were skinned over by a thin film of ice.

Having reached the actual top, — my guide most cautiously avoiding a spot where he said several persons had breathed foul air and died, — we came to the mouth of what was once the crater of the grand volcano of Pico, and whence had issued all the lava, scoriæ, and stones over which we had been walking for nine hours; but which was now firmly sealed up by a broad, flat pavement of lava, whereon huge masses of rock and slags were scattered. The walls of the crater, which partly retain their circular shape, are high and perpendicular on the S.W. and S., and of about the height of one hundred feet; but are broken to pieces and obliterated towards the N.E., where we were able to enter nearly on a level with the pavement. The width of the crater in its broadest part, is about 500

feet.* The top being clear of clouds, the early morning sun shone full into the eastern opening in the crater-walls, and, instead of an appearance of gloom, the place was as cheerful as the day. A keen air from the N.E. was just in motion, causing the same feeling of exhilaration as may be felt in England on a fine April morning. The second peak, which gives the cloven appearance to the top of the mountain, is a rough cone of slaggy lumps of lava rising from the N.E. side of the principal crater; and is situated near to its edge. On the northern side of this smaller cone a second crater has been formed, which is little more than a dozen feet across. It appears to have been a more recent formation than the larger one; some of the stones on its edge were perceptibly warm, and a puff of smoke occasionally issued from it and from the cone; but I could nowhere detect a sulphurous smell. I remained on the extreme peak about an hour, in quiet enjoyment of the

* According to Humboldt, the crater on the summit of Teneriffe is 300 feet by 200 feet, and is 100 feet in depth. Having no means of measuring, I have merely guessed at the dimensions of the Pico crater.

scene, until, as the sun rose, the clouds increased and shut out the view.

I cannot express the intense and sacred silence of this lofty cone. There was no "appanage of human kind nor print of man;" no hum of insects, or murmur of distant mountain streams, or sighing of wind among the rocks, or charm of earliest birds; no single sound to remind you of the early morning or even of life; nothing louder than the passing shadow of a cloud.

Small cushions of a dark-green moss, and a few lichens, were the only vegetation growing on the smaller peak; but the larger cone is matted with tufts of moss and dwarf heather to within a few hundred yards of the edge of the crater.

Pico is a long island, with (metaphorically speaking) a broad head and a narrow tail. The head rises into the conical peak, which gives the name to the island, and a rough ridge of mountains runs like a back-bone from the head to the tail. The base of the cone, which is the broadest part of the island, is said to be eight miles in diameter, and the extreme length of the island is estimated at thirty-five miles. The ridge of mountains extending down its centre was covered this morning with heaps of pure white clouds, on

which a yellow morning sun shone in full splendour. The rounded tops of these clouds (the western sides of which, owing to the sun being low, were successively thrown into shadow,) had the soft solid look of heaps of snow; — and had you been suddenly set down on the peak, you would not have said they were clouds, — you would have hesitated to say what they were, until you had found out your position. They were stationary and unchanging, while some lighter mists, almost beneath my feet, silently floated by, with scarcely a breath to move them, and heavy clouds a mile below marched by at intervals with a kind of solemn pomp. There was nothing gorgeous in any of the morning colouring, — the only shades were snow and yellow-white, with various depths of gray. Vast mists, many miles in length, brooded over the ocean, and completely obscured the islands of Terceira and Graciosa.

The islands of Fayal and St. George's were free from clouds, and could be seen distinctly; and it has been said by people fond of the marvellous, that even the distant island of St. Michael's may be discerned from Pico on a *very* clear day. Unless, however, it should have been

by some such atmospheric effect as is occasionally noticed on the shore near Dover, where the fishing-boats and villages on the French coast have been reflected on a mist, so as to be distinctly visible to the naked eye half-way across the channel, it seems hardly credible that so large a field of vision is embraced from this peak. The ocean, probably, is seldom seen entirely free from clouds; and this morning the horizon and sky were so melted together by the mists, that I could nowhere distinctly see where the one began and the other ended.

When I reached the western side of the mountain in making the descent, the wind had risen and the air was cold and clear, such as it is on a frosty English morning in the early part of March, — when March "comes in like a lion." Among the moss and heath, which was crisp with hoar frost, there was a delicate grass, with nodding flowers that hung down their heads like the cups of the harebell. The Azoreans call it the bul-bul. At this height, it is shorter and more delicate than in the warmer parts of the islands. What called my attention to it particularly this morning, was the operation of the frost on the flowers. These had grown

through the carpet of heath and moss that protected their roots, just high enough to be shaken by the wind; and the rain or dew of the previous night had collected on each flower in one full drop. Then came the frost and locked up every blossom in pure crystals, which, as the wind swept across them, flashed in the sun with the brilliancy of jewels, and, instead of its force shaking them off, and so extinguishing their lustre, a permanency had been given to it by the frost, which a breeze only served to increase. It was a transient permanency, however; for the sun, as it rose higher, turned the ice into dew, and the dew into vapour: "they had no poet, and they died."

Leaving this scene of beauty we were soon wrapped in the unpoetical folds of a thick cloud, which completely bewildered the guide, and covered his hair and coarse woollen garments with drops like seed pearl. Having for some hours floundered through dripping plantations of tree-heath, in the vain hope of getting clear of these impenetrable mists, the clouds at length suddenly rolled off, and discovered, about a mile below, a group of women cutting and carrying wood.

I apprehend the occasional masking or ob-

scuring of parts of mountains is rather to be desired than otherwise. It is not exactly how *far* one can see, but *what* one can see, that sets the imagination and feelings to work and gives the chief value to any prospect. Peeping through a glass to catch a glimpse of a windmill twenty miles off, is but a childish way of contemplating scenery. A survey, indeed, of a vast distance in all directions, obtained by means of a clear sky, has its value as a portion of the true sublime. But even such a survey must be enhanced by occasional clouds sweeping their shadows over large spaces in succession, and thus affording not only the interchange of light and shade, but a kind of measure of computation that assists the general idea of vastness on the great scale.

To the point where the women were at work we steered our course, and soon joined them in going down the mountain; passing excellent pastures of spungy turf, where small flocks of long-coated sheep, cows, and oxen were grazing; and after a short halt at the sleeping quarters, we started at a round pace and reached the shore in about three hours.

It is difficult to convey in words a distinct

image of the mountain of Pico; and there is said to be equal difficulty in correctly drawing it. The best view of it is from the opposite Island of Fayal, just as that island is best seen from the shore of Pico by the light of a warm morning sun.

Perhaps the best way of giving an idea of the general *outline* of Pico, as seen from Fayal, will be to suppose myself and my reader seated in a Pico boat, as she scuds in an easterly course out of the Bay of Horta. We should then see before us a long point of land, running out into the sea in a north-easterly direction, and terminating in rough black rocks, which may be perceived all along the shore more or less distinctly until they break off in a corresponding point to the south. These two points lying in front; the northerly one being narrower and longer than that to the southward; gradually rise from the shore in what seems at this distance to be a moderately inclined plane, which gradually becomes steeper and steeper, until at last it curves inwards to a rough and bell-shaped cone, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea,—a height more than double that of the highest

of the mountains of Cumberland.* The summit is sharp, and separates into that smaller cone which I have already mentioned.

Then as to the filling up of this general outline. The hoary head of Pico presents a great variety of beauty. One afternoon it was lightly powdered with snow, so as to give it a tint of sober olive; with a larger quantity of frost or snow, and stronger and more direct sunshine, it has looked like dead silver: at another time it was tipped with fire,—at another it was pavilioned in flame-coloured clouds;—a few light mists would shut it entirely out, or, where transparent, give to it a wan and visionary hue; and in the evening, when the clouds put on a gayer livery, becoming rose-coloured or purple, or bronzed, the changes and flushes would almost

* The height of this mountain has been variously estimated. M. Adanson who visited Fayal on his return from Senegal in 1753, but who does not appear to have been on the island, states its perpendicular height to be about half a league, or 7,350 feet. Dr. Webster states its height to be about 9000 feet; and Captain Boyd thinks that, according to the nearest authenticated accounts, it is no more than 6,700 feet. The medium of these estimates would be in round numbers 7,600 feet. Humboldt has calculated the height of the Peak of Teneriffe to be 12,090 feet.

remind you of the variable colours on a pigeon's neck, or as a poet has said,

> "of hues that blush and glow
> Like angels wings."

The general surface of the cone of Pico as seen (at this time of the year) from Horta, is a dull green. This surface may be divided into three stages, which, as the traveller ascends, he will find distinctly marked out by steps or terraces of lava pavement. The first of these steps or terraces extends from the sea-shore to the termination of the vineyards, a distance over which the ascent is so gradual as to appear, when seen from the shore, a gently inclined plane. The second stage reaches from the end of the vineyards to the base of the large upper cone. This space, which is considerably steeper than the one below, is occupied by shrubs and dwarf trees, and is well clothed with green. Yams are here cultivated, with potatoes, corn, and beans. There are pastures and waste grounds where the tree-heath grows abundantly. The third stage, which was my early morning walk, is the precipitous cone in which the mountain terminates. This is entirely uncultivated, but is covered towards the base with open pastures and

tree-heath. Dwarf cedars are also occasionally seen, but so many of these have been thriftlessly burned for charcoal without any care having been taken to replace them, that few now remain.

As you approach the top, the cone is seamed in all directions by the beds of mountain torrents which have carried before them all the loose slags and cinders, leaving bare the dark blue lava. These seams (which frequently intersect one another) are shaped like an inverted letter Λ, being narrow towards the top, and separating more widely as they approach the bottom. Here they cease, and deposit their waters in small pools and tarns, which, when filled, swamp their margins into a spongy bog, and afterwards disperse down the mountain in some less rapid manner. The intervals between the beds of these mountain torrents are partially covered with tree-heath, and nearer the summit with patches of dwarf heath and moss, the intervening stones being tinged a whitish grey by long lichens. Some of these stones are columnar, and others are perfect hollow cylinders, three, four, and five feet in length.

As might be supposed from the different vegetation of the three stages in the mountain, each is distinguishable from the other. The coarse net-

work of the lower stage gives it, in this month, an air of gloom. As this fades into distance the second rises above it, and discloses shades of dull green, while the uncertain colouring of the peak itself, pointing boldly into the sky, is blended by distance with the greens below.

The sides of the cone of Pico, from the third step or terrace downwards, are broken by tent-like hills of various sizes, some of which are formally divided into fields, while others are simply heath-clad. Looking down on them in descending from the peak you perceive that some are craters of extinct volcanoes, the basins of which are filled with vegetation; and that others are merely conical, with flat or pointed tops. The varieties of light and shadow to which the surface of Pico, in common with all mountain scenery, owes so much of its beauty, are greatly aided by these irregularities. Hills, which in the solemn harmony of continuous shadow, are overlooked, or, when seen, hardly strike the eye, are brought into distinct relief by strong sunshine. Single hills are sometimes made more apparent by the gleams which shine through openings in the clouds; and as the gleam is veiled, again fade away to indistinctness.

The deficiencies in the natural beauties of this

mountain which struck me most in the ascent, were the want of timber trees, the absence of streams or brooks, with their concomitants of water-breaks and waterfalls, and the monotonous colouring of green which the dampness of the upper regions gives to the shrubs and vegetation. These deficiencies, however, are in a measure supplied by the lovely combinations of sea views with every prospect from the mountain, by the smoke of charcoal-burners' fires, by the boundless variety of clouds with which the peak is shrouded, as well as by the impression of grand simplicity, which an unvaried tone of green in association with the towering cone produces. Objects of minor importance are likewise not entirely without their effect. Among these are the soaring birds of prey. On the coast they mix with the white sea birds, from which, however, they may readily be distinguished by the superior grace with which they sail in circles through the air; and higher up the mountain they are also seen, in search perhaps of the young rabbits which abound among the wilder parts of it. Robins may be heard in the evening, just as they are in autumnal weather at home, answering one

another's evening songs from distant points, and Canary birds and numberless blackbirds cheer the lonely and less cultivated districts. The stems of old trees in the hedge-rows, faded to a silvery grey by long exposure to the weather, the long-coated sheep with wool of pure white, —and the red cattle in the pastures;—masses of lava made hoary by lichens,—the light-blue dresses of peasant girls working in the fields,—men and women returning from the mountain with loads of fire-wood,—labourers with glittering hoes upon their shoulders; ruined cattle sheds and bright patches of volcanic cinders,—although they escape notice in a distant view of the mountain, pleasingly combine, contrast with, or enliven, the lawns and fields and shrubberies by the path-side. Now and then you pass a narrow copse-path with its margin of short turf, or an open track, like that across a flat common, so entirely English, that you almost fancy you have not left your own country; and from such a scene you suddenly come to a deep trench through red and dark brown cinders, such as is nowhere to be found but in volcanic soils; and this may be succeeded by truncated conical

hills, once the seat of active volcanoes, but now green with heath, ferns, and brambles.

Above all these trifling objects you have the clouds, which are sometimes nothing more than solemn masses of unilluminated vapour, or sickly mists, or compact pearly heaps like snow; at other times tricked and flounced in the richest and most ostentatious colouring; and in an evening-light, shot with bronze or crimson, or gilded and purpled with lavish splendour. But whatever their hues may be, whether they are lively or sombre, sorrowful or cheerful, the same tone is given to the mountain, and in a greater or a less degree their gaiety or sobriety will be reflected on its surface. There is little wonder, then, at the common remark of those who have lived all their lives in sight of the cone, that it scarcely ever looks twice the same; for as long as the clouds remain and the sun shines, the face of Pico must be ever-varying; and whilst its features are unaltered, their expression can seldom be the same.

The time spent in merely walking up the mountain, is about nine hours; and three hours will suffice for coming down. In summer wea-

ther, therefore, when a cloudless sky may be calculated on, there is no necessity for sleeping on the mountain; but in the spring, a clear view is seldom to be secured; and to obtain a chance of it, the only way is to get to the top before sunrise.

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